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ANALYTICAL SERIES.

ANALYTICAL

FOURTH READER:

CONTAINING

PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS FOR READING; A THOROUGH METHOD
OF THOUGHT-ANALYSIS; A CRITICAL PHONIC
ANALYSIS OF ENGLISH WORDS:

AND A LARGE NUMBER OF

NEW AND VALUABLE SELECTIONS IN READING.

BY

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PRESIDENT OF THE ILLINOIS STATE NORMAL UNIVERSITY.

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF CLASSES IN COMMON SCHOOLS.

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P R E F A C E.

THIS book has been prepared for the use of classes in grammar and intermediate schools. It is made to conform to the principles adopted in the Analytical Series. These principles, it is thought, have successfully borne the test of actual use in the recitation-room, and they are recommended to educators with renewed confidence.

One of these principles is, that the foundation of all efforts in reading should be a thorough appreciation of the thoughts and emotions expressed in what is read. Vocal expression must take its character from the meaning it is to convey.

But the necessity for vocal drill and voice-culture is fully recognized. Every book in the series aims to present some of the best examples for such drill.

The recent improvement in the character of literature for the young, has enabled the compiler to make selections for this book, unequalled, it is believed, by those of any similar book now before the public, both in their general merits as literary productions, and in their adaptedness to the purpose of teaching reading. Among the selections, however, are many old pieces of sterling merit.

Appended to many of the selections will be found suggestions and questions intended to assist in developing

the thought. Teachers are earnestly recommended to pursue a similar or more thorough course with others.

The "Phonic Analysis" is believed to be more than usually thorough, exhaustive, and reliable. Like that for the Fifth and Sixth Readers, it was prepared by Professor Thomas Metcalf, of the Illinois Normal University.

The "Directions and Explanations" contain an exposition of elocutionary principles believed to be fully adequate to the needs of those who are to use the book. They are expressed in language sufficiently simple.

The compiler acknowledges himself under obligations to many writers and publishing firms for permission to use material of theirs as selections for reading. Among these it is proper to mention Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, publishers of "Our Young Folks," and Alfred L. Sewell, of Chicago, publisher of "The Little Corporal."

R. E.

NORMAL, ILL., *March 1, 1867.*

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HOW THE BOOK SHOULD BE USED.

GENERAL SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

1. Follow the directions given in the "Phonic Analysis."

2. As soon as the pupils master that Analysis, give them practice in phonically analyzing portions of the reading lessons.

3. Let the pupils learn thoroughly the "Directions and Explanations," and give them repeated and careful practice upon the "Exercises for Elocutionary Drill." One of the objects of this Drill is vocal culture.

4. Make a constant application of these "Directions and Explanations" to every selection read.

5. Look carefully over the "Questions" and "Remarks" appended to the different selections, and see that the pupils get a thorough appreciation of the meaning of every thing they read.

6. Let all the Drill be ACCURATE. The frequent repetition of a wrong pronunciation or an improper intonation only confirms the power of a bad habit.

7. Let all the work be done with LIFE, ENERGY, and ENTHUSIASM.

8. The TEACHER, in order to succeed, MUST HIMSELF THOROUGHLY MASTER WHAT HE PROPOSES TO TEACH.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

PHONIC ANALYSIS.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

1. *This drill must be thorough*, or it will be worth but little. THE TEACHER MUST MASTER THE ANALYSIS BEFORE HE CAN TEACH IT. Let him be sure of this, at least,—that, before calling upon a pupil to utter a given element, he is prepared to utter it himself.

2. ALLOW NO FEEBLE WORK. In recitation, the pupil should stand erect, have the lungs well supplied with air, and utter each element forcibly. Before, as well as after, analyzing a word, the pupil should pronounce it with all the clearness and precision he can command. If the word is other than a monosyllable, still more repetition is recommended; thus,—*melody*; m e l mel | ō melō | d ĭ dĭ | melody: *proficiency*; p r ō prō | f ĭ fĭ prōfĭ' | sh e n shēn prōfĭshēn | s ĭ sĭ | proficiency.

3. PHONIC WRITING is a valuable aid to both teacher and pupil. At the end of each of several of the Lessons, is a list of ten or more words, which the pupil is expected to write in neat letters, appropriately marked, when necessary, as in the Phonic Chart, and present for the teacher's inspection. The latter, by this thorough mode of examination, is enabled to acquaint himself more fully than he could by an oral examination only, with the care and progress of each member of the class.

4. Explicit directions should be given in regard to the paper which is to be passed in. *The letters should be joined*, as in good penmanship. The following points, also, may

well be regarded as worthy of attention : 1. The form and size of the paper. 2. The place for the pupil's name, and how fully that name should be written. 3. The arrangement of the words—whether in one column or in two, or in horizontal lines. 4. Whether capital initials shall be used. 5. Perfect legibility and neatness should be insisted on.

5. While marking the errors found in a written class-exercise, the teacher should make a list of such errors as are most frequent, in order that to these he may call the attention of the whole class. Or, still better, after reasonable time has been allowed, each pupil may be called on to state how every word that he finds marked by the teacher should have been written.

6. *The Phonic Chart* is inserted before the Lessons for convenience of reference, and not with the intention that it shall form the subject of the first efforts of the pupil. The "Lessons," as numbered, may be found too long ; perhaps most of them embrace quite enough for two or even three exercises. Here, as in all other study and drill, the motto should be, *Not how much, but how well.*

7. After the Lessons have been mastered, there will still be need of study and drill ; and, for these, almost any paragraph or stanza of the Reading Exercises offers something that will reward study.

8. The teacher should bear in mind that, while indistinctness of utterance is the almost universal error in reading, yet it is possible to carry a class to the opposite and scarcely less objectionable extreme.

THE PHONIC CHART.

VOWELS.

Long.

ē, as in *eve*.
 ē, as in *earth*.
 ā, as in *aim*.
 â, as in *air*.
 ä, as in *arm*.
 ô, as in *or*.
 ō, as in *ope*.
 o, as in *ooze*.

Short.

ĭ, as in *ill*.
 ŭ, as in *up*.
 ě, as in *ell*.
 ă, as in *add*.
 ă, as in *ask*.
 ǒ, as in *on*.
 ū, as in *pull*.

DIPHTHONGS.

ī, as in *ice*.
 oi, as in *oil*.

ou, as in *out*.
 ū, as in *mute*.

VOWEL-CONSONANTS.

y, as in *yet*.

| w, as in *win*.

CONSONANTS.

Sonant.

b, as in *bin*.
 d, as in *did*.
 j, as in *jig*.
 g, as in *go*.
 v, as in *veer*.
 th, as in *this*.
 z, as in *zone*.
 zh, as in *azure*.
 l, as in *lo*.
 m, as in *mow*.
 n, as in *no*.
 r, as in *rim*.
 ŋ, as in *sing*.

LIQUIDS.

Non-sonant.

p, as in *pin*.
 t, as in *till*.
 ch, as in *chin*.
 k, as in *kill*.
 f, as in *fear*.
 th, as in *thin*.
 s, as in *so*.
 sh, as in *shine*.
 h, as in *he*.
 hw, as in *when*.

PHONIC ANALYSIS.

LESSON I.

ELEMENTARY SOUNDS—VOWELS AND CONSONANTS DEFINED.

An Elementary Sound is a sound which can not be separated into unlike sounds. Thus the word *awe* consists of one elementary sound. Pronounce *awe*. Can you separate the sound into sounds unlike? Pronounce *ought*. Do it slowly. Can you separate that sound into unlike sounds? If so, into how many? How many elementary sounds, then, in *ought*? How many in *bought*? [You must find out by *listening*, not by *looking*.]

How many elements (elementary sounds) in *sought*? *call*? *they*? *law*? *flaw*? *theme*? *post*? *ah*?

While pronouncing the word *ah*, do the lips touch each other at all? Does the tongue, at any moment while pronouncing *ah*, touch either the lips or the roof of the mouth? What is the position of the tongue? of the lips? Do the lips change position while speaking the word *papa*? *awe*? *paw*? *marw*?—The tongue, lips, teeth, and hard palate, or roof of the mouth, are called organs of speech. Which of the organs of speech *meet* in beginning to speak the word *bay*? *they*? *fall*? *tea*? *saw*? *ah*? *awe*?—The whole mouth, from the opened lips to the roots of the tongue, is called the *passage* of the mouth, or the *vocal tube*. Is the passage of the mouth fully open in speaking the word *ah*? How is it in pronouncing *they*? *tea*? Is the vocal tube closed at any time while speaking the word *pray*? *tea*? Does the tongue touch the palate at all in beginning the word *lay*? Tell how the tongue is placed, and where the musical breath, or tone, seems to flow while you sound the *l*.

A Consonant is an element of speech formed by means of a partial or a complete closing of the vocal tube.

A Vowel is an element of speech formed without a closing of the vocal tube.

LESSON II

THE NAMES OF LETTERS ARE SELDOM THE SAME AS THEIR SOUNDS.

In "spelling aloud" the words *came*, *cat*, *call*, *care*, *calf*, you name *c-a* (See, Aye) as the first two letters of each word. So far, then, the spelling is the same for all the words. Yet, by this spelling, you do not once utter the *sound* with which each word begins. You say *See* (*c*), and in doing so you hear what sounds? Is either of these the first sound you hear when you pronounce *came*? Then, too, *a* is the second *sound* of only one of the five words. Which one? When you "spell aloud," that is, when you *name the letters*, you do it without regard to their sounds. *Tee*, *Aitch*, *O*, *Yew*, *Jee*, *Aitch*, do not sound very much like the two sounds in *though*. Indeed, *o* is the only letter that really has a sound in the word *though*.

In these lessons in Phonic Analysis, you are to think what sound or sounds should be given in uttering a word. Sometimes you will be asked to utter each sound separately, and sometimes to write such letters as have been agreed upon to represent these sounds. It is well for you to remember that the ear, rather than the eye, is to assist you in determining the sounds.

A word is commonly written with quite as many letters as it has sounds; often, with more. In the word *am*, are there as many sounds as letters? in *this*? *thaw*? *so*? *sew*? *ooze*? *phthisic*? *enough*? *fox*?

One reason why there are more letters on a page than there are sounds represented, is, that there are several simple sounds in our language which are always represented by two letters. For example, we have no single letter that stands for the first sound in the word *this*. The same is true of the words *child*, *show*, *when*, *thin*. Two letters used together to denote one sound, are called a *digraph*. In the word *sing*, *n* and *g* form a digraph. Why?

LESSON III.

WRITING BY SOUND.

In the words *came*, *cat*, *call*, *care*, *calf*, no two of the sounds denoted by the letter *a* are just alike. Each of the different sounds of a letter is sometimes called a *power* of that letter. In our irregular way of spelling English words, *ey* in *they* and *eigh* in *sleigh* denote the sound which *a* has in *came*. The sound of *a* in *call* is represented in *caught* by *augh*, in *pawn* by *aw*, by *au* in *autumn*, and by *o* in *nor*. We not only find that seventeen of our letters represent each from two to nine different sounds, but that nearly every sound in the language is represented in two or more ways.

In writing the following exercises, you are asked to *use one character for each sound*, and always to denote that sound by the *same* character. This is *Phonic* writing,—writing in accordance with the sounds.

There are forty-four sounds to be represented; and, as our alphabet contains only twenty-six letters, several new characters must be supplied or old ones must be changed. The latter plan is followed in the Phonic Chart (p. 11).

C, *q*, and *x* do not appear in the Chart. We have other ways of representing their powers, as in *sacrifice* (sakrifize), *cent* (sent), *conquer* (ker), *fox* (foks), *exact* (egzakt). What is the power of *c*, of *q*, and of *x*, as they are used in *acid*, *excellence*, *conquer*, *axle*, *xebec*, *exert*?

LESSON IV.

THE "NAME VOWELS,"—A, E, I, O, AND U.

Mate, *mete*, *mite*, *mote*, *mute*. In each of these words, except the last, the *sound* of the second letter is precisely the same as the *name* of that letter; and even in *mute*, the real sound of the second letter is heard as a *part* of its name. Hence these five vowels have been called *name vowels*. They are also known as "long *a*," "long *e*," "long *i*," "long *o*," and "long *u*." A short horizontal mark, called a *macron*, is placed over *a* to denote "long *a*," over *e* to denote "long *e*," and so on. In

Phonic writing, the words *tide* and *break* are represented thus, tīd, brāk.

Utter ā, ē, ī, ō; ā, trād; ā, blāz; ē, hēp; ē, swēt; ē, hēr; ō, mōn; ī, īz; ē, sēd; ē, bēlēv; ō, hōd. Is there any difference in sound between *mote* and *moat*? How many sounds in each word?

Represent by well-made written characters, all the sounds in the words breeze, ream, least, hole, stone, five, say, plain, sleigh, high, might, obey, known, height, race (s).

LESSON V.

“ITALIAN A,” “BROAD O,” AND “LONG DOUBLE O.”

Pronounce *ah*. To sound this fine vowel well, the passage of the mouth must be enlarged *from side to side*. Do not fear to say *ah, papa; ah, farm; ah, large; ah, half; ah, calm; ah, balm*. This is “Italian a.” Represent it by ä.

A sound almost as fine as ä is heard in the words *awe, ought, pawn, nor*. Call this “broad o,” and denote it by ô.

The sound of *o* in *prove* and of *oo* in *moon* is called “long double o.” Denote it by ȳ. When sounding ȳ, do not drop the upper lip, but thrust it outward and upward. Pronounce *moose, ȳ: ȳ, school; ȳ, prove, moon, soot, root*.

Name two words containing the sound ä; two containing ô. What is the name of the vowel in *laugh*? Give the *sound*. Represent it. Name, utter, and represent the vowel heard in each of the following words: *saw, harm, lief, height, freight, born, marsh*.

Utter ā, ä, ē, ô, ȳ; āp, ȳz, sfēr, bôt, kȳl, kȳl, kȳl, lāf, sȳn, rȳ, rȳ.

LESSON VI.

“TILDE E” AND “LONG FLAT A.”

A vowel sound which is oftener met with, perhaps, than any other, is heard before *r* in *her, fir, murmur, word, myrrh*. In how many *different ways* do you find this sound represented here?

In practicing this vowel, as heard in the words *earth*, *urn*, notice that the sound comes through a mouth well opened; also that the tongue must not change its position while you are uttering the tone.

Represent this long vowel by *ẽ*. The mark over the *e* is called a *til-de*: we will call the vowel "tilde *e*."

You would write *player* *plãer*, and *prayer*, one who prays, *prãer*; but *prayer*, a petition, has a different sound of *a*. This is "long flat *a*," and denoted by *â*. This sound is quite different from *ã*. We must distinguish between *layer* and *lair*, *stayer* and *stare*, *payer* and *pair*, *weigher* and *wear*. There is no difference in sound between any two of the following words: *air*, *ere*, *e'er* (the contraction of *ever*), and *heir*. Which sound is made by means of a more open tube, *ã* or *â*?

Represent scarce, warm, fold, talk, dare, myrrh, least, word, notes, cur, oats, boot, lose (*z*), daughter, *lair*.

LESSON VII.

THE COMMON SHORT VOWELS.

Pronounce *at*, *et*, *it*, *ot*, *ut*. Now do it forcibly and without looking on the book. Do this again, omitting the consonant. Practice until you can do it perfectly. You have now uttered five *short* vowels, or, more properly, *explosive* vowels. These are commonly marked in dictionaries thus, *ă*, *ĕ*, *ĭ*, *ŏ*, *ŭ*. We will omit the curve, or *breve*, and let *a* (unmarked) represent the vowel in *at*; *e*, that in *ell*; *i*, that in *it*; *o*, that in *on*; *u*, that in *up*. Remember that *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, or *u*, left unmarked in our Phonic writing, represents an abrupt vowel.

Pronounce *dust*, *top*, *tub*, *pit*, *vat*, *debt*, *sot*; also the following, in which the vowel is short, and perhaps not what you may at first think it to be: *said*, *saith*, *dost*, *was*, *watch*, *wan*, *won*, *month*, *women*, *many*, *quarry*, *bury*, *busy*, *yacht*, *been*, *English*, *halibut*.

Represent lock [Are both *c* and *k* needed to represent the sounds of this word?], arrow (one *r*), market, railroad, flood, horse, artist, omit, arid, acid, wan, won, busy, been, love.

LESSON VIII.

ACCENT.—“SHORT ITALIAN A” AT THE BEGINNING OR END OF A WORD.

A *Syllable* is either a word, or such a part of a word, as is spoken with a single effort or impulse of voice. The word *rail* is a syllable, because, in speaking it, the voice makes but one spring; so is the word *road*. What is a word of one syllable called? In pronouncing the word *railroad*, how many springs or efforts does the voice make? What is a *dissyllable*? a *polysyllable*?

Are all the syllables of the word *November* spoken with equal loudness? Which syllable of the word *neglect* is spoken more loudly than the other? which syllable of *appetite*?

The greater force given to one syllable of a word is called *Accent*.

A small character used to mark the accent'ed syllable is also called an *accent*. Pronounce *mo'ment*, *momen'tum*, *sat'isfy*, *satisfac'tion*, *advertise'*, *adver'tisement*, *hori'zon*, *ex'quisite*, *inqui'ry*, *per'fect*, *per'fected*.

A as a word, also a unaccent'ed and ending a word or forming an unaccented syllable at the beginning of a word, has the sound of *ah*, but shorter. Thus, *A-m-e-r-i-c-a* should be pronounced *Ah-mer-i-cah*—the first sound and the last very light. Say *a(h)void*, not *āvoid*, *Cuba(h)*, not *Cubā*; *a(h)man*, not *āman*. This sound, called “short Italian *a*,” denote by *â*.

Let the words of the following list be pronounced until final *â* (*ah*) is no longer heard as “short *e*,” “short *i*,” or “long *a*.” Say *pōlkâ*, not *pōlkeh*; *sōdâ*, not *sōdy*; and *Iōwâ*, not *Ioway*.

Noah, Asa, Ira, Micah, Augusta, Celia, Hannah, Clara, Anna, Cora, Cordelia, Deborah, Eliza, Julia, Laura, Martha, arnica, era, lava, veranda, mica, algebra, America, Africa, Asia (*shi*, not *zhi*), Indiana, Minnesota, Georgia, Canada, Arabia, Louisiana.

LESSON IX.

"SHORT ITALIAN A" ACCENT'ED.

Some monosyllables and accented syllables also contain *à*. Speak *ah* explosively, as in *Hannah* [It is best to do it with the falling slide], before each of the following words, and utter the same sound *within* the word: *ah, task; ah, last; ah, bath; ah, ant* [A-u-n-t has "*long Italian a*"].

Read the following sentence: *à* picture of *à* man and *à* dog will please *à* child.

The word *the*, when properly spoken, before a vowel receives but little force on the vowel *ē*; perhaps the sound is quite as near to "short *i*." Pronounce, "The ape ate the apple." When *the* is followed by a consonant, a faint sound of "tilde *e*" takes the place of "short *i*," thus, "Thē boys were all thē happier for thē task."

The following list contains the most common words in which "short Italian *a*" is used with force or accent. Drill on the element until you can utter it easily.

Advance, advantage, after, alas, ant, ask, asp, bask, basket, blast, branch, brass, cask, cast, chaff, chance, clasp, class, contrast, dance, draft, fast, gasp, ghastly, glance, glass, graft, grass, lance, last, mass, pass, past, pastor, pastime, plaster, prance, quaff, repast, shaft, slant, staff, task, vast, waft.

LESSON X.

"SHORT DOUBLE O."

Pronounce *full, pulpit, good, foot, put*. You notice quite a difference between the vowels in *hoot* and *hood*, *stoop* and *stood*, *woof* and *wood*. This abrupt sound of *oo*, as in *good* (frequently represented also by *u*, as in *pull*), we will call "short double *o*," but represent it by *u*. Pronounce *hud, hu, u; u, gu, gud*.

You should utter *o* in pronouncing *stoop* [See Lesson V., paragraph third], *two, school, hoop, room, roof, root, broom, soon, food, truth, brute*; but *u* in *book, hook, hood, should, took, wolf, put*.

Utter abruptly, *a, e, i, o, u, à, u*. All these are explo-

sive vowels. Now utter smoothly ē, ě, ā, â, ä, ô, ȳ, ȳ. Each of these long vowels, except ȳ, has its cognate, or twin, explosive vowel. Pronounce, of the following list, the first vowel in the upper line, then the one beneath, and so on. You will find there is a remarkable likeness between each and its cognate; ē, i; ě, u.

ē	ě	ā	â	ä	ô	ȳ	ȳ
i	u	e	a	ä	o		u

Memorize the elements represented in the foregoing list, and recite them clearly and forcibly, in the order named. *It is impossible to utter the explosive vowels too abruptly.*

LESSON XI.

THE FOUR DIPHTHONGS.

In Lesson IV., "long i" was called a "name vowel." If you will pronounce it quite slowly, however, you will find that it is composed of two vowels. Try it. The syllable māēnd does not differ very much from *mind*. "Long i," then, is a double vowel,—a *diphthong*. Some persons utter the ä, and others the ē, too clearly, when pronouncing such words as *mine*, *tribe*. Neither of the elements of ī should be uttered as fully as if it were the only vowel in the syllable.

Pronounce *boil*: both ô and i are quite distinctly heard, and no error would be made in representing the word, in Phonic writing, thus, bôil. But we will not mark either vowel: denote this diphthong by oi.

If you pronounce äȳ with one impulse, you form a third diphthong, which we will denote by ou. If you have the habit of saying kâȳ for kou (äȳ) you should correct the error as soon as possible: it is extremely vulgar.

When the two elements, i and ȳ, are uttered with one impulse, "long u" is heard. This combination is a little more difficult than the others. Pronounce "short i"—i; ö; iȳ. Keep trying until you hear the very sound uttered between the *m* and *t* in the word *mute*.

"Long u" is never heard immediately after the sound of *r*, *sh*, or *zh*. When such might seem to be the case, ȳ or ü is to be heard instead. The Phonic representations,

then, for *rule*, *sure*, *azure*, *sumac*, *sugar*, are *roł*, *shor*, *āzhur*, *shomak*.

Many persons omit the first element of *ū* when *ū* is preceded by *t* or *d*. This is wrong. Say *multitūd*, not *multitood*; *konstitūshun*, not *constitootion*; *dūti*, *Tūzdā*.

Utter *ī*, *kind*; *oi*, *oil*; *ou*, *sound*, *cow*; *ū* (not *yū*) *tune*, *tube*, *duty*.

LESSON XII.

THE VOWEL-CONSONANTS, Y AND W.

What is a *vowel*? a *consonant*? [See Lesson I.]

If, while sounding *ē*, you bring the cheeks against the teeth, a sound is made which is less clear than *ē*. Why is it less clear?

You can, with one impulse of voice, pronounce *ēon*; but it is not easy to keep the *ē* from becoming the very sound with which we begin the word *yon*. This choked, or closer, sound of *ē*, called "the sound of *y*," is found only at the beginning of a syllable. The sound is indicated in *yoke* by the letter *y*; in *pinion* by *i*; while before *ū* at the opening of a syllable, as in *unit*, *manual*, though clearly heard, it is not represented at all. Wherever heard, we will represent the sound by *y*.

With one impulse you can pronounce *oel*; but it is much easier to utter the syllable, if you make the opening element with the lips drawn closer, thus, *well*. This closer sound of *o*, which is also sometimes represented by *u*, as in *quart*, you will represent by *w*. In Phonic writing, *quill*, *quart*, *quarry* will stand thus,—*kwil*, *kwôrt*, *kwori*.

The elements, *y* and *w*, are called "vowel-consonants." Why?

Represent quince, onion (*u*, twice), cowered, cease, stained, wonder, sublime, drawl, twain, useful, poniard, bearer, concert, armful, poorly.

LESSON XIII.

THE LIQUIDS.

Study the first sound in the word *lark*. Is it a pleasant one? Where does the tongue touch in producing this element? Is the breath stopped by the closure?

Pronounce *rain*. The tip of the tongue is a little farther from the gums than in sounding *l*, and the touch against the roof of the mouth is hardly felt. Besides, there seems to be a continual jarring of the tip while the sound of *r* continues.

Single *r* should never be left silent: say *färm*, not *fahm*; *förm*, not *fawm*; *dör*, not *do-uh*.

Pronounce *may*. Now pronounce without the vowel. Where is the closure? Where does breath escape? As you listen to the ringing or humming tone, does the sound seem to be produced in the mouth? What if the nostrils were closed while attempting to form the sound of *m*?

Review the last paragraph, putting *no* and *n* for *may* and *m*.

Now put *ing* and *ng* for *may* and *m*, and answer the questions. Do the two letters, *n* and *g*, stand here for two sounds? Is the word *plank* spoken when the sound of *k* is added to the word *plan*? Pronounce *plan . . . k*. Pronounce the first syllable of the word *finger*. Is it *fin* or *fiŋg*? What is the *last* syllable? How is it with *linger*? with *singer*? You discover that *n* alone sometimes represents the sound which is more commonly denoted by *ng*. This happens in most cases in which the letter *n* is found before *k* or *g*. Represent this element by *n* with a short line under it; thus, *ŋ*. Call the element "under-lined *n*."

The five elements, *l*, *m*, *n*, *r*, and *ŋ* are called *liquids*, because they allow the voice to flow over with such freedom from a rougher consonant to a vowel, or from the vowel to the consonant. The words *pray*, *blow*, *aimed*, *owned*, are pleasanter than *stay*, *eked*, and *oped*; and *hanged* is smoother than *bagged*.

Utter the fifteen vowels; the four diphthongs; the vowel-consonants; the liquids.

Represent grandsire, opinion, marvelously, blood, estate, icy, laughter, tinkling, tangled, ferocity, noose, wasp (not *ä*), solicitous, secure, some. -

LESSON XIV.

COGNATE CONSONANTS.

Everyone of the vowels, diphthongs, vowel-consonants, and liquids, consists of a *tone*, that is, a ringing or singing sound. Think whether this is so, as you utter *ä, ô, ë, y, o, w, q, l, m*.

Pronounce *low*. Now begin as though you would pronounce *low*, but do not let the *ô* be heard. Is the consonant a tone? Do the same with *toe, doe, so, show*. Which of these consonants are musical, or toned? Which are mere breath?

If you would know something more of the difference between the sounds of *t* and *d*, raise the chin, and while uttering the first sound in the word *doe*, press the thumb and fingers of one hand firmly against the upper part of the throat, just beneath the roots of the tongue. You perceive a jarring. Keeping the same position, begin the word *toe*. Do you now discover the tremulous or jarring motion?

Musical or toned elements are called *sonants*; breathed or toneless ones, *non-sonants*.

Pronounce each of the following words, and state whether it begins with a sonant or a non-sonant: *file, do, vow, pay, ten, so, grain, key, zone*. Write in a column the five words each of which begins with a sonant. Now, against each of these five words, write another of the words of the list, whose first element, though non-sonant, is formed with the same closure with which the sonant initial is formed.

A sonant and a non-sonant formed by like closures of the vocal tube are called *cognates*.

The "sound of *s*" is a hiss: do not prolong it. *S* is often written, and sometimes *z*, where the cognate should be spoken; as in *news, nûz; devise, dêvîz; waltz, wolts*.

In the study of phonics, ask what should be heard? What is the final sound in the word *latched?* in *attacked?* *drowned?* *lashed?* *laughed?* What is the first sound in *phase?* the last? the fourth in *Stephen?* the third in *nephew?* the second in *of?* in *off?* the last in *sacrifice?* in *suffice?*

Represent human, column, attacked, goodly, burial, sorrow, war, results, spirit, business, value (*y*), wonderful, poetry, inquiry, quaking, lungs.

LESSON XV.

COGNATE CONSONANTS—CONTINUED.

Arrange in columns, as directed in the preceding lesson, *jar, shine, this, thin, child, zhoor*. [The digraph *zh* begins no English word, neither does its sound.] If, in speaking the word *jar*, the first element be merely breathed, that is, made without tone, what word will be spoken?

Thus we have eight pairs of cognate consonants. Memorize these as they stand in the Chart; also, with each, the character or digraph employed to designate it. In reciting, make the difference between two cognates very clear. He is a poor reader who does not distinguish between *bekt* and *begd*; *dog* and *tok*; *dice*, *dies*, and *ties*; *hundreds* and *hundredths*.

Utter separately and forcibly each sound in *blaze, flows, quills, shame, glazier, meshes, has, sieve, mound, filched*. [Repetition is helpful in the Oral Analysis. Suppose *glazier* to be given for analysis. Pronounce and analyze as follows: "*Glazier*; g l ā glā | zh ě r zhěr | glā-zhěr." See, also, p. 9.]

Represent think, crushing, glazier, edge, expel, something, ocean, meshes, both, rather.

LESSON XVI.

THE ASPIRATES.

Place the lips as if you would sound *w*; but, instead of uttering that sonant, expel mere breath: you thus form the first element of the word *when*. But part the lips freely, and a like impulse forms the first element in the word *hen*. The former breathing, called "the modified aspirate," represent by *hw*; the latter, which is "the unmodified aspirate," represent by *h*.

Both *hw* and *h* are classed as consonants, though the latter has no perceptible closure. Indeed, the *h* is not breathed until the tongue is in position to give the following vowel; and this vowel seems to be *breathed upon* until near the end of the tone. Prove both these statements; think, as you pronounce *hō*, whether you begin the breathing before the organs are *in position* for sounding *ō*; and also whether the rough breathing does not continue nearly, if not quite, to the end of the tone. How is it with *hē, hē, hā, hā, hō, hō, hī, hī*?

It is better, in analyzing, not to attempt to utter the *h* apart from its vowel, but, with one effort, to utter the vowel while breathing; thus,—“*Hollyhock*; ho l hol | i holi | ho k hok | holihok.”

In pronouncing, make clear the difference between *witch* and *which*, *wight* and *white*, *when* and *wen*. Which of the following words begin with the modified aspirate? *Where*, *while*, *whole*, *who*, *what*, *whose*, *which*, *whom*. Pronounce *hole* and *whole* just alike.

Represent barrel, mirthful, water, forty, whether, ink, earthy, proudest, shrank, mischief (not ě), thorough, hoodwink, heirship, requiring, forfeit.

LESSON XVII.

DOUBLE CONSONANTS—EL OR EN AT THE END OF A WORD.

Arrow, *alley*, *attic*, *ebbing*, *eddy*. In most words containing a double consonant, only one of the two is uttered: there is no word in which both are clearly heard. Yet, in pronouncing some words, we dwell a moment on the consonant, and then give a new impulse to finish it; thus, *misspell*, *penknife*, *head-dress*, *unnerve*. In the phonic writing of such words, two consonants should be represented, and in oral analysis two should be uttered; thus,—“*Misspelling*: m i s mis | s p e l spel misspel | i n in —misspelin.

Most words ending in *el* have the *e* sounded; but *e* before final *l* is silent in *chattel* (tl), *drivel*, *easel*, *grovel*, *hazel*, *mantel*, *navel*, *ravel*, *shekel*, *shovel*, *shrivel*, *snivel*, *swingel* (gl), *swivel*, *teazel*, and *weazel*.

Most words ending in *en* have the *e* silent, but *e* before final *n* is sounded in *aspen*, *chicken*, *hyphen*, *gluten*, *kitchen*, *sudden*, *women*, *woolen*, *linen*, *siren*, and a few other words.

Memorize the two preceding paragraphs.

Represent travel, nothing, young, frozen, double, severity, general, together, mountains, visible, quarter, anxious, reason [Many words ending in *on* have the *o* silent], exclaimed, golden.

LESSON XVIII.

C AND G "SOFT."—CH.

In *sceptic*, *c* has the sound *k*; in *discern*, *suffice*, and *sacrifice*, the sound *z*. In all other common words *c* before *e*, *i*, or *y*, has the sound *s*, as in *recite*, *civic*, or the sound *sh*, as in *ocean*. *C* sounded like *s* is called "*c* soft"; sounded like *k* it is called "*c* hard."

G, when followed by *e*, *i*, or *y*, has the sound *j*, and is said to be "soft." There are many words, however, principally such as you use every day, in which *g* before *e* or *i* is not soft, thus, *geese*, *girl*, *gift*.

Ch has three sounds, as shown in the following lists. The words of the second list are from the French language, and still keep the French sound of *ch*. Those of the third list are from the Latin or Greek.

1. Child, cherry, charm, churl, chalice, champion, chancel.

2. Chaise, chagrin, challis (*s* silent), chamois (*s* silent), champagne, charade, chenille, chevalier, chandelier.

3. Character, chaos, parochial, bronchitis (*kī*), choral, magna charta.

When *s* is added to *bath*, *cloth*, *lath*, *mouth*, *oath*, *path*, or *wreath*, the non-sonant *th* and the added *s* become sonant. *Th* ending any other word does not change: the word *truths* has both the *s* and the *th* non-sonant.

Represent newspaper, arctic, Missouri, forehead, arithmetic, plural, adjective, prairie, Pennsylvania, effort, minute, minute', heavens, dancing, legacy.

DIRECTIONS AND EXPLANATIONS.

Good reading is telling in the best way what the writers of the pieces wished to say, and how they felt, when they wrote them.

To read well, therefore, you must not only pronounce the words correctly, but you must so speak them that the meaning of the writer, and the way he felt, will be made plain to any one that hears you.

Now, there are different ways of feeling and thinking; and so there are different tones of voice for expressing

feelings and thoughts. When a boy is angry, his voice sounds very different from what it does when he is speaking kindly to his little brother or sister. And when a little girl receives a beautiful doll for a Christmas present and tells about it, she speaks very differently from what she does when the doll falls into the fire and is burnt. You see, then, that different feelings require different tones of voice.

In how many different ways can we speak? We may speak *loud* or *softly*; *slowly* or *rapidly*. This is easy to understand. We call the difference between speaking loud and speaking softly a difference in *Force*; and that between speaking rapidly and speaking slowly a difference in *Speed*. But we may also speak with a *high* or a *low Pitch*. A grown-up man speaks with a much lower pitch than a woman or a little boy. The sounds of a bass-viol are of lower pitch than those of a violin, and the low bass strings of a piano have a lower pitch than the high ones. So that we have three kinds of differences in Reading and Speaking,—a difference in Force, in Speed, and in Pitch. There are other differences in ways of speaking, about which you will learn by and by.

Now, when you are about to read any piece, you must ask yourself whether it ought to be read loud or softly, slowly or rapidly, with a high pitch or a low pitch. This will depend entirely upon the meaning of what is read, and the feelings to be expressed.

When we are saying or reading something that is not at all exciting, we do not speak *very* loud nor *very* softly, but with moderate Force. In such cases also we use moderate Pitch and moderate Speed. When one is angry, or indignant, or wishes to express defiance, or great joy, he speaks loud, or uses great Force.

In expressing kindness and affection, or pity, you speak softly, or use little Force. You do the same when you feel sad.

When we are joyous, or cheerful, or are describing something in a very animated way, we speak rapidly, or with great Speed. But when we are sad, or saying very solemn things, or very grand and noble things, we speak slowly.

And in joy or cheerfulness we are apt to use a high Pitch, but in expressing solemn thoughts, or very sad ones, we speak with a low Pitch.

Sometimes we need to speak in a clear voice; at other

times in a whisper, or partly in a whisper. When one is frightened, but not sufficiently to make him scream, he naturally speaks in a hoarse whisper. But in describing beautiful or noble things, we must use clear tones.

EMPHASIS.

If you listen carefully to a good reader, you will notice that he pronounces some words louder than others, and dwells upon them longer; that is, he gives them more force and more time than ordinary words. This is because the thoughts they express are important or new. In reading, you need to be careful to find what thoughts are new or most important, and to speak the words expressing them with more force and length of sound than other words. This is called *Emphasis*, and the words spoken in this way are said to be *Emphatic*. Many people are careless about emphasis, and that makes it very difficult to get the meaning of what they are reading.

PAUSES.

The little marks,—commas, semicolons, periods, &c.,—that you see in books, are to help you in getting the meaning of what is printed. They do not show just how long you are to pause at the places where they are. You often need to pause in reading where none of these marks are found, and sometimes you must not pause where they are. By carefully thinking of what you are reading, and striving to make the meaning clear to others, you will be very likely to find out where you ought to pause. You must also look forward to the words, and see them some time before you have to pronounce them. This will make you ready to pronounce them when the time comes.

Pieces that need to be read slowly require long pauses; those that are to be read with moderate Speed should have the pauses of moderate length; and in the pieces that are to be read fast the pauses must be short. Look back to page 26 and see what kind of pieces these are.

The pauses after emphatic words are longer than after other words. You remember that two things are necessary to make a word emphatic,—loudness, and length of time. A part of this time is used in pausing after the word.

In reading poetry, you must be careful not to make

the pauses at the ends of the lines too long, or to make them all alike. This would be reading in a "sing-song" style. Children often read in this way, and the sound of such reading is very disagreeable. But you must ascertain from the sense where the pauses must be made, and how long they must be. Some pause, however, is required at the end of each line, but it must be *very slight*, except where the sense calls for a longer one.

INFLECTIONS.

If you listen to a person as he asks a question that you could answer by saying "yes" or "no," and then listen to the answer, you will observe what are called an upward and a downward *Slide* or *Inflection* of the voice. If I say to a boy, "John, are you learning your grammar lesson?" he may answer, "No, I am writing a letter;" you notice that in the question the pitch suddenly rises as you pronounce the word "grammar," and that in the answer it suddenly falls on the word "letter." The first is called the *Rising Inflection*, and the second the *Falling Inflection*.

We use the falling inflection in stating any thing that is important, and that we feel sure about, or in expressing a determination when our mind is fully made up. If you say, "A studious boy will learn," you say something which is important, and which you know to be true. You therefore say it with the falling inflection. You do the same when you command something to be done, or give serious advice. Try these sentences: "James, bring me the book." "My son, you must not fall into bad company."

But when we are in a doubtful state of mind, or waiting to know something, we are apt to speak with the rising slide; thus, we ask questions that can be answered by "yes" or "no", or express our doubt of something that is said to us. If a person should tell me that an old friend whom I had not seen for twenty years was in the next room waiting to see me, I might say, "He is!"—with the rising inflection, because I might find it hard to believe.

When you utter a long sentence in which the main thought comes near the end, you speak all the previous parts of it with the rising inflection. Try this sentence: "If I were on the ice and had been skating some time,

and should see a poor boy, greatly troubled because he had no skates, and should lend him mine, I should feel happier for it." Now if you say this sentence over carefully, you will see that each of the statements in it has the rising inflection until you come to the statement, "I should feel happier for it." This is the main statement, and requires the falling inflection.

If after making a statement, you add and her that weakens it, the last statement is spoken with the rising slide. If I say, "Alice is an admirable girl, but she is careless," the last statement weakens the other,—Alice is not so admirable a girl as if she were not careless. The last statement must therefore be spoken with the rising inflection.

Sometimes we use both inflections on the same sound, one following the other. This is called the Circumflex. When the first part of the sound is given with the falling inflection and the last part with the rising, it is called the rising circumflex; when the rising inflection comes first and the falling last, it is called the falling circumflex. Suppose a boy, seeing a very large flock of sheep, should say, "There are a hundred sheep!" Another, knowing more about the number, might answer, "A hundred sheep! There are at least a thousand." The word "hundred" on being repeated, would have the rising circumflex. Repeat this sentence a great many times until you get full control of the rising circumflex.

A boy may think another boy better treated than himself, and say ironically, "I am only a good-for-nothing, but John is perfect." "I" and "John" require the rising circumflex, and "good-for-nothing" and "perfect" require the falling circumflex.

You will notice that the circumflexes are never used in statements that are entirely straightforward. There is always something understood that is not said. In the case about the sheep, when the boy repeats the words, "A hundred sheep," he says them in such a way as to make them mean that there are many more than a hundred. Say "A hundred sheep" with the rising circumflex on "hundred," and think what the meaning is. Try also "John is perfect," giving "John" the rising circumflex, and "perfect" the falling. Would a person speaking in this way mean just what the words seem to mean? In using the circumflexes, then, something is meant that is not expressed by the words.

ANALYTICAL FOURTH READER.

EXAMPLES FOR ELOCUTIONARY DRILL.

WE now wish to apply the principles and rules which we have been learning, and for that purpose the pupil is requested to study carefully the following pieces, and the explanations that are placed before them.

The first is the song of the Skaters. It is full of joy and spirit. In reading it, you are to imagine yourself on the ice with the laughing, shouting company. Say "Hurrah! Hurrah!" just as you would if you were throwing up your hat and shouting out of doors. You must use great force, high pitch, and rapid speed. Look back to the explanations and see what these things mean. Be careful, too, about the inflections and the emphases. Study what is said about them in the explanations, and then find out what words in the piece require emphasis, and what inflections the different sentences require.

With what inflection should you say "Hurrah"?

I.—THE SKATERS.

LUELLA CLARK.

1. Hurrah! Hurrah! Who cares for the cold?
Winds are rough, but skaters are bold.
Winds may blow, for skaters know,
As over the ice so swift they go,
Winds cannot worry them—let them blow.

2. There are Tom, John, Harry, and Isidore,
Jessie and Jane, and a dozen more—
Tasks all done—away we run—
And, of all forms of frolic and fun,
There's nothing like skating, under the sun.
 3. Then away, away, o'er the crystal floor ;
Away, away, from the reedy shore,
Out of sight, like the flashing light,
Curving neither to left nor right—
Away, on our trusty steel so bright.
 4. Here's the good old moon, with a kindly smile—
Bless her round face, so friendly the while !
We bravely dare the frosty air,
And, so glad and gay, we glide away
Over the floor of the beautiful bay,
Far from the shore, away, away.
-

II.—THE SLEIGHING SONG.

EMILY H. MILLER.

(This piece is much like the preceding, and the same rules apply to it.)

1. Away ! away ! the track is white,
The stars are shining clear to-night,
The winter winds are sleeping ;
The moon above the steeple tall,
A silver crescent, over all,
Her silent watch is keeping.
2. Away ! away ! our hearts are gay,
And need not breathe, by night or day,
A sigh for summer pleasure ;
The merry bells ring gayly out,
Our lips keep time with song and shout,
And laugh in happy measure.

3. Away! away! across the plain
 We sweep as sea-birds skim the main,
 Our pulses gayly leaping ;
 The stars are bright, the track is white,
 There's joy in ev'ry heart to-night,
 While winter winds are sleeping.
-

The next selection is very different from the other two. It requires soft tones and medium pitch, and must be spoken slowly. Some of the inflections require particular care. For instance, "love," in the second line, requires the falling inflection, and "fear" the rising. Study the explanations, page 28, and see whether this is in agreement with them. You will notice that a positive declaration is made about "love," but about "fear" there is a kind of denial. All the commands or entreaties must have the falling inflection. How many of these are there? Point them out. You also need to use clear tones, or pure quality, in reading this piece, because the sentiments expressed are beautiful and good.

III.—SPEAK GENTLY.

ANONYMOUS.

1. Speak gently ; it is better far
 To rule by love than fear :
 Speak gently ; let no harsh words mar
 The good we might do here.
2. Speak gently to the little child ;
 Its love be sure to gain ;
 Teach it in accents soft and mild :
 It may not long remain.
3. Speak gently to the aged one ;
 Grieve not the care-worn heart ;
 The sands of life are nearly run :
 Let such in peace depart.

4. Speak gently, kindly to the poor ;
Let no harsh tone be heard ;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.
 5. Speak gently to the erring ; know
They must have toiled in vain ;
Perchance unkindness made them so :
Oh, win them back again.
 6. Speak gently ; Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind,
And gently Friendship's accents flow ;
Affection's voice is kind.
-

The fourth example, "The New Year," is somewhat like the first and second. But it is more serious than either of them. Like "The Skaters" and "The Sleighing Song," it requires much force ; but the force is softened and subdued by the solemn character of the thoughts. It does not, therefore, require the mere joyous shouting of the other two, but a strong and vigorous expression of something that is very important and not at all trifling. It must, therefore, be spoken more slowly than the first and second pieces. It requires, then, great force, rather high pitch, slow speed. Be sure that you understand the meaning of each of the stanzas. Some of them are a little difficult. Does the poet wish the New Year to be in all respects like the Old Year? Name over all the changes he wishes to see.

IV.—THE NEW YEAR.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light ;
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

2. Ring out the old, ring in the new ;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow ;
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
3. Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor ;
Ring in redress to all mankind.
4. Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.
5. Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.
6. Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right ;
Ring in the common love of good.
7. Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old ;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
8. Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land ;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

The next example, "Twenty Years Ago," is an expression of the sadness that one would feel on visiting the place of his boyhood and finding nothing unchanged but the material objects,—the trees, houses, streets, &c. Think how a man

would feel under these circumstances. Every object that he saw would remind him of some friend, now passed away from his sight. The sad, mournful feeling that one would have at such a time would require soft tones and slow speed.

V.—TWENTY YEARS AGO.

ANONYMOUS.

1. I've wandered to the village, Tom ; I've sat beneath
the tree,
Upon the school-house play-ground, which sheltered you
and me ;
But none were left to greet me, Tom ; and few were left
to know,
That played with us upon the green some twenty years
ago.
2. The grass is just as green, Tom ; bare-footed boys at
play
Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as
gay ;
But the "master" sleeps upon the hill which, coated
o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding-place, just twenty years ago.
3. The old school-house is altered now ; the benches are
replaced
By new ones, very like the same our penknives had de-
faced ;
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings
to and fro,
Its music just the same, dear Tom, 'twas twenty years
ago.
4. The boys were playing some old game, beneath that
same old tree ;
I have forgot the name just now,—you've played the
same with me

On that same spot ; 'twas played with knives, by throwing—so—and so ;

The leader had a task to do there, twenty years ago.

5. The river's running just as still ; the willows on its side
Are *larger* than they were, Tom ; the stream appears
less wide ;

But the grape-vine swing is ruined now, where once we
played the beau,

And swung our sweethearts — “pretty girls” — just
twenty years ago.

6. The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the
spreading beech,

Is very low—'twas once so high, that we could almost
reach ;

And, kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started
so,

To see how sadly I am changed, since twenty years ago.

7. Near by the spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your
name,

Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did
mine the same :

Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark—'twas dying,
sure but slow,

Just as that one, whose name you cut, died twenty years
ago.

8. My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears came in my
eyes ;

I thought of her I loved so well—those early-broken
ties :

I visited the old church-yard and took some flowers to
strew

Upon the graves of those we loved, some twenty years
ago.

9. Some in the church-yard laid—some sleep beneath the
sea ;

But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me ;

And when *our* time has come, Tom, and we are called
to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played, just twenty years
ago.

The sixth example, "Only a Penny," is full of sadness, and requires very soft tones. The little girl's own words require to be spoken with a high pitch, and a trembling of the voice. She is weak from hunger and sickness, and the tones of the reader's voice must express this feebleness. In this, as in all the other examples, the pupil must thoroughly understand the piece. He must know how a child would feel under such circumstances.

VI.—ONLY A PENNY.

ANONYMOUS.

1. A little girl in a tattered gown,
Scanty and thin and old,
With hungry eyes, and a sad, pale face,
Stood begging in the cold.
2. "Only a penny!" Nobody heard;
And fair-faced dames swept by,
Lifting aside their costly robes,
Nor granting so much as a sigh.
3. Poor little Alice! The bitter winds
Were not so dainty, though;
They seemed to have found her out at first,
And ah! they courted her so!
4. They tossed and tumbled her heavy hair,
They bit her cheeks, and clasped her about,
And, among the rags of her thin old gown,
Played such a merry rout!

"Only a penny!" the childish voice
Is tremulous and low ;
'Tis a sad, sad thing to stand and beg,
While bitter tempests blow,

6. And colder faces turn aside,
And hearts no pity give ;
And I wonder, instead of fighting death,
She is not afraid to live !

7. "Only a penny—father is dead !"
And over the tear-wet face
The small brown hands were folded,
And in that crowded place

8. One little, lonely human heart
Sent up a prayer to Heaven ;
And He whose eyes turn not away
When childlike faith is given—

9. He heard the call, and filled her heart
With simple trust and love,
Sending a tender human hand
His watchfulness to prove.

VII.—WINTER AND ITS FLORA.

LUCRETIA P. HALE.

1. It is midwinter. The trees and shrubs stand with leafless, bare, smooth branches. The little plants long ago cowered into the earth, or gladly sheltered themselves under the dead leaves, to welcome the white snow coverlet that tucks them into their beds. Yes, it is midwinter. But it is January. Already the sun has "turned," as people say. Not so. It is we ourselves that have turned towards the sun.

2. Our round earth, that has been giving the sun the

cold shoulder, is now coming back to it again, and rejoices in longer days and a renewing sunlight.

“The days begin to lengthen,
And the cold begins to strengthen,”

it is true. But the growing plants that I mean to tell of care little for the cold. The lengthening sunlight warms them in their close buds, and stirs the young germs that are to make their first appearance in the spring. They do not think of minding the weather. The oak stands hardily against the storm, and the elm sways its long branches gracefully in the wind, and the sturdy pines look glad and green.

3. Before we set out on the winter's walks that are to tell us of trees and buds, here is one tree that has come into the parlor that we must stop for. “A tree in the parlor!” Yes, for surely you can not already have forgotten the CHRISTMAS-TREE. This tree belongs to the *cone-bearing* family, but, as we have seen it, its fruit has been far more various! There were rosy apples, and bags of nuts, and sugar-plums, and shining glass globes, red, blue, and green.

4. What fruit there was indeed! You have not forgotten yet the dolls,—wax dolls and china ones, and those whose eyes would open and shut. There were boxes of soldiers, with their cannon and tents. Many reviews and battles you have had with them already; and, alas! by this time many are lost or on the list of the wounded. A general, perhaps, in the crack behind the great trunk in the play-room; a sergeant with only one arm; one or two down the furnace register; and the bravest lieutenant of all thrown by Bridget, before your very eyes, into the hottest of the fire in the grate!

5. Ah, well, tears do not become the brave, so think again of the Christmas-tree, how it shone with candles on every bough! The tree itself looked like a great chandelier. That was in the midst of our shortest days, and the shining candles were calling to the sun to come back to us again.

6. But it is only once a year that our Christmas-tree bears such gay fruit as this, and if we begin to tell over the guns, and the wooden horses, and the picture-books, and the

Noah's arks, and the backgammon boards, and games, and all the countless toys that it brought, we shall never get out upon our winter's walk.

7. Where shall we go to find the trees? Into the common, on one of the squares, or we can linger by this little strip of flower-border by the door ; or, more adventurous still, we will take the cars, and start from home, out of town, where we can see the winter landscape in all its beauty.

8. In all its sameness, you want to say, if you know only the dripping of the melted ice from the roofs, and the muddy snow that clogs the streets, and the glimpse of a leaden sky that you get between the houses. That is the way the grown-up folks at home talk. But boys and girls know better. Winter and snow tell them of sleds and skates, of coasting and skating, of snow-balls and snow-men, and long, glittering icicles. So you will not be surprised at the beauty of the winter landscape that meets us.

9. Before the house, rises a high hill, covered with trees. Let us climb over it and look down. What an enchanted country lies before us, all still and silent ! Every thing glitters as in an Arabian Nights' tale. All the million little twigs are covered with a soft snow, and last night's mist thickened and turned into ice upon the trees. Yet, heavily laden as the trees are, we can still recognize some of our acquaintances.

10. Here is the maple, round at the top, with its many branches. A few leaves still linger on the oak, and show their yellow brown beneath the white crystal ice covering. The pines are so heaped with the snow, that you might not recognize their needle-shaped leaves, but you could not mistake their regular form. The light glitters on our Christmas-tree, who stands alone. He lets the sun trickle over his ice-clad branches, as though he wanted to show himself as gay as his cousin in our parlor, Christmas eve. Ruby and emerald jewels, shining crystals, are the fruit he bears. He must have stepped out of Aladdin's garden.

11. Our path leads along the edge of the wood. In the little meadow on one side we can see a graceful elm, bending still more under its icy load. Among these low bushes by our side the snow clings closely, and we shall never be

tired of admiring all the jewel-work. The whorls of flowers that the asters held are turned into clusters of diamonds, and the high grasses hold up long scepters of shiny glass crystal, like a fairy army. Now and then we can hear the tinkle of their elfin armor, delicate little noises, under the silent snow-bushes.

12. The path leads us to a quiet pond in the wood—not quiet now! We have come out from the silence to a noisy, gay scene. Great children and little children swarm like flies, gliding, twisting, and turning every way over the ice, for on the ice every one is a child again. In the summer, thousands of slender insects whirled round in wild circles over the smooth mirror of water that they never succeeded in touching. Now men, women, and children circle about madly over the same surface, that winter with its hand of ice has made safe for them.

13. We have not brought our skates, and can not join the gay dance; but we will walk across the smooth floor, and look on the low bank opposite at the loveliest work of the frost. Here every little dark mound of earth, every little blade of grass, shines, crystal-clad, along the edges of what was once a little brook, but is now a narrow ice-path, that leads us into the woods,—into the thick woods, that shake down crystals upon us, and heavy balls of frozen snow. Ah! if they only would not melt away in the warmth, what garlands of bright jewels we might carry home! how gayly we might dress ourselves with them for a dance!

14. If I were not afraid, I would tell the boys of the muskrat's home under the edge of the frozen stream,—such a comfortable sheltered house, weeds "piled in" to make thick walls, and a cozy little room, just big enough to turn in! I am afraid they would disturb him in his winter's nap. Yet surely he has earned a good sleep after all that work. Which one of you has done as much for his winter's comfort? But boys know every thing, and I dare say could tell me a great deal about the muskrats, and about this very house. Now we must turn home again, for the sun is melting our crystals. There is a warm wind blowing, and who knows how long our path across the pond will hold firm?

QUESTIONS.—What is “midwinter”? Why is the snow called a “coverlet”? What are the “germs” spoken of in the second paragraph? Why is the sunlight said to be “lengthening”? What is meant when it is said that “the oak stands hardily”? that “the elm sways its branches gracefully”? Why is the pine called “sturdy”? What kind of a tree is the “Christmas-Tree”? What is meant by its fruit being “various”? What are the “reviews” mentioned in the fourth paragraph? What is a “general”? a “sergeant”? a “lieutenant”? What is a “Noah’s ark”? Tell the story about Noah. What is the meaning of “winter landscape,” in the seventh paragraph? What is meant by “the glimpse of a leaden sky,” in the eighth paragraph? What is “an enchanted country,” as mentioned in the ninth paragraph? What is “an Arabian Nights’ tale”? Study carefully all the descriptions in the tenth paragraph. What is meant by “Aladdin’s garden”? What is meant by “ruby and emerald jewels”? What is meant, in the eleventh paragraph, by “whorls of flowers”? What are “asters”? What is meant by “the tinkle of their elfin armor”? What is said about the “grasses”? What does it mean? [A description, like this selection, should be carefully studied until a full and clear picture of the scene is formed in the pupil’s mind.]

VIII.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

1. Wait but a day, and the sun has carried off the jewels from our pines, and we can take another walk to visit them. But which are the pines? Are all the evergreens pines,—our Christmas-tree, these cone-shaped trees in our grounds, and the leafless larch? They are all of the pine family—the *coniferae*,—the cone-bearing family of which I have spoken. The Germans have a pretty way of describing this family. They call them the *needle-trees*,—those that have narrow, pointed leaves, like needles.

2. It was one of this family, in the German story, you know, that wanted to change its needles into “truly” leaves, like those of the oak and the elm. But glad enough was the

dissatisfied tree to come back to its needles again, and very much should we miss them if all the pines and firs and spruces should choose to lay aside their needles, and dress themselves like the other trees. We should lose their green, that lasts us all the winter long. The larch is the only one of this family that mimics the other families of trees, and sheds its leaves in the winter.

3. We can tell the different kinds of this family by the different effect the position of their branches gives them at a distance. The white pine has its regular horizontal stages. We have seen how it spreads them to hold the snow. The pitch-pine bears round, tufted masses. The spruce begins from the very ground to conceal its gradually sloping trunk. The fir rises with a tall, sloping shaft, "clean" from the ground for some distance. Its lower branches are horizontal, while the upper ones bend slightly upwards. The hemlock has a soft, delicate outline, and the cedars and junipers are more ragged and very picturesque.

4. Of these, our White Pine stands first,—for it is the most stately tree of our forests, varying in its outward appearance, and receiving different names according to the place it grows in. We see it frequently, left standing near our towns, its dark green in the summer forming a contrast to the other trees around,—a picture of powerful growth; or, farther away in the country, its dark color is prominent against the soft green of the wild cherry-tree, or its trunk serves as a support for the bitter-sweet and other trailing vines.

5. No wonder that Emerson says :

" Who leaves the pine tree
Leaves his friend,
Unnerves his strength,
Invites his end."

For now in the winter this tree seems like a trusty friend, stretching out his sheltering arms, a type of a strong constancy.

6. It is easily distinguished by its leaves, being in fives; that is, each one of its slender little needles does not rise separately from the branch, but, with four needle-like com-

panions, comes out of a little gray sheath. These sheaths, each bearing its five needles, are set closely round the twig. A single large bud, encircled by five smaller ones, is at the end of each branch.

7. The branches, as we have said, grow in regular stages or whorls, of about five at each stage, tending upwards when the tree is young, but in old trees horizontal. It is not the season to examine its flowers, which, indeed, at any time are indistinct. Has it any flowers? Who ever saw the flowers of such great old trees? you ask. Every plant must have its flower, its blossom, because from them comes the fruit or seed. And the essential parts of a flower are not its showy, its pretty part. The important parts, those which must never fail in a flower, because they produce the seed, are the stamens and pistils. These we shall have a chance to study when the flower season comes.

8. In all the pine family the flower is very incomplete; even the important pistil has not all its parts, but appears like a mere scale. Besides, the pistils are in one part of the tree, and the stamens in another. So there are two sets of flowers, one to hold the pistils, called the *pistillate* flowers, and another to hold the stamens, called the *staminate* flowers. In the white pine the pistillate flowers are in erect cones on the ends of the uppermost branches, and appear in June. These do not ripen into fruit till the autumn of the second year. It is the ripe cones that give the name to this family and distinguish it.

9. Here are more pines. Are they white pines? Take hold of a branch and count its needles. You will see that there are only three in a sheath, where the white pine had five, and they are flatter in shape. Each tree, too, is more irregular in form, and this tree never reaches the height of the white pine. It is the Pitch Pine. It makes up many of the woods that we call the "pine woods," and that invite us with their healthy smell.

10. Come in and listen to the pleasant sighing of the wind through the leaves. There is a warm, comfortable feeling here, even in these winter days, for the thick branches have kept the snow from the brown tasseled ground, and we are sheltered from the cold winds. Here and there a stream

of sunlight comes in, and lights up a red tinge in the brown, soft carpet, and we can venture to linger awhile and listen to the story the wind is whispering to the pines. The brown empty cones lie scattered about.

11. "O, we have picked thousands of them," you say. But did you ever consult them about the weather? In damp seasons the scales of the cones drink in the moisture. This makes them swell and close up. When it is dry again, they open gradually. So you see they are little weather-prophets. A part of the scale of the pistil of which I have spoken makes a wing that flies away with the seed when it is ripe. The cones of some of the pines require two or three years to come to perfection.

12. A cart-path leads us among trees that are leafy in summer, by snow-covered bushes, to a favorite summer resting-place under a tall hemlock. It is the hemlock-spruce, or hemlock of the spruce genus. It may fairly be called the most beautiful tree of the family, and we find a cool shelter in the summer beneath it, in a soft corner of the rocks at its feet.

13. Far up in the branches sound the gay voices of the birds, not far off the note of the thrush,—Wilson's thrush. But there are dreams of the summer as we look up its tall, firm trunk. Its foliage, even now, is soft and delicate, and it is distinguished from the spruce by its slender, tapering little branches and smooth limbs. Here in the forest its lower limbs are stiff and broken.

14. The names of spruce and fir are used with a bewildering uncertainty, and in the shrubs in our gardens which stand in either genus there is resemblance enough to create much doubt. The leaves of both differ much from the pines we have just described. They are solitary; that is, we no longer find them collected in fives, threes, or twos, and a sheath, but they rise directly from the twig, closely, side by side. The leaves too are shorter than those of the pines, and more flat. They are more like a little sword than a needle, and some have three sides and some four.

15. The spruce in the beginning of summer puts on a fresh tuft of yellowish-green leaves at the end of each twig, and its branches are so numerous, that its young delicate green gives a great beauty. In the very ornamental shrub in

our grounds the lower branches spread close to the ground, and from these a regular pyramid of whorls of leaves rises to the tapering summit. It was from among them that we took our Christmas-tree. Its shelf-like branches offered cozy places for playthings enough to last till next Christmas.

16. On these branches, in the summer, the robins and other birds find pleasant shelter of a rainy day. These are their piazzas and balconies, where they can take exercise when it is too stormy outside. Its leaves, as I have said, are small and flat, and sow themselves along the sides of the stalk, forming a flatter branch than that of the fir, and more like a hand spread out. Its staminate flowers are near the end of the smaller branches. In the hemlock-spruce the cones that have borne the fertile flowers are long and pointed, of a light-brown color, and hang from the extremities of the branches.

QUESTIONS.—What is meant by a “family” of trees? What lesson is taught by the “German story” referred to in the second paragraph? What is meant by saying that the fir rises “clean from the ground”? What is meant in the third paragraph by “horizontal branches”? What is a “delicate outline”? What is meant by the juniper’s being “picturesque”? Why is the white pine called “a stately tree”? Why is it called, in the fifth paragraph, “a type of strong constancy”? How many white pine leaves grow together? What is meant, in the seventh paragraph, by the branches “tending upward”? What is the “tasseled ground” mentioned in the tenth paragraph? What is meant by “a bewildering uncertainty,” in the fourteenth paragraph? What is “a pyramid of whorls of leaves”? What is “the tapering summit”? [Let the pupil carefully observe the direction given at the close of the questions upon the last selection.]

IX.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONCLUDED

1. Here is another tall tree with tapering trunk. Can this be a spruce or a pine? It is a tree that commands our attention at a distance, and gives character to the whole landscape. It is the tree that forms a great feature in the German forests, and it reigns especially in the famous Black Forest, where all the dwarfs and the elves of the German stories are to be found. I can almost fancy I see one of the little elves now sitting astride one of its cones high in the air. This tree is the Balsam Fir.

2. Reach down some of its leaves, and you will see how they differ from the spruce. They are broader, and look as if they might be formed of two grown together. They are more crowded, too, than those of the spruce. Starting on every side of the stem, they bend upwards where the branch is horizontal, so as to seem to form but two rows, but are pressed together on the upper side. In the bark lies concealed some of the peculiar balsam of the fir, that spreads a pleasant fragrance. Their beauty arises from the regularity of their symmetrical heads. The trunk, too, is perfectly even and straight, and tapers rapidly to the top.

3. It cuts in upon the landscape with its nearly horizontal branches, giving a picturesque character wherever it appears. Even if some bird or insect has greedily eaten up its leading shoot, which constitutes the pride of all the members of this family, the two buds on either side of the leading bud vie with each other in growing, till they form a double header, and the tree, though not so symmetrical, is equally picturesque. The cones are erect near the ends of the upper branches, tapering a little, with the ends rounded. They stand in great numbers, and with their purple scales look like a cluster of candles on a majestic chandelier.

4. Do not tell me that you have picked its cones, for I shall be forced, though reluctantly, to contradict you. The cones of the pine and the spruce set free the seeds they conceal, which have little wings to carry them out into the world, and then, with all their scales perfect, they drop to the

ground. But in the cones of the fir the scales and the seeds fall away together, and leave on the tree only the tapering little spike round which they were formed. Therefore, to find a perfect fir cone you must be adventurous enough to climb the tree, or else cut it down.

5. Which of these trees could we spare from the landscape? If we call the white pine the king of our woods, the hemlock should stand for the queen, and a group of balsam fir would answer for the princes. The pines and the firs stand as sentinels along the lines of the hills, guarding the valleys,—the pines solitary watchmen, the first clambering up in bands, while the hemlock lingers in the woods, or sends its foreign cousins into our gardens and grounds, or the squares and parks of our cities. The Norway spruce, which is very ornamental, and is cultivated in this way, is a cousin of the balsam fir. Its cones are large and light brown, and pendent. Its leaves differ from those of the cultivated spruces, as they are not arranged so flatly on the stem, but the leaves are crowded on the twigs, and the twigs on the branches.

6. I must not forget one peculiarity of this pine family: it is, that they have no hesitation about telling their age! The oaks and the maples, the trees of the "truly leaf" sort, are not so outspoken. After they are dead, by their works you can tell their age; after cutting across their trunks, you can count the rings that year after year they have formed round the center. But the pines tell their history as they grow. They form each year a fresh whorl of leaves.

7. Thus each year's growth is marked between each whorl of branches; so, by counting the stages of branches, you can reckon the life of the tree. And its history is further told by the varying length of the trunk between the branches, or of the branches themselves. If this space is smaller, if the branches are shorter than they should be, or the needles shorter, then you know there was a year of famine, there was a want of rain, or a late frost checked the young buds.

8. To this family, too, belonged the trees of the old coal period. For all the black mines of coal were once stately trees; but ages have passed away, burying them up in earth, far under the ground, changing them from growing trees into

stone. What a change indeed! It took such a long, long time, too. Do you think that the pine-wood kindlings that we bring in and lay in the grate to light up the fire with, recognize their very great-great-grandfathers in the shining black stones of coal that they are to kindle into a flame?

9. It is very hard to leave this family. I have told you a very little about three of its principal members. There are, besides, the Arbor Vitæ, the Cedars, the Juniper, the Cypressess, and the Yew. I shall have to leave them for you to study yourselves. You must go to the sea-shore and look at the Red Cedar, (it belongs to the junipers,) and the Juniper itself, and see how the branches contort themselves against the salt breeze. They are stout fellows. I think they must learn a little of their firmness from the great rocks that they clasp with their roots. The needles of the cedar spread themselves out to look like a fan-like leaf, and the juniper puts on purplish berries. Beaten by the winds, they look as if they had lived forever, with their torn trunks and ragged limbs, but they keep ever green still.

10. The juniper-tree is dear to children, from the old German story of the step-mother and the juniper-tree. And they can smell the red cedar, in the wood of the pencils they use. Such a useful family as this is! I must leave you to recall to yourselves how the pines furnish the tall masts for our ships. Far away in the harbors of foreign cities these tall masts stand like another forest. The hemlock and larch furnish bark for tanning. The Indian cuts his canoe from the white spruce. The firs give healing balsams. Pitch, resins, balsams,—these are the spices that flavor our Northern woods.

11. You see how little I have been able to tell, and how much there is to tell, how much for you to look at and find out for yourselves. You do not *know* these trees yet; you have only made their acquaintance, and can bow to them when you meet them in the street. If you shake hands with a pine, you can look and see whether he has two, three, or five needles in his sheath, and will know accordingly whether he is red, black, or white pine. But don't fancy you know a great deal, and "set up" upon it, else you will show you have not got so far as to understand the meaning of the say-

ing, "Very few know how much they must know in order to know how little they know."

X.—TEMPERANCE SONG.

JOHN PIERPONT.

1. When the bright morning star the new daylight is bringing,
And the orchards and groves are with melody ringing,
Their way to and from them the early birds winging,
And their anthems of gladness and thanksgiving singing;
Why do they so twitter and sing, do you think?
Because they've had nothing but water to drink.
2. When a shower on a hot day in summer is over,
And the fields are all smelling of white and red clover,
And the honey-bee—busy and plundering rover—
Is fumbling the blossom leaves over and over,
Why so fresh, clean and sweet are the fields, do you think?
Because they've had nothing but water to drink.
3. Do you see that stout oak on its windy hill growing?
Do you see what great hailstones that black cloud is throwing?
Do you see that steam war-ship its ocean way going,
Against trade-winds and head-winds like hurricanes blowing?
Why are oaks, cloud, and war-ships so strong, do you think?
Because they've had nothing but water to drink.
4. Now if *we* have to work in the shop, field, or study,
And would have a strong hand and a cheek that is ruddy,
And would *not* have a brain that is addled and muddy,
With our eyes all bruised, and our noses all bloody—
How shall *we* make and keep ourselves so, do you think?
Why, *we* must have nothing but water to drink.

QUESTIONS.—Is this piece prose or poetry? What is the difference between these? [You notice that in this piece the first four lines of each stanza end with similar sounds, and also the last two lines. These similar ending-sounds are called *rhymes*. Most English poetry has rhymes, but all does not. When poetry is without rhymes, it is called *blank verse*. There is no blank verse in this book.] What words rhyme with each other in the first stanza? [Generally only the last syllable of the line contains the rhyme, but sometimes there is an agreement in sound between the last two syllables of one line and those of another.] How many syllables rhyme in each of the first four lines? in the last two? Point out all the rhymes of the first stanza, and show of which kind each is. [The true difference between prose and poetry can not be the fact that poetry has rhymes, because, as we have said, all poetry has not rhymes. The real difference is, that in poetry the syllables of a line are spoken in regular groups, or measured off to the ear. These groups are called *feet*. Sometimes a foot has two syllables, and sometimes more. In this piece most of the feet have three syllables. Let the pupils compare carefully their own reading of prose with their reading of poetry. The true difference can only be learned by practice, and careful listening. —But we must remember that poetry is much better adapted than prose to the expression of grand, beautiful, stirring, or pathetic thoughts. And when such thoughts are expressed in prose, some call it *poetic* prose.]

How did the writer of this piece intend that it should make us feel when we read it? Did he intend that it should make us sad or joyous? hopeful or despondent? Ought it then to be read slowly or rapidly? With what kind of pitch ought it to be read? With how much force? [Look back to the Directions and Explanations, page 25.]

First Stanza.

What is the “morning star”? What is meant by its “bringing the daylight”? Why is the daylight said to be “new”? With what “melody” are the “orchards and groves ringing”? Whose “anthems of gladness”?

What is the meaning of groves, melody, anthems, thanksgiving, twitter?

Second Stanza.

How does the "white clover" differ from the "red"? Who is called a "busy and plundering rover"? Why? What other bees are there besides the "honey-bee"? How do they differ from the honey-bee?

Give the meaning of plundering, rover, fumbling.

Third Stanza.

What is a "windy hill"? Why did not the writer speak of an oak growing in a valley? What are "trade-winds"? "head-winds"? Give the meaning of stout, hailstones, steam, ocean, hurricanes.

Fourth Stanza.

What is "a cheek that is ruddy"? What is "a brain that is addled and muddy"? Give the meaning of shop, field, study, addled.

XI.—HOW JOHNNY BOUGHT A SEWING-MACHINE.

HORATIO ALGER, JR.

1. Just across the street from the Methodist Church, in the principal street of Benton, is a small one-story house, consisting of three rooms only. This is occupied by Mrs. Cooper, a widow, and her only son Johnny, with whom it is our purpose to become further acquainted. When the Great Rebellion broke out, Johnny's father was one of the first to enlist. It was a great trial to him to leave behind his wife and son, but he felt it his duty to go. For more than a year he wrote cheerful letters home; but one dark day there came over the wires tidings of the disastrous battle of Fredericksburg, and in the list of killed was the name of James Cooper.

2. It was a sad day for Mrs. Cooper ; but she had little time to mourn. The death of her husband threw the burden of maintaining herself and Johnny upon her shoulders. After a while she obtained a pension of eight dollars a month, which helped her considerably. One half of it paid her rent, and the other half paid for her fuel and lights. But it costs a good deal to buy food and clothes for two persons, and she was obliged to toil early and late with her needle to make up the requisite sum. Johnny was now eleven years old, and might have obtained a chance to peg shoes in some of the shoe-shops in the village, as indeed he wanted to do ; but Mrs. Cooper felt that he ought to be kept at school. As she would not be able to leave him money, she was resolved at least to give him as good an education as the village schools would allow.

3. One evening, just after tea, Mrs. Cooper laid down her work with a little sigh. "Johnny," said she, "I will get you to run over to Squire Baker's, and say that I shall not be able to finish his shirts to-night, but I will try to send them over in the morning before he goes."

4. "You don't feel well mother, do you?"

"No, I have a bad headache. I think I shall go to bed early, and see if I can't sleep it off."

"I don't believe it agrees with you to sew so much," said Johnny.

"I sometimes wish I had a sewing-machine," said his mother. "That would enable me to do three times as much work with less fatigue."

5. "How much does a sewing-machine cost?"

"I suppose a good one would cost not far from a hundred dollars."

"A hundred dollars ! That is a good deal of money," said Johnny.

"Yes, quite too much for our means. Of course there is no chance of my being able to purchase one."

6. As Johnny went across the field to Squire Baker's, he could not help thinking of what his mother had said. He had hoped the cost of a machine would not exceed twenty dollars, for in that case there might be some chance of his earning the amount in time. Occasionally the neighbors

called upon him to do odd jobs, and paid him small sums. These in time might amount to twenty dollars. But a hundred seemed quite too large for him to think of accumulating.

7. "Still," thought Johnny, "I've a good mind to try. I won't wait for jobs to come to me; I'll look out for them. I have a good deal of time out of school when I might be doing something. If I don't get enough to buy a sewing-machine, I may get something else that mother will like."

8. The next day was Saturday, and school did not keep. It was about the first of October. In the town where Johnny lived there were many swamps planted with cranberries, which were now ripe and ready for gathering. It was necessary to pick them before a frost, since this fruit, if touched with the frost, will decay rapidly. As Johnny was coming home from the store, he met a school companion, who seemed to be in a hurry.

9. "Where are you going, Frank?" he inquired.

"I'm going to pick cranberries for Squire Baker."

"How much does he pay?"

"Two cents a quart."

"Do you think he would hire me?" asked Johnny, with a sudden thought.

"Yes, and be glad to get you. He's got a good many cranberries on the vines, and he's afraid there will be a frost to-night."

"Then I'll ask mother if I can go. Just hold on a minute."

"All right."

10. Having obtained permission, Johnny rejoined his companion, and proceeded at once to the swamp. The fruit was abundant; for the crop this year was unusually good, and Johnny found that he could pick quite rapidly. When noon came, he found that he had picked twenty quarts.

"Can you come again this afternoon?" asked the squire.

"Yes, sir," said Johnny promptly.

"I shall be very glad to have you, for hands are scarce."

11. Johnny had already earned forty cents, and hoped to earn as much more in the afternoon. He was so excited by

his success that he hurried through his dinner with great rapidity, and was off once more to the swamps. He worked till late, and found at the end of the day that he had gathered fifty quarts. He felt very rich when the squire handed him a one-dollar greenback in return for his services. He felt pretty tired in consequence of stooping so much, but the thought that he had earned a whole dollar in one day fully repaid him.

12. "Mother," said Johnny, when he got home, "if you are willing, I will keep this money. There is something very particular I want it for."

"Certainly," said his mother. "You shall keep this, and all you earn. I am very sure you will not wish to spend it unwisely."

"No, mother, you may be sure of that."

13. On Monday it so happened that the teacher was sick, and school was suspended. Johnny found no difficulty in obtaining a chance to pick cranberries for another neighbor. He was determined to do a little better than on Saturday. When evening came, he was paid for fifty-three quarts,—one dollar and six cents.

"I wish there were cranberries to be picked all the year round," thought Johnny. "I should soon get a hundred dollars."

14. But this was about the last of his picking. School kept the next day, and though he got a little time after school, he could only pick a few quarts. When the cranberry season was over, Johnny found himself the possessor of four dollars. After that his gains were small. Occasionally he ran on an errand for a neighbor. Once he turned the grindstone for about half an hour, and received the small compensation of one cent from a rather parsimonious farmer. Johnny was about to throw it away, when the thought came to him, that, small as it was, it would help a little.

15. So the autumn slipped away, and winter came and went. In the spring Johnny found more to do. On the first day of June he counted his money and found he had fifteen dollars.

"It'll take a long time to get a hundred dollars," sighed Johnny. "If mother would only let me go to work in a

shoe-shop? But she thinks I had better go to school. But by and by there'll be a chance to pick cranberries again. I wish there'd be a vacation then."

REMARKS AND QUESTIONS.—"The Great Rebellion" was a war set on foot for the purpose of destroying the government of the United States. It began in the month of April, 1861. The battle of Fredericksburg was fought in the month of December, 1862. In this battle General Burnside commanded the Union army and General Lee the army of the rebels. The Union men fought bravely, but a great many were killed.

It is only a few years since the first sewing-machine was ever used. The first machine was very rude and clumsy, but different men invented new contrivances, one after another, which improved it, until now there are many kinds of excellent sewing-machines. Every man who invents a labor-saving machine does a great deal of good, for he enables working-people to give more time to study and the cultivation of their minds.

What is it to enlist? Is it right for a man to leave his wife and children and go to war? What is meant by a "disastrous battle"? Why had Mrs. Cooper "little time to mourn"? What is a "pension"? What is "rent"? Why was not Johnny's mother willing that he should work in the shoe-shop? What is the best use that boys can make of their time? Is the "sewing-machine" a useful thing? Why? To whom is it useful? Have people always had sewing-machines? Do you think it was easy to make the first sewing-machine? What kind of fruit are "cranberries"? In what kind of ground do they grow? What is meant by being "touched with the frost"? For what are cranberries used? How do the "vines" grow, and what is their appearance? Do you think Johnny was very industrious to pick twenty quarts in half a day? Why did he wish to keep the dollar? How long was he earning fifteen dollars? How long is it from cranberry time until June? Is one cent good wages for turning grindstone half an hour? Why is the farmer said to be "parsimonious"? Is it honorable to pay people less for their work than it is worth?

XII.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

1. One morning Johnny had occasion to cross the fields near a small pond about half a mile from his mother's house. He was busily thinking about his little fund, and what he could do to increase it, when his attention was all at once attracted by a sharp cry of distress. Looking up, he saw a gentleman in a row-boat on the pond, who appeared to be in the greatest trouble.

"Boy," he called out, "can you swim?"

"Yes, sir," said Johnny.

"Then save my little daughter, if you can. She has just fallen out of the boat. There she is."

2. The little girl just appeared above the surface of the water. Luckily it was very near the shore, yet too deep for any one to venture who was unable to swim. Our young hero had plenty of courage. Moreover, he was an expert swimmer, having been taught by his father before he went to the war. Without a minute's hesitation he stripped off his jacket and plunged in. A few vigorous strokes brought him to the little girl. He seized her, just as she was about sinking for the third time. He held her till her father could receive her from his arms into the boat.

3. "Let me lift you in, too," he said.

"No, sir, I'll swim to shore," said Johnny.

"Come up to the hotel this afternoon. I want to see you."

The father applied himself to the restoration of his daughter, and Johnny went home and changed his wet clothes. He had recognized the gentleman as a merchant from the city who had been boarding at the hotel for a week or two. He felt a glow of satisfaction in the thought that he had been instrumental in saving a human life; for it was very evident that, her father being unable to swim, the little girl would, but for him, have been drowned.

4. In the afternoon he went to the hotel, and inquired for Mr. Barclay, for he had heard the gentleman's name. He was conducted upstairs into a private parlor.

Mr. Barclay advanced towards him with a smile of welcome. "I am glad to see you, my brave boy," he said.

"Is your little girl quite recovered?" asked Johnny, modestly.

5. "Yes, nearly so. I thought it best to let her lie in bed the remainder of the day, as she might have got chilled. And now, my dear boy, how shall I express my gratitude to you for your noble conduct? Under God, you have been the means of saving my dear child's life. I am quite unable to swim, and I shudder to think what would have happened but for your timely presence and courage."

6. "I am very glad I was able to be of service," said Johnny.

"I can not allow such a service to go unrewarded," said Mr. Barclay. "Adequate compensation I can not offer, for money will not pay for the saving of life; but you will allow me to give you this as a first instalment of my gratitude." He pressed into the hands of the astonished boy a one-hundred-dollar bill.

7. "One hundred dollars!" exclaimed Johnny in bewilderment. "Do you really mean to give me so much?"

"It is little enough, I am sure."

"O, I am so glad!" said Johnny, delighted. "Now I can buy mother a sewing-machine."

"But don't you want to buy something for yourself?" asked Mr. Barclay, with interest.

"No, sir; I would rather have a sewing-machine than any thing."

8. Then Johnny, encouraged by Mr. Barclay's evident interest, proceeded to tell him how for nearly a year he had been saving up money, without his mother's knowledge, to buy her a machine, in order that she need not work so hard in future. But thus far he had only succeeded in saving up fifteen dollars. Now, thanks to this unexpected gift, he would be able to buy it at once. "And it will come just right, too," he said, with sparkling eyes; "for it will be mother's birthday in a week from to-day, and I can give it to her then. Only," he said, doubtfully, "I don't know whom I can get to buy it."

9. "I can help you there," said Mr. Barclay. "I am go-

ing to the city in a day or two. I will select the machine, and arrange to have it sent down by express on your mother's birthday."

"That'll be just the thing," said Johnny. "Won't she be astonished! I shan't say any thing to her about it beforehand. Here's the money, sir; I thank you very much for that, and for your kind offer."

"I ought to be kind to you, my dear boy, when I think how much you have done for me."

"Good afternoon, sir."

"Good afternoon. Call again to-morrow, and you shall see the little girl you have saved."

10. Johnny did call the next day, and made acquaintance with little Annie Barclay, whom he found a sprightly little girl of four years of age. She took quite a fancy to our young hero, with whom she had a fine game of romps.

Mrs. Cooper knew that Johnny had saved a little girl from drowning, but never inquired what reward he had received, feeling sure that he would tell her sometime. As for Johnny, he had his reasons for keeping silent, as we know.

11. At length Mrs. Cooper's birthday came. Johnny was full of impatience for evening, for then the express wagon would arrive from Boston, with the present for his mother. As soon as he heard the rumble of the wheels, he ran to the door. To his delight, the wagon stopped at the gate.

"Come here, youngster, and give us a lift," called the express-man. "I've got something heavy for you."

12. It was a large article, looking something like a table; but what it was Mrs. Cooper could not tell, on account of its many wrappings. "There must be some mistake," she said, going to the door. "I am not expecting any thing."

"No, there isn't," said Johnny, "it's all right, directed in large letters to Mrs. Mary Cooper, Benton."

"I shall want fifty cents," said the express-man.

"I've got it here," said Johnny, seeing that his mother was searching for her pocketbook.

13. "O, by the way, here's something else,—a letter directed to you. That will be fifteen cents more."

"Indeed!" said Johnny, surprised. "Well, here's the

money." He took the letter, but did not open it at once. He wanted to enjoy his mother's surprise.

Mrs. Cooper was unwrapping the machine. "What is this?" she exclaimed in delighted surprise. "A sewing-machine! Who could have sent it? Do you know any thing about it, Johnny?"



14. "Yes, mother. It's a birthday present for you from me."

"My dear boy! How could you ever have earned money enough to pay for it?"

Then Johnny told his mother all about it. And her eyes glistened with pride and joy as she heard, for the first time, how he had worked for months with this end in view; and she could not help giving him a grateful kiss, which I am sure paid Johnny for all he had done.

15. It was really a beautiful machine, and, though Johnny

did not know it, cost considerably more than the hundred dollars he had sent. Mrs. Cooper found that it worked admirably, and would lighten her labors more even than she had hoped.

"But you haven't opened your letter," she said, with a sudden recollection.

"So I haven't," said Johnny.

What was his surprise, on opening it, to discover the same hundred-dollar bill which Mr. Barclay had originally given him, accompanied by the following note:

16. "My Dear Young Friend:—I have bought your mother a sewing-machine, which I send by express to-day. I hope it will please you both, and prove very useful. I also send you a hundred dollars, which I wish you to use for yourself. The sewing-machine will be none the less your present to your mother, since both that and the money are a very insufficient recompense for the service you have rendered me. Continue to love and help your mother, and when you are old enough to go into a store I will receive you into mine.

"Your friend,

"HENRY BARCLAY."

17. There was great joy in the little cottage that evening. Johnny felt as rich as a millionaire, and could not take his eyes from the corner where the handsome new sewing-machine had been placed. And his mother, happy as she was in her present, was happier in the thought that it had come to her through the good conduct of her son.

QUESTIONS.—Name all the *bad* qualities that you think Johnny possessed, and tell what makes you think they belonged to him. What is meant by calling him a "young hero"? About how old was he when he saved the little girl? Is it easy for a boy to be as industrious as Johnny seems to have been? Is it best to depend much upon doing great things, such as saving this little girl? Which do you think was the more praiseworthy in Johnny, to save the little girl, or to be, every day, obedient to his mother, and industrious? Which needed the more care and self-denial?

Which can every boy and girl do? What kind of a woman does Mrs. Cooper appear to have been? Name as many of her qualities as you can think of.

XIII.—THE BAREFOOT BOY.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

1. Blessings on the , little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes ;
With thy red lip, redder still,
Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace
From my heart I give thee joy ;
I was once a barefoot boy !
Prince thou art—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride—
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy :
Blessings on the , barefoot boy !
2. O, for boyhood's painless play ;
Sleep that wakes in laughing day ;
Health that mocks the doctor's rules ;
Knowledge (never learned of schools)
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood ;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the groundmole sinks his well ;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung ;

Where the whitest lilies blow,
 Where the freshest berries grow,
 Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
 Where the wood-grape's clusters shine ;
 Of the black wasp's cunning way,
 Mason of his walls of clay,
 And the architectural plans
 Of gray hornet artisans !—
 For, eschewing books and tasks,
 Nature answers all he asks ;
 Hand in hand with her he walks,
 Face to face with her he talks,
 Part and parcel of her joy,—
 Blessings on the barefoot boy !

3. O, for boyhood's time of June,
 Crowding years in one brief moon,
 When all things I heard or saw,
 Me, their master, waited for ;—
 I was rich in flowers and trees,
 Humming-birds and honey-bees ;
 For my sport the squirrel played,
 Plied the snouted mole his spade ;
 For my taste the blackberry cone
 Purpled over hedge and stone ;
 Laughed the brook for my delight
 Through the day, and through the night,
 Whispering at the garden wall,
 Talked with me from fall to fall ;
 Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
 Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
 Mine on bending orchard trees
 Apples of Hesperides !
 Still as my horizon grew,
 Larger grew my riches, too ;
 All the world I saw or knew
 Seemed a complex Chinese toy
 Fashioned for a barefoot boy !
4. O for festal dainties spread,
 Like my bowl of milk and bread,—

Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
 On the door-stone gray and rude !
 O'er me, like a regal tent,
 Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
 Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
 Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;
 While for music came the play
 Of the pied frog's orchestra ;
 And to light the noisy choir,
 Lit the fly his lamp of fire ;—
 I was monarch : pomp and joy
 Waited on the barefoot boy !

5. Cheerily, then, my little man,
 Live and laugh, as boyhood can,
 Though the flinty slopes be hard,
 Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
 Every morn shall lead thee through
 Fresh baptisms of the dew ;
 Every evening from thy feet
 Shall the cool wind kiss the heat ;
 All too soon these feet must hide
 In the prison-cells of pride,
 Lose the freedom of the sod,
 Like a colt's for work be shod,
 Made to tread the mills of toil
 Up and down in ceaseless moil ;
 Happy if their track be found
 Never on forbidden ground,—
 Happy if they sink not in
 Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
 Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy
 Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

QUESTIONS.—Is this piece sad or joyous? How then should it be read? [See Directions and Explanations.] Has it rhymes? Point out four of them.

First Stanza.

Why is the boy called a "little man"? What is meant by "cheek of tan"? Meaning of the line, "Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace"? Why is the boy said to be a "prince"? In what respect is the boy wealthier than "the million-dollared"?

Second Stanza.

How does "health mock the doctor's rules"? How does "nature answer all he asks"? Meaning of "part and parcel"?

What is the meaning of habitude? tenants? architectural? artisans?

Third Stanza.

What is it to "crowd years in one brief moon"? How is the boy the "master of all things," and what is meant by their "waiting" for him? What are "apples of Hesperides"? Why is this word used here? Why did "all the world seem a complex Chinese toy"?

What is the meaning of orchard? horizon? complex? fashioned?

Fourth Stanza.

What is meant by "festal dainties"? by "the pied frog's orchestra"?

What is the meaning of dainties? regal? orchestra? choir? monarch? pomp?

Fifth Stanza.

What is the "new-mown sward"? Explain the two lines,
Happy if they sink not in

Quick and treacherous sands of sin."

Give the meaning of baptisms, moil, quick, treacherous.

XIV.—THE DAISY'S FIRST WINTER.

HARRIET B. STOWE.

1. Somewhere in a garden of this earth, which the dear Lord has planted with many flowers of gladness, grew a fresh, bright little daisy. The first this little daisy knew, she found herself growing in green pastures and beside the still waters where the Heavenly Shepherd was leading his sheep. And very beautiful did life look to her, as her bright little eyes, with their crimson lashes, opened and looked down into the deep crystal waters of the brook below, where the sunshine made every hour more sparkles, more rings of light, and more brilliant glances and changes of color, than all the jewelers in the world could imitate.

2. She knew intimately all the yellow-birds, and meadow-larks, and bobolinks, and black-birds, that sang, piped, whistled, or chattered among the bushes and trees in the pastures, and she was a prime favorite with them all. The fish that darted to and fro in the waters seemed like so many living gems, and their silent motions, as they glided hither and thither, were full of beauty, and told as plainly of happiness as if they could speak. Multitudes of beautiful flowers grew up in the water, or on the moist edges of the brook.

3. There were green fresh arrow-heads, which in their time gave forth their white blossoms with a little gold ball in the center of each, and there were the pickerel-weed, with its thick, sharp, green leaf, and its sturdy spike of blue blossoms, and the tall meadow-grass, with its graceful green tassels hanging down and making wavy reflections in the water ; and there was the silver-weed, whose leaves as they dipped in the brook seemed to be of molten silver, and whose tall heads of fringy white blossoms sent forth a grateful perfume in the air ; and there, too, were the pink and white azalias, full of sweetness and beauty, and close along in the green mosses of the banks grew blue and white violets, and blood-root, with its silvery stars of blossom, and the purple hepatica, with its quaint, hairy leaves, and the slender wind-flower on its thread-like stem, and the crowfoot, with its dark bronze

leaf and its half-shut flower, looking like the outside of a pink sea-shell.

4. In fact, there is scarcely any saying how many beautiful blooming things grew and flourished in that green pasture where dear little Daisy was so happy as first to open her bright eyes. They did not all blossom at once, but had their graceful changes ; but there was always a pleasant flutter of expectation among them,—either a sending forth of leaves, or a making of buds, or a bursting out into blossoms ; and when the blossoms passed away, there was a thoughtful, careful maturing of seeds, all packed away so snugly in their little coffers and caskets of seed-pods, which were of every quaint and dainty shape that ever could be fancied for a lady's jewel-box.

5. Overhead there grew a wide-spreading apple-tree, which in the month of June became a gigantic bouquet, holding up to the sun a million silvery opening flowers, and a million pink-tipped buds ; and the little winds would come to play in its branches, and take the pink shells of the blossoms for their tiny air-boats, in which they would go floating round among the flowers, or sail on voyages of discovery down the stream ; and when the time of its blossom was gone, the bountiful tree from year to year had matured fruits of golden ripeness which cheered the hearts of men.

6. Little Daisy's life was only one varied delight from day to day. She had a hundred playmates among the light-winged winds, that came to her every hour to tell her what was going on all over the green pasture, and to bring her sweet perfumed messages from the violets and anemones of even the more distant regions.

7. There was not a ring of sunlight that danced in the golden network at the bottom of the brook that did not bring a thrill of gladness to her heart ; not a tiny fish glided in his crystal paths, or played and frolicked under the water-lily shadows, that was not a well-known friend of hers, and whose pleasures she did not share. At night she held conferences with the dew-drops that stepped about among the flowers in their bright pearl slippers, and washed their leaves and faces before they went to rest. Nice little nurses and dressing-maids these dews ! and they kept tender guard all

night over the flowers, watching and blinking wakefully to see that all was safe ; but when the sun arose, each of them spread a pair of little rainbow wings, and was gone.

8. To be sure, there were some reverses in her lot. Sometimes a great surly, ill-looking cloud would appear in the sky, like a cross schoolmaster, and sweep up all the sunbeams, and call in a gruff voice to the little winds, her playfellows, to come away from their nonsense ; and then he would send a great strong wind down on them, all with a frightful noise and roar, and sweep all the little flowers flat to the earth ; and there would be a great rush and pattering of rain drops, and bellowing of thunders, and sharp forked lightnings would quiver through the air as if the green pastures certainly were to be torn to pieces ; but in about half an hour it would be all over,—the sunbeams would all dance out from their hiding-places, just as good as if nothing had happened, and the little winds would come laughing back, and each little flower would lift itself up, and the winds would help them to shake off the wet and plume themselves as jauntily as if nothing had gone amiss.

9. Daisy had the greatest pride and joy in her own pink blossoms, of which there seemed to be an inexhaustible store ; for, as fast as one dropped its leaves, another was ready to open its eyes, and there were buds of every size, waiting still to come on, even down to little green cushions of buds that lay hidden away in the middle of the leaves down close to the root. “How favored I am !” said Daisy, “I never stop blossoming. The anemones and the liverwort and the blood-root have their time, but then they stop and have only leaves, while I go on blooming perpetually ; how nice it is to be made as I am !”

10. “But you must remember,” said a great rough Burdock to her,—“you must remember that your winter must come at last, when all this fine blossoming will have to be done with.”

“What do you mean ?” said Daisy, in a tone of pride, eying her rough neighbor with a glance of disgust. “You are a rough, ugly old thing, and that’s why you are cross. Pretty people like me can afford to be good-natured.”

11. “Ah, well,” said Dame Burdock, “you’ll see. It’s a

pretty thing if a young chit just out from seed this year should be impertinent to me, who have seen twenty winters,—yes, and been through them well, too ! ”

“ Tell me, Bobolink,” said Daisy, “ is there any truth in what this horrid Burdock has been saying ? What does she mean by winter ? ”

12. “ I don’t know,—not I,” said Bobolink, as he turned a dozen somersets in the air, and then perched himself airily on a thistle-head, singing,—

“ I don’t know, and I don’t care ;
It’s mighty pleasant to fly up there,
And it’s mighty pleasant to light down here,
And all I know is chip, chip, cheer.”

13. “ Say, Humming-bird, do you know any thing about winter ? ”

“ Winter ! I never saw one,” said Humming-bird ; “ we have wings, and follow summer round the world, and where she is, there go we.”

“ Meadow-Lark, Meadow-Lark, have you ever heard of winter ? ” said Daisy.

14. Meadow-Lark was sure he never remembered one. “ What is winter ? ” he said, looking confused.

“ Butterfly, Butterfly,” said Daisy, “ come, tell me, will there be winter, and what is winter ? ”

But the Butterfly laughed, and danced up and down, and said, “ What is Daisy talking about ? I never heard of winter ! Winter ? ha ! ha ! What is it ? ”

15. “ Then it’s only one of Burdock’s spiteful sayings,” said Daisy. “ Just because she isn’t pretty, she wants to spoil my pleasure, too. Say, dear lovely tree that shades me so sweetly, is there such a thing as winter ? ”

And the tree said, with a sigh through its leaves, “ Yes, daughter, there will be winter ; but fear not, for the Good Shepherd makes both summer and winter, and each is good in its time. Enjoy the summer, and fear not.”

REMARKS.—The daisy is a beautiful little flower, a native of Europe. It belongs to what is called the Composite order of plants, of which the dandelion is an example. The

meaning of the word daisy is *day's eye*. The plant is so called on account of its great beauty of form and color. Let the pupil study the descriptions with care, and learn the beautiful lessons so admirably developed in the dialogue. Such study will be very efficient in improving the moral character as well as the taste of children.

XV.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

1. The months rolled by. The violets had long ago stopped blooming, their leaves were turning yellow, but they had beautiful green seed-caskets, full of rows of little pearls, which next year should come up in blue violets. The dog-toothed violet and the eye-bright had gone under ground, so that no more was seen of them, and Daisy wondered whither they could be gone. But she had new acquaintances, far more brilliant, and she forgot the others. The brook-side seemed all on fire with golden-rod, and the bright yellow was relieved by the rich purple tints of the asters, while the blue-fringed gentian held up its cups, that seemed as if they might have been cut out of the sky ;—and still Daisy had abundance of leaves and blossoms, and felt strong and well at the root. Then the apple-tree cast down to the ground its fragrant burden of golden apples, and men came and carried them away.

2. By and by there came keen, cutting winds, and driving storms of sleet and hail ; and then at night it would be so cold, so cold ! and one after another the leaves and flowers fell stiff and frozen, and grew black, and turned to decay. The leaves loosened and fell from the apple-tree, and sailed away by thousands down the brook ; the butterflies lay dead with the flowers, but all the birds had gone singing away to the sunny south, following the summer into other lands.

3. "Tell me, dear tree," said Daisy, "is this winter that is coming ?"

"It is winter, darling," said the tree ; "but fear not. The Good Shepherd makes winter as well as summer."

"*I still hold my blossoms,*" said Daisy, for Daisy was a hardy little thing.

4. But the frosts came harder and harder every night, and first they froze her blossoms, and then they froze her leaves, and finally all, all were gone,—there was nothing left but the poor little root, with the folded leaves of the future held in its bosom.

5. "Ah, dear tree!" said Daisy, "is not this dreadful?"

"Be patient, darling," said the tree. "I have seen many, many winters; but the Good Shepherd loses never a seed, never a root, never a flower: they will all come again."

6. By and by came colder days and colder, and the brook froze to its little heart and stopped: and then there came bitter, driving storms, and the snow lay wreathed over Daisy's head; but still from the bare branches of the apple-tree came a voice of cheer. "Courage, darling, and patience! Not a flower shall be lost: winter is only for a season."

"It is so dreary!" murmured Daisy, deep in her bosom.

"It will be short: the spring will come again," said the tree.

7. And at last spring did come; and the snow melted and ran away down the brook, and the sun shone out warm, and fresh green leaves jumped and sprang out of every dry twig of the apple-tree. And one bright, rejoicing day, little Daisy opened her eyes, and lo! there were all her friends once more;—there were the eye-brights and the violets and the anemones and the liverwort,—only ever so many more of them than there were last year, because each little pearl of a seed had been nursed and moistened by the snows of winter, and had come up as a little plant to have its own flowers. The birds all came back, and began building their nests, and every thing was brighter and fairer than before; and Daisy felt strong at heart, because she had been through a winter, and learned not to fear it. She looked up into the apple-tree. "Will there be more winters, dear tree?" she said.

8. "Darling, there will; but fear not. Enjoy the present hour, and leave future winters to Him who makes them. Thou hast come through these sad hours, because the Shepherd remembered thee. He loseth never a flower out of his

pasture, but calleth them all by name : and the snow will never drive so cold, nor the wind beat so hard, as to hurt one of his flowers. And look ! of all the flowers of last year, what one is melted away in the snow, or forgotten in the number of green things ? Every blade of grass is counted, and puts up its little head in the right time ; so never fear, Daisy, for thou shalt blossom stronger and brighter for the winter."

9. "But why must there be winter ?" said Daisy.

"I never ask why," said the tree. "My business is to blossom and bear apples. Summer comes, and I am joyful ; winter comes, and I am patient. But, darling, there is another garden where thou and I shall be transplanted one day, where there shall be winter no more. There is coming a new earth ; and not one flower or leaf of these green pastures shall be wanting there, but come as surely as last year's flowers come back this spring !"

REMARKS AND QUESTIONS.—The two selections ending here contain what is called an allegory. Trees, flowers, birds, insects, &c., are represented as doing and saying certain things, and as passing through certain experiences. But the things really sought to be expressed are human thoughts and experiences, which are similar to those attributed to the objects of nature.

What does the summer in the allegory represent ? What does the winter represent ? What kind of people does the daisy represent ? the apple-tree ? the burdock ? the bobolink ? the humming-bird ? the butterfly ? Who is the Good Shepherd ? What is the garden where there is to be no winter ?

XVI.—THE ENCHANTRESS—A SPRING-TIME LYRIC FOR MABEL.

T. B. ALDRICH.

1. It is only in legend and fable
The fairies are with us, you know ;
For the fairies are fled, little Mabel,
Ay, ages and ages ago.

2. And yet I have met with a fairy—
 You needn't go shaking your curls—
 A genuine spirit and airy,
 Like her who talked nothing but pearls !
3. You may laugh if you like, little Mabel ;
 I know you're exceedingly wise ;
 But I've seen her as plain as I'm able
 To see unbelief in your eyes.
4. A marvelous creature ! I really
 Can't say she is gifted with wings,
 Or resides in a tulip ; but, clearly,
 She's queen of all beautiful things.
5. Whenever she comes from her castle,
 The snow fades away like a dream,
 And the pine-cone's icicle tassel
 Melts, and drops into the stream !
6. The dingy gray moss on the boulder
 Takes color like burnished steel ;
 The brook puts its silvery shoulder
 Again to the old mill-wheel !
7. The robin and wren fly to meet her ;
 The honey-bee hums with delight ;
 The morning breaks brighter and sweeter ;
 More tenderly falls the night !
8. By roadsides, in pastures and meadows,
 The buttercups, growing bold,
 For her sake light up the shadows
 With disks of tremulous gold.
9. Even the withered bough blossoms,
 Grateful for sunlight and rain,—
 Even the hearts in our bosoms
 Are leaping to greet her again !

10. What fairy in all your romances
Is such an enchantress as she,
Who blushes in roses and pansies,
And sings in the birds on the tree?

QUESTIONS.—What is the most marked characteristic of this poetry? Does it express anger? or sorrow? or fear? Are the thoughts in it beautiful? What kind of tones are required in reading it, then? What pitch? You may try one stanza with a low pitch. Does it require to be read rapidly? How much force does it require? [Look back to the Directions and Explanations, and answer these questions after careful thinking and trying.]

First Stanza.

What are “legend and fable”? What are “fairies”? To whom is this stanza spoken? How many stanzas are spoken to the same person? Were there more fairies “ages ago” than there are now?

Second Stanza.

Who was “shaking her curls”? Why was she shaking them? What is the story that is told about “talking pearls”? What is the meaning of genuine? spirit? airy?

Third Stanza.

Why does “little Mabel laugh”? Does the writer really believe little Mabel is “wise”? How can one “see unbelief” in another’s “eyes”?

Fourth Stanza.

Who is the “marvelous creature”? What is the meaning of marvelous? creature? resides? beautiful?

Think carefully, and ask yourself whether you have seen the beautiful sights, and heard the sounds, and had the feelings, described in the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth stanzas. Why is the brook, in the sixth stanza, said to “put

its silvery shoulder to the old mill-wheel"? What is meant by "disks of tremulous gold," in the eighth stanza?

Tenth Stanza.

What is meant by romances? enchantress? pansies? Who is the fairy meant in this piece?

XVII.—SUSY'S DRAGON.

NORA PERRY.

1. It was after school, and Susy sat in one of the great windows of the library, writing out her French exercises. It was evidently dull work for her, for she yawned and fidgeted and sighed in a very restless manner; and every now and then she would stop in the midst of a line, and watch the boys playing at marbles on the sidewalk. There was little Kit and Jimmy Grant; what good times they did have! O dear! she wished she were a boy, and were playing marbles on the sidewalk, instead of toiling at these tiresome French exercises. Nobody had to study as hard as she did, she was sure. There was Tom, now, flying his kite an hour ago; and there—yes, there was Fanny Hamlin going after trailing arbutus, as true as the world! This was too great a temptation. Down went the exercises, and up went the window, in a breath. "O Fanny! Fanny! are you going after trailing arbutus?"

2. Yes, Fanny was going after trailing arbutus, and she wished Susy would come with her. Why couldn't she? Susy asked herself the very question, and came to the conclusion that there was really no sufficient reason why she couldn't. "Because I can write the rest of my exercises out to-morrow morning," she thought.

3. "I'm just going for a walk to Pine-woods," she said to Aunt Cathy, who had the charge of Susy and her brothers since their mother's death.

Aunt Cathy lifted her kind but penetrating gaze to Susy's face, and Susy felt uncomfortable, though all her aunt said in reply was, "Very well, my dear; you know best whether you can spare the time."

4. This was always Aunt Cathy's way. She said a sensible girl of thirteen, like Susy, should be taught to depend on her own judgment in matters of this kind. Susy was the one who went to school ; Susy was the one who had lessons to learn ;—then Susy was the only one who could tell when these school duties were over, and whether her lessons were learned. And if Susy wasn't faithful to her duty, then she must suffer the penalty. She was a baby no longer, to be governed blindly ; she must learn to govern herself ; it would teach her to know herself a great deal better, and to be self-reliant.

5. Susy liked Aunt Cathy's "way," but she always knew when Aunt Cathy thought she had neglected any thing, and it always made her feel very uneasy, as people do when they abuse the trust reposed in them. And now this lovely spring afternoon, searching for arbutus with Fanny Hamlin, there was this shadow of uneasiness, of something unfulfilled, which clouded the bright day, and made the pleasure half a pain. But they were very successful in their hunt for flowers. Susy had never carried home such a big basketful, and dear, kind Aunt Cathy admired them to her heart's content.

6. "But you look tired, Susy," she said to her.

"Yes, we went farther than we meant to at the start ; why, we went almost to Long-Roads, Aunt Cathy."

"Which is almost three miles. I should think you'd be tired, Susy. Now I should advise you, my dear, to eat your supper at once and go to bed."

7. And Susy was sensible enough to take this advice, for she remembered what she had to do in the morning : and if she *should* oversleep the time !

"Will you call me when you get up, Bridget ?" she asked of the cook, when she went up stairs.

"Shure, it's not at five o'clock you'd be wanting to rise ?" exclaimed Bridget, in astonishment.

"But I do, Bridget ; and I want you to call me."

8. "O well, I can do that aisy, Miss ; but it'll not be so aisy for you to mind it," Bridget replied in her dry way ; "for shure," she said to Katy Malony, the chambermaid, "haven't I tried her at this calling before, and didn't she always fail at the minding !"

It didn't seem more than an hour to Susy when she heard Bridget calling at the door, "Come, Miss Susy, it's five o'clock, and you remimber you wanted me to call yer."

9. "Yes, Bridget, I hear," she answered, "and I'm going to get right up," which she certainly meant to do. But it was *so* early, so long before nine o'clock, she would lie just a minute: and that was the last she remembered until a great thumping at her door broke into a morning dream.

It was her brother Tom. "Come, Sue," he shouted, "aren't you ever going to get up? It's breakfast-time, and Bridget says she woke you hours ago. Come, hurry up! I want you to see me fly my new kite. I bought it of Sam Green yesterday; it's the tallest kite you ever saw."

10. Susy was horrified at one part of Tom's communication. Breakfast-time! How *could* she have slept so long? Only an hour to school-time,—and those exercises! Was there ever such an unlucky girl? "Do go away, Tom," she said petulantly to her brother, as she hurried into the library after a hasty breakfast. "I can't attend to your kite now; I'm in a hurry."

11. Tom flung out of the room in disgust. "I never saw such a girl in my life as you are, Sue. You're always in a hurry, and you never get out of it."

There was no time given her to reply to this assertion, for Tom had banged the door, and was half-way down the avenue in a minute. Then what could she have replied? When the truth is told us, however unpleasantly, what is there for us to say? ✕

12. But the fact was, at present Susy didn't think much about the *saying*; it was the *doing* that occupied her. Here were two pages yet to translate! She set to work now in good earnest, but, of necessity, it had to be very hurried work; and Susy was never a ready translator. She was always a little uncertain with those perplexing verbs and pronouns. There was one rule she had to repeat to herself over and over again: "*Ne* before the verb, and *pas* after it." She had no time this morning to go back and correct mistakes, however, for there rang the quarter bell, and she was only at that moment at the foot of the page.

13. "Dear me," she sighed; "if I get another tardy mark,

or an imperfect one, Miss Hill will change my seat, I know. Every thing has gone wrong this week. I suppose it's what Cousin Bella calls a Fate."

Poor Susy! she got both,—the tardy mark and the imperfect one; for that French lesson was an awful boggle.

"What does ail you, Susy?" said Miss Hill, as Mademoiselle Le Brun reported her angrily.

14. "She has de grand talent, but she is not attenteev!" cried Mademoiselle, in her broken English, and her little shrill, impatient voice.

"I am afraid that is it, Susy," said Miss Hill, kindly.

Susy burst into tears. A dim consciousness was stealing over her, that the "every thing going wrong" wasn't Fate exactly.

15. Her eyes were so red from these tears when she went home that Aunt Cathy asked the same question Miss Hill had asked, but with a different solicitude, "What does ail you, Susy?"

Then Susy told her troubles: how she had missed yesterday in her geography, and to-day in her French; how she had been marked tardy just for being a second behind the last bell-ringing; and then the dreaded result of all,—losing her seat beside Fanny Hamlin.

16. Aunt Cathy heard her gently and patiently, but at the end she did not say much; she felt sure that Susy was finding out for herself the cause of these troubles, and she thought this would be better for her in the end than to have her fault held up before her by somebody else. That time, at least, Susy was on her guard. She took her history lesson into a little back room, where she could neither see the boys playing at marbles, nor Tom flying his kite, nor Fanny Hamlin if she passed; and then she put her mind upon her task, and was astonished to find that, by this steady, uninterrupted application, she had accomplished in an hour what she had many a time spent three hours over.

17. When she went down stairs, Tom was crossing the hall whistling one of his favorite negro melodies; and, remembering her ungraciousness of the morning, she said to him, "I want to see your new kite, Tom."

"O, you're over your hurry, are you? Well, the new kite's

gone to bed for to-day,—you'll have to wait till to-morrow ;”—and away he went towards the parlor, looking rather “huffy” and injured still.

18. Susy followed him, and found Aunt Cathy reading aloud to little Kit. It was a pleasant story, and Aunt Cathy was a pleasant reader ; and after the reading, which both Susy and Tom had enjoyed as much as little Kit, they all began looking over the engravings in the book ; and here Susy came across a picture of St. George and the Dragon.

“Who was St. George, Aunt Cathy?” she asked.



19. “St. George? O, he was a saint or hero, whose story belongs to the age of the crusades. The crusaders, you know, were those who fought in what are called ‘The Holy Wars,’ for the conquest of Palestine. Palestine, you see, was in the hands of unbelievers, and the Christians were horrified that the land where Jesus had lived and taught and died,

should be in such possession ; so for years they disputed this possession by fighting these battles.

20. "The legend of St. George is, that he was a renowned prince, whose greatest achievement was the slaying of an enormous dragon, by which exploit he effected the deliverance from bondage of Aja, the daughter of a king. His story and character were so popular with the ancient Christians, that they bore the representation of the knight upon their standards. And at this day the badge of the famous Order of the Knights of the Garter, in England, is the image of St. George.

21. "To every one now it is a symbol of victory of some kind,—the victory gained over any weakness or sin ; for we all of us have some weakness or sin which is a dragon for us to fight. Thackeray, the great novelist, whom your father admires so much, said he had not one dragon, but two, and that they were Indolence and Luxury ; and he said it in connection with this picture of St. George, which had just been given him, and which he declared he should hang at the head of his bed, where he could see it every morning."

22. As Aunt Cathy concluded, Susy's face grew very grave and earnest, and, bending over the picture of St. George, she looked at it a long time in silence ; but it was not until she was alone with Aunt Cathy that she spoke what was in her mind.

23. The boys had both gone to bed, and she still held the picture before her, regarding it with great interest, when she said : "Aunt Cathy, I've found out my dragon. It is that long word beginning with P, that little Kit was trying to spell the other day ; and it means, to keep putting every thing off till another time, that ought to be done right away."

"I know. Procrastination,—that is the word, Susy."

24. "Yes, that is it ; that is my dragon, and it's been the cause of all my troubles, Aunt Cathy. Now I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to ask father if he will let me have this picture cut out and framed, and I'll hang it at the *foot* of my bed, and try to remember, when I look at it, that I've got a battle to fight every day ; for I have, Aunt Cathy.

25. "O, you don't know what hard work it is for me to

sit and study. If it isn't one thing it is another that makes my mind wander. Sometimes it's little Kit at his marbles, or the school-girls passing, or what people are saying : and then at the end of an hour I don't know a word of my lesson, and the tea-bell will ring, or somebody'll call for me to go somewhere, and I'll think, 'O, well, I can get the lesson to-morrow.'

26. "And then when to-morrow comes, all sorts of things will happen, so there won't be a scrap of time ; and that's the way the dragon has gone on beating me, ever and ever so long ; and I don't know, Aunt Cathy, but—but he always will." And here Susy began to choke a little ; the next moment she burst out bravely, in a determined voice : "But I shall try very hard to beat *him*, any way !"

27. "That's it, Susy !" Aunt Cathy exclaimed. "Try very hard ; it's all any body can do ; and in trying I know you will win the battle, my dear."

And Susy was true to her word. She did try "very hard," and at last she won the battle.

QUESTIONS.—What is the "trailing arbutus"? What other name has it? What was Susy tempted to do when she saw Fanny? Was it right for her to leave her French and go to the woods? Why? Did Susy think she was doing right? Did Aunt Cathy? [Read the third paragraph.] Was Susy happy while looking for the arbutus? Why did she wish Bridget to call her at five o'clock? Is it easy for people who are not used to it to rise early in the morning? Why? Does Tom tell the truth about Susy in the eleventh paragraph? What kind of a boy does Tom seem to have been? How ought the word "Mademoiselle" to be pronounced? What does it mean? Who is "Miss Hill"? What was the real reason of Susy's missing in geography, and getting a tardy mark, and losing her seat? Did Susy finally escape from her troubles? How? Tell the story about "St. George and the Dragon." What is a dragon? Of what did the picture remind Susy? What is "procrastination"? Why is it like a dragon? What lesson does this piece teach? Is this an important lesson? Why?

XVIII.—THE MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

ANONYMOUS.

King. (*Enters alone, wrapped in a cloak.*) No, no, this can be no public road, that's certain. I have lost my way, undoubtedly. Of what advantage is it now to be a king? Night shows me no respect, I can not see better than another man, nor walk so well. When a king is lost in a wood, what is he more than other men? His wisdom knows not which is north, and which is south; his power a beggar's dog would bark at, and the beggar himself would not bow to his greatness. And yet how often are we puffed up with these false attributes! Well, in losing the monarch I have found the man. But hark! Somebody sure is near! What were it best to do? Will my majesty protect me? No. Throw majesty aside, then, and let manhood do it.

(*Enter the Miller.*)

Miller. I believe I hear the rogue. Who's there?

King. No rogue, I assure you.

Miller. Little better, friend, I believe. Who fired that gun?

King. Not I, indeed.

Miller. You lie, I believe.

King. (*Aside.*)—Lie, lie! how strange it seems to me to be talked to in this style. (*Aloud.*) Upon my word, I don't, sir.

Miller. Come, come, sirrah, confess; you have shot one of the king's deer, haven't you?

King. No, indeed; I owe the king more respect. I heard a gun go off, to be sure, and was afraid some robbers might have been near.

Miller. I am not bound to believe this, friend. Pray, who are you? What's your name?

King. Name!

Miller. Name! ay, name. You have a name, haven't you? Where do you come from? What is your business here?

King. These are questions I have not been used to, honest man.

Miller. May be so ; but they are questions no honest man would be afraid to answer : so, if you can give no better account of yourself, I shall make bold to take you along with me, if you please.

King. With you ! What authority have you to—

Miller. The king's authority, if I must give you an account. Sir, I am John Cockle, the miller of Mansfield, one of his majesty's keepers in the forest of Sherwood ; and I will let no suspicious fellow pass this way, unless he can give a better account of himself than you have done, I promise you.

King. Very well, sir, I am very glad to hear the king has so good an officer ; and, since I find you have his authority, I will give you a better account of myself, if you will do me the favor to hear it.

Miller. You don't deserve it, I believe ; but let's hear what you can say for yourself.

King. I have the honor to belong to the king, as well as you, and perhaps should be as unwilling to see any wrong done him. I came down with him to hunt in this forest, and the chase leading us to-day a great way from home, I am benighted in this wood, and have lost my way.

Miller. This does not sound well : if you have been hunting, pray where is your horse ?

King. I have tired my horse so that he lay down under me, and I was obliged to leave him.

Miller. If I thought I might believe this now.

King. I am not used to lie, honest man.

Miller. What, do you live at court and not lie ? that's a likely story, indeed !

King. Be that as it may, I speak truth now, I assure you ; and to convince you of it, if you will attend me to Nottingham, or give me a night's lodging in your house, here is something to pay you for your trouble, (*offering money,*) and if that is not sufficient, I will satisfy you in the morning to your utmost desire.

Miller. Ay, now I am convinced you are a courtier ; here is a little bribe for to-day and a large promise for to-morrow, both in a breath. Here, take it again ; John Cockle is no courtier. He can do what he ought without a bribe.

King. Thou art a very extraordinary man, I must own ; and I should be glad, methinks, to be further acquainted with thee.

Miller. Prithee, don't thee and thou me at this rate. I suppose I am as good a man as yourself at least.

King. Sir, I beg pardon.

Miller. Nay, I am not angry, friend ; only I don't love to be too familiar with you until I am satisfied as to your honesty.

King. You are right. But what am I to do ?

Miller. You may do what you please. You are twelve miles from Nottingham, and all the way through this thick wood ; but, if you are resolved upon going thither to-night, I will put you in the road, and direct you the best I can ; or, if you will accept of such poor entertainment as a miller can give, you shall be welcome to stay all night, and in the morning I will go with you myself.

King. And can not you go with me to-night ?

Miller. I would not go with you to-night if you were the king himself.

King. Then I must go with you, I think.

(Enter a courtier in haste.)

Courtier. Ah ! is your majesty safe ? We have hunted the forest over to find you.

Miller. How ! are you the king ! *(Kneels.)* Your majesty will pardon the ill-usage you have received. *(The king draws his sword.)* His majesty surely will not kill a servant for doing his duty too faithfully.

King. No, my good fellow. So far from having any thing to pardon, I am much your debtor. I can not think but so good and honest a man will make a worthy and honorable knight. Rise, Sir John Cockle, and receive this sword as a badge of knighthood and a pledge of my protection ; and, to support your nobility, and in some measure requite you for the pleasure you have done us, a thousand crowns a year shall be your revenue.

XIX.—THE BLUEBIRD.

EMILY H. MILLER.

1. I know the song that the Bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple-tree where he is swinging ;
Brave little fellow, the skies may be dreary ;
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.
 2. Hark ! how the music leaps out from his throat,—
Hark ! was there ever so merry a note ?
Listen awhile and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple-tree swinging and swaying.
 3. "Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know ;
Hark, while I sing you a message of cheer :
Summer is coming ! and spring-time is here !
 4. "Little white snowdrop ! I pray you arise ;
Bright yellow crocus ! come, open your eyes ;
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold ;
Daffodils ! daffodils ! say, do you hear ?—
Summer is coming ! and spring-time is here !"
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XX.—THE ENGLISH REDBREAST AND THE
AMERICAN ROBIN.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

1. When our ancestors first came from Old England to America, they brought with them the old associations and recollections of the home they were leaving. Unwilling to part at once with these old and dear associations, they sought to keep alive many familiar names by bestowing them upon similar objects in America. In so doing they have caused much confusion. The same terms do not mean the same things in Old England and in New England.

2. The ivy of Europe is a very different plant from the

poisonous species of sumac which is here called by that name. Our New England dogwood is also a sumac, and not a true dogwood. Our woodbine is not the same vine meant in English books by that name; and the Robin of North America is totally unlike the dear old Robin Redbreast, whose benevolent attentions to the unfortunate Babes in the Wood have invested the name of Robin with the affectionate associations of childhood, wherever the English language is spoken.

3. The Robin Redbreast more nearly resembles our common Bluebird than any other of our native birds, although the latter is somewhat larger. The Redbreast of Europe is quite a small bird, being only about five inches and three quarters from the tip of its bill to the end of its tail-feathers. The principal color of this bird is a yellowish olive-brown. The throat and breast are of a reddish-orange color, and this gives to them their name of Redbreast.

4. They are very common in Europe, and especially so in England. They remain all the year round, and appear to be even more numerous in winter than in summer. This may be partly owing to their deserting the frozen fields and snow-covered gardens, where they can no longer obtain food, and resorting to the habitations of man.

5. In the summer-time they feed upon insects and berries. In the winter every rural dwelling is resorted to by these charming little birds, who seldom fail to meet with a cordial welcome from the young folks of Old England. Where they are well treated they soon become very familiar and make themselves quite at home, entering the cottage doors, picking up the crumbs thrown to them, and often roosting contentedly over night in their warm and hospitable kitchens.

6. The poet Thomson thus describes the manner in which little Robin Redbreast enters a cottage to pick up the needed food :

“The Redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights

On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is ;
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crums
Attract his slender feet."

7. Mr. Yarrell, the English naturalist, tells us that the Redbreast has a sprightly air, a full, dark eye, which, with the sidelong turn of its head which it puts on when thus appealing for human aid, gives an appearance of sagacity and inquiry to its character. This, aided by its trusted confidence, gains it friends every where, and the Robin has accordingly become a familiar domestic pet in almost every country of Europe.

8. The Redbreast has a sweet and plaintive, but not a powerful song, which it keeps up, like our own Bluebird—which in this respect also it most resembles—from early spring to late in autumn. It builds a very pretty and neatly constructed nest of mosses, dried leaves, and dead grasses, lined with fine hair and soft feathers. These are placed near the ground, in thick bushes, or in holes in walls, among branches of ivy. English books of natural history are full of interesting narratives of the beautiful confidence in man shown by the Redbreast in selecting a place for its nest.

9. One pair selected a small cottage adjoining a large blacksmith's shop, where, throughout the day, a constant noise was made by the forge. They entered through an open window, and built their nest in a child's covered cart, hanging on a peg over the fireplace. Here the pair built their first nest early in spring. Although they were attentively watched by crowds of curious spectators, they raised their brood, and, as soon as these could fly, built a second nest on a shelf on the opposite side of the room. Here, too, they raised successfully a second brood ; and as soon as these could take care of themselves, the same pair built a third nest in a different part of the room, on a bundle of papers on a shelf, and there, late in June, the pair were seen feeding their four fledglings, unmindful of a roomful of featherless bipeds looking curiously on.

10. Another pair of Redbreasts chose for their nest a shelf in a school-room, in which there were some seventy

children at school, and directly over the heads of a little class of girls, who never once disturbed them. There they hatched out five eggs. One of their little birds died, and the parents carried out its dead body during school hours. The other four little Robins were fed and reared, day by day, in the presence of the seventy children. Do you wonder that the young folks of England are so fond of their confiding Robin Redbreast?

11. But we will tell you one more anecdote, still more interesting. In one of the churches of Old England the Bible had been left on the sacred desk lying open, with one part resting on a raised ledge, leaving a hollow place between it and the cushion. There a pair of Robins, before the following Sunday, built their nest and deposited their eggs. The next Sunday, during divine service, there the mother-bird boldly sat, undisturbed either by the music of the choir, the reading of the services, or the responses of the congregation. On the following Sunday there were five little Robins in the nest; and all through the morning and evening services the parent birds were flying in and out, bringing food to their little ones, unmindful of the congregation over whose heads they passed and repassed in the discharge of their parental duties.

12. Such is the Robin Redbreast of Europe. We have no bird in this part of America which quite equals it in its confiding trust and its sociable and affectionate familiarity. Our Robin, so called from some fancied resemblance in its colors, is a very different bird in all respects.

XXI.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

1. The Robin of North America belongs to a very different family,—that of the Thrushes. It is of nearly twice the length of the Redbreast, and more than twice its size. Having been so fortunate as to receive the name by which it is now generally known, and having some good qualities of its own, the American Robin is quite as much of a favorite as it deserves to be,—more so than a good many other birds far more worthy of our favor.

2. Our Robin is probably one of the most common birds

all over North America. In summer it is found as far to the north as the Arctic seas, from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans ; and in winter it is found in all the Southern States and in Mexico. It is called the Migratory Thrush by Audubon, because it leaves us when winter comes on, and does not return until the frost is out of the ground. It does this probably because its food fails it in winter,—not because of the cold. In the thick woods in the valleys of the White Mountains, where berries are plentiful all the year round, the Robin stays through all the very severe winters.

3. The American Robin possesses some traits of character not altogether to be commended. He is greedy, voracious, and wasteful of the good things of our gardens. He helps himself to our cherries. He eats more than he needs, and wastes more than he eats. He plunders our strawberry-beds, and there too he picks to pieces and destroys unnecessarily more than he eats.

4. So, too, the Robin appropriates our currants, and, later in the season, helps himself to ripe pears, if we leave them to ripen within his reach ; and he is also accused of helping himself in the autumn to our grapes. The worst of it is that he does not seem to know when he has had enough. Too often will he eat more than is good for himself. In South Carolina he will devour the berries of a tree called the Pride of India, in such large quantities as to disable himself from flying, and large numbers are taken and destroyed after they have thus fed upon these berries, becoming an easy prey.

5. The Robin is also a quarrelsome fellow, and will sometimes drive away from the garden where it resorts other kinds of unoffending birds which deserve better treatment. A pair of Robins once undertook to prevent several families of Swallows from returning to their own homes in a martin-box, in order to feed their young. The Robins stood doggedly before the entrance to the nest of the Swallows, and refused to permit them to pass in. The poor Swallows, not strong enough to fight their own battles alone, told their grievances to their neighbors, who came in large numbers and resolutely attacked the Robins, but even they were not strong enough to break the blockade until the owner of the garden appeared, and raised the siege by driving the Robins away.

6. But these are the worst points in our Robin's character. It has its good points too, and these are not few. Its very greediness enables it to do a great deal of good. In the spring of the year, when there are no berries for it to feed upon, it destroys a vast number of injurious insects, slugs, and worms, which, but for the Robin, might destroy whole crops.

7. Like the Robin of Europe, our bird also has a confiding disposition ; though its confidence has more of the boldness of one who demands a right, than of the gentle trust of one who seeks a favor. Early in spring, long before there are any leaves to shelter or hide his nest, our Robin openly constructs his large coarse nest of mud and hay, in places more or less exposed. His very boldness assures his safety, under the protection of man, from other enemies. He builds his nest often in places singularly exposed to interruption and observation. In one instance it was near a blacksmith's forge ; in another, it was on the timbers of a half-finished ship on the stocks, upon which the carpenters were still at work. It is a very common thing to find its nests on the porches of houses, over window-sills, and in other places which bring it into similar intimacy with man.

8. The Robin is a deservedly popular singer. Its notes are said, by persons familiar with the far-famed Blackbird of Europe, so greatly to resemble those of the latter bird as to be hardly distinguishable. These are earnest, simple, and thrilling ; and, being the first to open and among the last to close the great vernal concert of Nature, their notes are even more esteemed than those of many of our superior songsters.

9. The parental devotion of our Robin is one of its best traits. It is watchful, provident, and faithful to its young ; jealous of any approach to its nest, and evincing the greatest anxiety at any appearance of danger. * If its nest is approached too near, or its young molested, its cries of distress and alarm are made almost articulate with reproaches and remonstrances.

10. Our Robins, when taken sufficiently young, are easily tamed and reconciled to confinement. They soon become strongly attached to their benefactors where they are kindly treated, and perfectly tame and familiar. In our younger

days, a pair of tame Robins made a part of our large family. They were allowed to come and go from their cage at pleasure, and would follow our father, when permitted to do so, wherever he went,—ever on the watch for food from his hands, or ready to see if he turned over the ground, that they might search for worms.

11. They would come at his call, alight on his finger, or head, or shoulder ; and would resent, with an amazing air of jealousy, any attempt of the smaller children to interfere with their privileges in these respects. One of our pets, very much to our sorrow, was accidentally killed. But our childish grief, sincere as it was, did not equal the inconsolable sorrow of its bereaved mate, which, refusing to be comforted, resisted all attempts to induce it to take food, and in a few days its loving spirit—for who can doubt that it had one ?—had left it to follow its loved and loving mate.

12. Such is our American Robin,—bearing little resemblance in size, shape, colors, or character, to its English namesake, yet not wholly undeserving of our favorable regard. We might all imitate with advantage its affectionate, loving disposition to its kindred and family, and esteem ourselves fortunate if we can make ourselves so generally welcome with our sweet and simple harmony as the Robin. Its faults, we will remember, are but the promptings of its natural instincts, planted there by a common Creator ; and we who are better taught have no excuse when we imitate them.

XXII.—MY BIRD'SNEST.

LUELLA CLARK.

1. I must tell you a little story
 (True, every word),
How once, out of the southland, early
 Came a bird
To a home in the midst of green grass
 And high trees,
And the little birds never were frightened
 Out of these.

2. And this one went flying, a week,
In and out
Of first one tree, and then another,
All about—
As men hunt after homes for their children,
In a city—
Which too often they can not find—
More's the pity ;
But our bird could ; for, once on a time,
Like a bird,
On a blossoming branch we discovered
Bits of mud,
Which we knew for a brave beginning,
Then, a straw ;—
3. And so, little by little, was builded,
Without flaw,
A home fit for a queen of birds.
But no queen
Was she, with her yellow-brown wings ;
You have seen
A hundred far fairer, I know,
Every year,
But never to me, was another
Half so dear ;
For she, flying east, flying west,
Had a song,—
A song for her work and her rest,
All day long.
4. And full oft was her cheerful twitter
First to greet
My ear, in the bright summer morning ;
Low and sweet
Was always her song, and at night
I could hear
Her chirruping still, in the nest.
'Twas so near
I could reach with my hand the green leaves
Where it lay ;

So, all summer, I wondered and watched,
 Day by day,
 The glad life that it held,—always glad,
 Rain or shine.
 That song never ceased : never sad,
 Half divine
 Seemed sometimes the sweet voice to my soul,
 Giving rest
 And deep peace, strange gifts for a bird
 On her nest.

5. But at last, the white night frosts of autumn
 Chilled the air ;
 And one day the bird flew away, singing,
 Who knows where ?
 And here, now, is the nest, on my table,
 Miles away—
 A thousand—from where it was builded ;
 And each day,
 I look at its soft hair lining,
 And I hear
 The songs of those summer mornings,
 Sweet and clear.
 Hear them still, for a life that is glad,
 Child's or bird's,
 Has an echo of song, far sweeter than
 Any sweet words.

XXIII.—CHICKENS.

GAIL HAMILTON.

1. A chicken is beautiful and round and full of cunning ways, but he has no resources for an emergency. He will lose his reckoning and be quite out at sea, though only ten steps from home. He never knows enough to turn a corner. All his intelligence is like light, moving only in straight lines. He is impetuous and timid, and has not the smallest presence of mind or sagacity to discern between friend and foe. He has no confidence in any earthly power that does not reside

in an old hen. Her cluck will he follow to the last ditch, and to nothing else will he give heed.

2. I am afraid that the Interpreter was putting almost too fine a point upon it, when he had Christiana and her children "into another room, where was a hen and chickens, and bid them observe awhile. So one of the chickens went to the trough to drink, and every time she drank she lift up her head and her eyes towards heaven. 'See,' said he, 'what this little chick doth, and learn of her to acknowledge whence your mercies come, by receiving them with looking up.'"

3. Doubtless the chick lifts her eyes towards heaven, but a close acquaintance with the race would put any thing but acknowledgment in the act. A gratitude that thanks Heaven for favors received, and then runs into a hole to prevent any other person from sharing the benefit of those favors, is a very questionable kind of gratitude, and certainly should be confined to the bipeds that wear feathers.

4. Yet, if you take away selfishness from a chicken's moral make-up, and fatuity from his intellectual, you have a very charming little creature left. For, apart from their excessive greed, chickens seem to be affectionate. They have sweet social ways. They huddle together with fond caressing chatter, and chirp soft lullabies. Their toilet performances are full of interest. They trim each other's bills with great thoroughness and dexterity, much better indeed than they dress their own heads, for their bungling, awkward little claws make sad work of it.

5. It is as much as they can do to stand on two feet, and they naturally make several revolutions when they attempt to stand on one. Nothing can be more ludicrous than their early efforts to walk. They do not really walk. They sight their object, waver, balance, decide, and then tumble forward, stopping all in a heap as soon as the original impetus is lost,—generally some way ahead of the place to which they wished to go.

6. It is delightful to watch them as drowsiness films their round, bright, black eyes, and the dear old mother croons them under her ample wings, and they nestle in perfect harmony. How they manage to bestow themselves with such limited accommodations, or how they manage to breathe in a

room so close, it is difficult to imagine. They certainly deal a staggering blow to our preconceived notions of the necessity of oxygen and ventilation, but they make it easy to see whence the Germans derived their fashion of sleeping under feather beds. But breathe and bestow themselves they do. The deep mother-heart and the broad mother-wings take them all in.

7. They penetrate her feathers, and open for themselves unseen little doors into the mysterious, brooding, beckoning darkness. But it is long before they can arrange themselves satisfactorily. They chirp, and stir, and snuggle, trying to find the warmest and softest nook. Now an uneasy head is thrust out, and now a whole tiny body, but it soon re-enters in another quarter, and at length the stir and chirr grow still. You see only a collection of little legs, as if the hen were a banyan-tree, and presently even they disappear ; she settles down comfortably and all are wrapped in a slumberous silence.

8. And as I sit by the hour, watching their winning ways, and see all the steps of this sleepy subsidence, I can but remember that outburst of love and sorrow from the lips of Him who, though He came to earth from a dwelling place of ineffable glory, called nothing unclean because it was common, found no homely detail too homely or too trivial to illustrate the Father's love, but from the birds of the air, the fish of the sea, the lilies of the field, the stones in the street, the foxes in their holes, the patch on a coat, the oxen in the furrow, the sheep in the pit, the camel under his burden, drew lessons of divine pity and patience, of heavenly duty and delight.

9. Standing in the presence of the great congregation, seeing, as never man saw, the hypocrisy and the iniquity gathered before Him,—seeing too, alas ! the calamities and the woe that awaited this doomed people, a god-like pity overbears His righteous indignation, and cries out in passionate appeal, “O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not !”

XXIV.—THE PET LAMB.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



1. The dew was falling fast ; the stars began to blink ;
I heard a voice ; it said, " Drink, pretty creature, drink : "
And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb, with a maiden at its side.
2. No other sheep were near ; the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone ;
With one knee on the grass did the little maiden kneel,
While to that mountain lamb she gave its evening meal,
3. 'Twas little Barbara Lethwaite, a child of beauty rare !
I watched them with delight : they were a lovely pair.
Now with her empty can the maiden turned away ;
But ere ten yards were gone, her footsteps she did stay.
4. Towards the lamb she looked ; and from a shady place
I, unobserved, could see the workings of her face ;

If Nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,
Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little maid might sing:—

5. "What ails thee, young one? what? Why pull so at
thy cord?

Is it not well with thee? well both for bed and board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;
Rest, little young one, rest; what is't that aileth thee?

6. "What is it thou wouldst seek? What is wanting to
thy heart?

Thy limbs, are they not strong? and beautiful thou art.
This grass is tender grass; these flowers they have no
peers;
And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears?

7. "If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woolen
chain—

This birch is standing by; its covert thou canst gain;
For rain and mountain storms—the like thou need'st
not fear:
The rain and storm are things that scarcely can come
here.

8. "Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast forgot the day
When my father found thee first in places far away;
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned by
none,

And thy mother from thy side forevermore was gone.

9. "He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee
home:

O, blessed day for thee! Then whither wouldst thou
roam?

A faithful nurse thou hast: the dam that did thee yearn,
Upon the mountain tops, no kinder could have been.

10. "Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought thee in
this can

Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran;

And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk—warm milk it is, and
new.

11. "Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they are
now ;
Then I'll yoke thee to my cart, like a pony in the plow.
My playmate thou shalt be ; and when the wind is cold
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold.
12. "Alas, the mountain tops that look so green and fair !
I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come
there ;
The little brooks, that seem all pastime and all play,
When they are angry, roar like lions for their prey.
13. "Here thou need'st not dread the raven in the sky ;
Night and day thou art safe ; our cottage is hard by.
Why bleat so after me ? Why pull so at thy chain ?
Sleep, and at break of day I will come to thee again."
14. As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat ;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad, line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one half of it was mine.
15. Again, and once again, did I repeat the song :
"Nay," said I, "more than half to the damsel must
belong ;
For she looked with such a look, and she spoke with
such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my own."
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XXV.—THE CAT-BIRD.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

1. Who does not love birds ? Who does not grieve
when they leave us in autumn, with the bright days of summer,
and who does not welcome them back as dear friends
when they return to us again from their winter wanderings in

the sunnier South? Who has not enjoyed the familiar song of the Bluebird or the first whistle of our Robin, when in early March they come once more to tell us that winter has gone and spring is coming? Who has not learned to love the gentle little Chipping Sparrow, as he picks up the crumbs at our feet? Or who has failed to admire the bright-colored Baltimore Oriole, as he weaves his curiously-hanging nest over our heads, so safe from snakes or prowling cats?

2. Among the many feathered visitors who come back to us in spring, to make their home among us during the few months of summer, there is one bird—not beautiful, for he is dressed from head to tail in dark and somber slate-color; not always seemingly amiable, for when he thinks you are imposing upon him he will scold you in a very earnest manner—who deserves to be a great favorite with all. He can not fail to be one when you appreciate all his good qualities.

3. He is a beautiful singer, a wonderful mimic, a confiding and trusting companion when you treat him well, becomes very fond of your company if you deserve it, watches over your fruit-trees, and kills the insects that would injure or destroy them or their fruit. If now and then he does help himself to a nice strawberry, or claims as his share your earliest cherry, be sure he has well earned them. Besides, he is never selfish or greedy. Ten to one he only takes them for his dear little children. Let us then bid him take them, and let us ever extend a warm and hearty welcome to the Cat-bird.

4. Let us give our confiding, social little friend a welcome all the more cordial because he has the great misfortune of a bad name. Because he is called a Cat-bird he is not so popular as he should be. He is disliked by ignorant people, who do not appreciate his good qualities. He is too often persecuted by thoughtless boys and ungrateful men, who, unmindful of the good he is ever doing in the world, hate him for no good reason, are deaf to his varied song, and heed not his affectionate disposition or his many social virtues.

5. The Cat-bird is found, in certain seasons, all over North America, from Florida to Canada, and from the Atlantic coast to the Territories of Utah and Washington. He

makes his first appearance in spring about the time the pear-trees are in blossom, which, near Boston, varies from the 5th to the 15th of May. He leaves us in the early autumn, towards the latter part of September.

6. From his first coming almost to his departure, he makes the air about us vocal with his quaint and charming melodies. These are made all the more attractive to us by being so amusingly interspersed with notes mimicked from the songs of other birds. Whether natural or copied, the song of the Cat-bird is always very varied, attractive, and beautiful.

7. The Cat-bird is never long in ascertaining where he is a welcome visitor, and there he at once makes himself perfectly at home. You may see him at all times, for he is ever in motion. As soon as he satisfies himself that you are his friend, he will approach you with a familiarity that is quite irresistible. He seems to wish to attract your attention by his great variety of positions, attitudes, and musical efforts. No musical young lady was ever more ambitious of entertaining an audience, however small and select, than our slate-colored songster. He will come down, in the excitement of his musical ardor, to the lowest bough, within a few feet of your head, and devote himself to your entertainment so long as you honor him with your attention.

XXVI.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

1. A few years since a pair of Cat-birds ventured to make their home in our garden, where they secreted their nest in a corner hidden by vines and low bushes. They were at first shy and retiring. Later in the season, when they had become better acquainted with the children, they built a second nest nearer to the house, in a more open place, on the bough of an apple-tree. Having no time to lose, it was constructed, in haste, of the bleached leaves and stalks of weeds that had been pulled and left to dry in the sun.

2. It was, of course, soon discovered, and the busy movements of the birds watched by the children with great de-

light, as the last finishing touches were given to the lining by the mother-bird. It was about ten feet from the ground, and the little folks could only reach it by means of a ladder. When only the children visited it, the parent birds looked on with no complaints, but apparent complacency, at the children's admiration of their new home. Though rough and coarse on the outside, it was neatly and prettily lined with fine black roots.

3. If any one else ventured too near, the birds would be nervous and restless, and show their uneasiness by their harsh cry of *P-a-y, p-a-y!* But soon this passed away. The gentle and loving interest of the children, especially of little Charlie, with his frequent contributions of food, seemed to be appreciated. The birds became very tame and familiar, permitting without complaint their frequent visits to their nest even when their young were ready to fly.

4. The next season our Cat-birds, to the great gratification of the younger portion of the family, built their nest in a running rose-bush, under one of the chamber-windows. It was completed and the eggs nearly hatched before the family had moved to their summer quarters. The father-bird seemed to welcome our coming with his best melodies, and the mother showed her confidence by her constant presence on the nest, undisturbed by the opening of the window, or by curious but kind and loving faces within a few inches of her treasures. She soon ceased even to leave her nest when Lucy or Charlie, or even their little cousins, ventured to take a look at her.

5. The next season their nest was repaired, and again occupied by a brood of four young birds when the family returned. It was interesting to watch the old birds feeding the greedy little fellows, who were just out of their shells. Our gentle, loving little Charlie—two months later so mysteriously recalled to the bosom of Him who had given him—delighted to lean over the window-sill and watch the parent birds.

6. Their familiarity and confidence in the little fellow were quite as remarkable as his patient interest in their movements. One day the parents were missing. What had happened to them we never knew; but they were gone several hours, and we feared they had been killed. The chil-

dren were in great distress ; and at last, when the hot sun had been pouring down on their unprotected little naked bodies, and it was feared the birds would die, permission was sought to feed them.

7. A few worms were cut up and eagerly devoured by the hungry little fledglings, when, to the joy of all, the mother-bird appeared. Such a rejoicing as there was on all sides ! The children in the house and the children in the nest were equally delighted. The latter for a while kept up an earnest, eager clattering with their mother, telling her—so Lucy insisted—the whole story of their distress, loneliness, and hunger, and of the kind and loving little hands that had fed them with so much care and such affectionate interest.

8. Our little feathered family soon removed to the garden, where they carried with them their remembrance of their friends in the house. They were tame and familiar ; and wherever the earth was dug over, they would come around us with the fearlessness of little chickens, keeping about our feet, perching on the hoe-handle when dropped from our hand, and slipping quietly off when it was retaken.

9. But clouds gathered over the bright scene. The bright little spirit, whose gentleness and loving purity and goodness had won for him all hearts, in one short week passed from the enjoyments of earth to a heavenly home ; and his sister, spared to us, but still suffering from the same epidemic, came back again the following spring, to find that our Cat-birds had for a third time reconstructed their nest, only to be destroyed by a neighbor's cat : and though the garden is filled with their descendants, none of them have equaled their parents in their confiding and trustful disposition.

10. We have missed their welcome in May, when we have revisited our country home ; for no spaniel ever manifested more joy to greet its master than our Cat-bird did on the last spring he was with us. He would fly back and forth, overhead, alight on the ground, just a few steps in front, wherever we moved, accompanying our steps, and evincing his apparent desire to greet us by his outpouring of song and antic movements.

11. The power of mimicry of the Cat-bird, though lim-

ited, is often very striking and entertaining. He is very far from being the equal of the Mocking-bird. The more difficult notes he can not successfully copy, and ludicrously fails when he tries. But the whistle of the common Quail, the clucking of a hen calling her brood, the cries of young chickens for their mother's aid, the notes of the Pewee and the refrain of the Towhee, he will repeat with perfect exactness, so as even to deceive the birds themselves.

12. We were once crossing a swampy thicket, when the sound of "Bob-white !" so like the cry of a quail, caused a useless search for that bird, which ended in our espying its author in a Cat-bird snugly hid away, and apparently hugely enjoying the cheat. At another time we have known the Cat-bird call off a brood of young chickens, greatly to the annoyance of the old hen.

13. To its own family the Cat-bird is devoted and constant in its care and attentions. To each other they are affectionate, kind, and sympathizing in their troubles ; and the male bird, with a brood of its own has been known to bring up another brood, not its own, that had been taken from their mother's nest and placed near that of its kind friend.

14. We hope we have said enough of the good qualities of our favorite bird to teach our young folks to treat these loving, confiding creatures with kindness, and to cultivate their good-will. They deserve your good-will, and they will repay with their charming songs, and their equally charming and affectionate confidence, your kind treatment of them.

XXVII.—THE NUTCRACKERS OF NUTCRACKER LODGE.

HARRIET B. STOWE.

1. Mr. and Mrs. Nutcracker were as respectable a pair of squirrels as ever wore gray brushes over their backs. They were animals of a settled and serious turn of mind, not supposed to run after vanities and novelties, but filling their station in life with prudence and sobriety. Nutcracker Lodge was a hole in a sturdy old chestnut, overhang-

ing a shady dell, and was held to be as respectably kept an establishment as there was in the whole forest.

2. Even Miss Jennie Wren, the greatest gossip of the neighborhood, never found any thing to criticise in its arrangements, and old Parson Too-whit, a venerable owl who inhabited a branch somewhat more exalted, as became his profession, was in the habit of saving himself much trouble in his parochial exhortations by telling his parishioners in short to "look at the Nutcrackers" if they wanted to see what it was to live a virtuous life. Every thing had gone on prosperously with them, and they had reared many successive families of young Nutcrackers, who went forth to assume their places in the forest of life, and to reflect credit on their bringing up,—so that naturally enough they began to have a very easy way of considering themselves models of wisdom.

3. But at last it came along, in the course of events, that they had a son named Featherhead, who was destined to bring them a great deal of anxiety. Nobody knows what the reason is, but the fact was, that Master Featherhead was as different from all the former children of this worthy couple as if he had been dropped out of the moon into their nest, instead of coming into it in the general way. Young Featherhead was a squirrel of good parts and a lively disposition, but he was sulky and contrary and unreasonable, and always finding matter of complaint in every thing his respectable papa and mamma did.

4. Instead of assisting in the cares of the family,—picking up nuts and learning other lessons proper to a young squirrel,—he seemed to settle himself from his earliest years into a sort of lofty contempt for the Nutcrackers, for Nutcracker Lodge, and for all the good old ways and institutions of the domestic hole, which he declared to be stupid and unreasonable, and entirely behind the times.

5. To be sure he was always on hand at meal-times, and played a very lively tooth on the nuts which his mother had collected, always selecting the very best for himself; but he seasoned his nibbling with so much grumbling and discontent, and so many severe remarks, as to give the impression that he considered himself a peculiarly ill-used squirrel in

having to "eat their old grub," as he very unceremoniously called it.

6. Papa Nutcracker, on these occasions, was often fiercely indignant, and poor little Mamma Nutcracker would shed tears, and beg her darling to be a little more reasonable ; but the young gentleman seemed always to consider himself as the injured party.

7. Now nobody could tell why or wherefore Master Featherhead looked upon himself as injured and aggrieved, since he was living in a good hole, with plenty to eat, and without the least care or labor of his own ; but he seemed rather to value himself upon being gloomy and dissatisfied. While his parents and brothers and sisters were cheerfully racing up and down the branches, busy in their domestic toils, and laying up stores for the winter, Featherhead sat gloomily apart, declaring himself weary of existence, and feeling himself at liberty to quarrel with every body and every thing about him.

8. Nobody understood him, he said ;—he was a squirrel of a peculiar nature, and needed peculiar treatment, and nobody treated him in a way that did not grate on the finer nerves of his feelings. He had higher notions of existence than could be bounded by that old rotten hole in a hollow tree ; he had thoughts that soared far above the miserable, petty details of every-day life, and he *could* not and *would* not bring down these soaring aspirations to the contemptible toil of laying up a few chestnuts or hickory-nuts for winter.

9. "Depend upon it, my dear," said Mrs. Nutcracker solemnly, "that fellow must be a genius."

"Fiddlestick on his genius !" said old Mr. Nutcracker ; "what does he *do* ?"

"O nothing, of course ; that's one of the first marks of genius. Geniuses, you know, never can come down to common life."

"He eats enough for any two," remarked old Nutcracker, "and he never helps gather nuts."

10. "My dear, ask Parson Too-whit ; he has conversed with him, and quite agrees with me that he says very uncommon things for a squirrel of his age ; he has such fine feelings,—so much above those of the common crowd."

11. "Fine feelings be hanged!" said old Nutcracker. "When a fellow eats all the nuts that his mother gives him, and then grumbles at her, I don't believe much in his fine feelings. Why don't he set himself about something? I'm going to tell my fine young gentleman, that, if he doesn't behave himself, I'll tumble him out of the nest, neck and crop, and see if hunger won't do something towards bringing down his fine airs."

12. But then Mrs. Nutcracker fell on her husband's neck with both paws, and wept, and besought him so piteously to have patience with her darling, that old Nutcracker, who was himself a soft-hearted old squirrel, was prevailed upon to put up with the airs and graces of his young scapegrace a little longer; and secretly in his silly old heart he revolved the question whether possibly it might not be that a great genius was actually to come of his household.

13. The Nutcrackers belonged to the old established race of the Grays, but they were sociable, friendly people, and kept on the best of terms with all branches of the Nutcracker family. The Chipmunks of Chipmunk Hollow were a very lively, cheerful, sociable race, and on the very best of terms with the Nutcracker Grays. Young Tip Chipmunk, the oldest son, was in all respects a perfect contrast to Master Featherhead. He was always lively and cheerful, and so very alert in providing for the family, that old Mr. and Mrs. Chipmunk had very little care, but could sit sociably at the door of their hole and chat with neighbors, quite sure that Tip would bring every thing out right for them, and have plenty laid up for winter.

14. Now Featherhead took it upon him, for some reason or other, to look down upon Tip Chipmunk, and on every occasion to disparage him in the social circle, as a very common kind of squirrel, with whom it would be best not to associate too freely.

"My dear," said Mrs. Nutcracker one day, when he was expressing these ideas, "it seems to me that you are too hard on poor Tip; he is a most excellent son and brother, and I wish you would be civil to him."

15. "O, I don't doubt that Tip is *good* enough," said Featherhead, carelessly; "but then he is so very common!

He is good-natured enough, to be sure,—these very ordinary people often are good-natured,—but he wants manner ; he has really no manner at all ; and as to the deeper feelings, Tip hasn't the remotest idea of them. I mean always to be civil to Tip when he comes in my way, but I think the less we see of that sort of people the better ; and I hope, mother, you won't invite the Chipmunks at Christmas,—these family dinners are such a bore !”

16. “But, my dear, your father thinks a great deal of the Chipmunks ; and it is an old family custom to have all the relatives here at Christmas.”

“And an awful bore it is ! Why must people of refinement and elevation be forever tied down because of some distant relationship ? Now there are our cousins the High-Flyers,—if we could get them, there would be some sense in it. Young Whisk rather promised me for Christmas ; but it's seldom now you can get a flying squirrel to show himself in our parts, and if we are intimate with the Chipmunks it isn't to be expected.”

17. “Confound him for a puppy !” said old Nutcracker, when his wife repeated these sayings to him. “Featherhead is a fool. Common, forsooth ! I wish good, industrious, pains-taking sons like Tip Chipmunk were common. For my part, I find these uncommon people the most tiresome ; they are not content with letting us carry the whole load, but they sit on it, and scold at us while we carry them.”

XXVIII.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

1. But old Mr. Nutcracker, like many other good old gentlemen squirrels, found that Christmas dinners and other things were apt to go as his wife said, and his wife was apt to go as young Featherhead said ; and so, when Christmas came, the Chipmunks were not invited, for the first time in many years.

2. The Chipmunks, however, took all pleasantly, and accepted poor old Mrs. Nutcracker's awkward apologies with the best possible grace, and young Tip looked in on Christ-

mas morning with the compliments of the season and a few beech-nuts, which he had secured as a great dainty. The fact was, that Tip's little striped fur coat was so filled up and overflowing with cheerful good-will to all, that he never could be made to understand that any of his relations could want to cut him ; and therefore Featherhead looked down on him with contempt, and said he had no tact, and couldn't see when he was not wanted.

3. It was wonderful to see how, by means of persisting in remarks like these, young Featherhead at last got all his family to look up to him as something uncommon. Though he added nothing to the family, and required more to be done for him than all the others put together,—though he showed not the smallest real perseverance or ability in any thing useful,—yet somehow all his brothers and sisters, and his poor foolish old mother, got into a way of regarding him as something wonderful, and of delighting in his sharp sayings as if they had been the wisest things in the world.

4. But at last old papa declared that it was time for Featherhead to settle himself to some business in life, roundly declaring that he could not always have him as a hanger-on in the paternal hole.

“What are you going to do, my boy?” said Tip Chipmunk to him one day. “We are driving now a thriving trade in hickory-nuts, and if you would like to join us——”

“Thank you,” said Featherhead ; “but I confess I have no fancy for any thing so slow as the hickory trade ; I never was made to grub and delve in that way.”

5. The fact was, that Featherhead had lately been forming alliances such as no reputable squirrel should even think of. He had more than once been seen going out evenings with the Rats of Rat Hollow,—a race whose reputation for honesty was more than doubtful. The fact was, further, that old Longtooth Rat, an old sharper and money-lender, had long had his eye on Featherhead as just about silly enough for their purposes,—engaging him in what he called a speculation, but which was neither more nor less than downright stealing.

6. Near by the chestnut-tree where Nutcracker Lodge was situated was a large barn filled with corn and grain, be-

sides many bushels of hazel-nuts, chestnuts, and walnuts. Now old Longtooth proposed to young Featherhead that he should nibble a passage into this loft, and there establish himself in the commission business, passing the nuts and corn to him as he wanted them. Old Longtooth knew what he was about in the proposal, for he had heard talk of a brisk Scotch terrier that was about to be bought to keep the rats from the grain ; but you may be sure he kept his knowledge to himself, so that Featherhead was none the wiser for it.

7. "The nonsense of fellows like Tip Chipmunk !" said Featherhead to his admiring brothers and sisters. "The perfectly stupid nonsense ! There he goes, delving and poking, picking up a nut here and a grain there, when I step into property at once."

8. "But I hope, my son, you are careful to be honest in your dealings," said old Nutcracker, who was a very moral squirrel.

With that, young Featherhead threw his tail saucily over one shoulder, winked knowingly at his brothers, and said, "Certainly, sir ! If honesty consists in getting what you can while it is going, I mean to be honest."

9. Very soon Featherhead appeared to his admiring companions in the height of prosperity. He had a splendid hole in the midst of a heap of chestnuts, and he literally seemed to be rolling in wealth ; he never came home without showering lavish gifts on his mother and sisters ; he wore his tail over his back with a buckish air, and patronized Tip Chipmunk with a gracious nod whenever he met him, and thought that the world was going well with him.

10. But one luckless day, as Featherhead was lolling in his hole, up came two boys with the friskiest, wiriest Scotch terrier you ever saw. His eyes blazed like torches, and poor Featherhead's heart died within him as he heard the boys say, "Now we'll see if we can't catch the rascal that eats our grain."

Featherhead tried to slink out at the hole he had gnawed to come in by, but found it stopped.

"O, you are there, are you, Mister ?" said the boy. "Well, you don't get out ; and now for a chase !"

11. And, sure enough, poor Featherhead ran distracted

with terror up and down, through the bundles of hay, between barrels, and over casks ; but with the barking terrier ever at his heels, and the boys running, shouting, and cheering his pursuer on. He was glad at last to escape through a crack, though he left half of his fine brush behind him,—for Master Wasp the terrier made a snap at it just as he was going, and cleaned all the hair off of it, so that it was bare as a rat's tail.

12. Poor Featherhead limped off, bruised and beaten and bedraggled, with the boys and dog still after him ; and they would have caught him, after all, if Tip Chipmunk's hole had not stood hospitably open to receive him. Tip took him in, like a good-natured fellow as he was, and took the best of care of him ; but the glory of Featherhead's tail had departed forever. He had sprained his left paw, and got a chronic rheumatism, and the fright and fatigue which he had gone through had broken up his constitution, so that he never again could be what he had been ; but Tip gave him a situation as under-clerk in his establishment, and from that time he was a sadder and a wiser squirrel than he ever had been before.

XXIX.—TO THE KATYDID.

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

- “ 1. I love to hear thine earnest voice,
Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
Thou pretty Katydid !
Thou mindest me of gentlefolks,—
Old gentlefolks are they,—
Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.
2. Thou art a female, Katydid !
I know it by the trill
That quivers through thy piercing notes
So petulant and shrill.

I think there is a knot of you
 Beneath the hollow tree,—
 A knot of spinster Katydids,—
 Do Katydids drink tea?

3. O tell me where did Katy live,
 And what did Katy do?
 And was she very fair and young,
 And yet so wicked, too?
 Did Katy love a naughty man,
 Or kiss more cheeks than one?
 I warrant Katy did no more
 Than many a Kate has done.

4. Dear me! I'll tell you all about
 My fuss with little Jane,
 And Ann, with whom I used to walk
 So often down the lane,
 And all that tore their locks of black,
 Or wet their eyes of blue,—
 Pray, tell me, sweetest Katydid,
 What did poor Katy do?

5. Ah no! the living oak shall crash,
 That stood for ages still,
 The rock shall rend its mossy base
 And thunder down the hill,—
 Before the little Katydid
 Shall add one word, to tell
 The mystic story of the maid
 Whose name she knows so well.

6. Peace to the ever-murmuring race!
 And when the latest one
 Shall fold in death her feeble wings
 Beneath the autumn sun,
 Then shall she raise her fainting voice,
 And lift her drooping lid,
 And then the child of future years
 Shall hear what Katy did.

QUESTIONS.—What kind of poetry is this,—is it solemn, or serious, or instructive, or amusing, or narrative? What is meant

by each of these? Which of them is it? Tell how the piece should be read, therefore.

First Stanza.

What is the meaning of "testy little dogmatist"? What is the Katydid? Why is it so called? Why does the Katydid "mind" the writer "of gentlefolks"? What is meant by "an undisputed thing"? What is "a solemn way"?

Second Stanza.

How does the writer know that the Katydid is "a female"? Is it really the female that makes the sound? (See Webster's Dictionary.) Meaning of trill, quiver, "piercing notes," petulant, shrill, spinster. Why does the writer ask whether the "Katydids drink tea"?

Fifth Stanza.

Of what is the writer speaking when he says "Ah no"? Why does he speak about the "living oak"? Will the crashing of the oak, or the rending of the rock, take place soon? What then are we to conclude about the length of time till the Katydid reveals its secret? Meaning of "mystic story"?

Sixth Stanza.

Who are "the ever-murmuring race"? Who is "the child of future years"? Does the writer really expect that the secret will be revealed by the last Katydid?

XXX.—THE TWIN TRAPS.

BY MAYNE REID.

Swartboy, a Bushman, and Congo, a Kaffir, were servants who attended the hunters Hans, Hendrik, Arend and Groot Willem, mentioned in the following story. During the absence of the hunters from camp, these natives had proceeded to cook a *duyker*, a species of antelope, and having occasion to go to the river near by for water, Congo, who was in advance, suddenly disappeared. He had walked on to a carefully concealed pit, dug for the purpose of catching hippopotami or elephants, and falling to the bottom, about nine feet, he was prevented from extricating himself by the perpendicular sides of the cavity, which were of a soapy kind of clay. Swartboy was so much amused by the

ludicrous incident that he laughed, leaped, and danced around the edge of the pit in an excess of delight, till instantly he also disappeared as if swallowed up by an earthquake. Two pitfalls had been constructed close together, and he now occupied the second. Congo was frantic with rage, supposing that the Bushman, not content with laughing at his misfortune, had gone off and left him to his fate. In vain he called Swartboy and "Bass Arend," but no one came. The Bushman, on the contrary, was so mortified at finding himself in a similar plight to that which had produced his transport of merriment, that he listened in silence to Congo's cries for assistance.

1. As time passed on, however, and Swartboy saw that the sun was descending, and that the shades of night would soon be gathering over the river, his hopes began to sink within him. He could not understand why the young hunter had not long ago come to release him. Groot Willem, Hendrik, and Hans should have returned by that time ; and the four should have made an effectual search for their missing servants. He had remained silent for a long time, under very peculiar circumstances. But silence now became unbearable, and he was seized with a sudden desire to express his dissatisfaction at the manner Fate had been dealing out events,—a desire no longer to be resisted. The silence was at last broken by his calling out,—

2. "Congo, you ole fool, where are you? What for don't you go home?"

On the Kaffir's ear the voice fell dull and distant ; and yet he immediately understood whence it came. Like himself, the Bushman was in a living grave ! That explained his neglect to render the long-desired assistance.

"Lor, Swart ! why I waiting for you," answered Congo, for the first time since his imprisonment attempting a smile ; "I don't want to go to the camp and leave you behind me."

3. "You think a big sight too much of yourself," rejoined the Bushman. "Who wants to be near such a black ole fool as you? You may go back to the camp, and when you get there jus' tell Baas Hendrik that Swartboy wants to see him. I've got something particular to tell him."

"Very well," answered the Kaffir, becoming more reconciled to his position ; "what for you want see Baas Hendrik? I'll tell him what you want without making him come here. What shall I say?"

4. In answer to this question, Swartboy made a long speech, in which the Kaffir was requested to report himself as a fool for having fallen into a pit,—that he had shown himself more stupid than the sea-cows, that had apparently shunned the trap for years. On being requested to explain how one was more stupid than the other,—both having met with the same mischance,—Swartboy went on to prove that his misfortune was wholly owing to the fault of Congo, by the Kaffir having committed the first folly of allowing himself to be entrapped.

5. Nothing, to the Bushman's mind, could be more clear than that Congo's stupidity in falling into the first pit had led to his own downfall into the second. This was now a source of much consolation to him, and the verbal expression of his wrongs enabled him for a while to feel rather happy at the fine opportunity afforded for reviling his rival. The amusement, however, could not prevent his thoughts from returning to the positive facts that he was imprisoned ; that in place of passing the day in cooking and eating *duyker*, he had been fasting and fretting in a dark, dirty pit, in the companionship of loathsome reptiles.

6. His mind now expanding under the exercise of a startled imagination, he became apprehensive. What if some accident should have occurred to Arend, and prevented his return to the camp? What if Groot Willem and the others should have strayed, and should not find their way back to the place for two or three days? He had heard of such events happening to other stupid white men, and why not to them? What if they had met a tribe of the savage inhabitants of the country, and been killed or taken prisoners?

7. These conjectures, and a thousand others, flitted through the brain of the Bushman, all guiding to the conclusion that, should either of them prove correct, he would first have to eat the reptiles in the pit, and then starve. It was no consolation to him to think that his rival in the other pit would have to submit to a similar fate. His unpleasant reveries were interrupted by a short, angry bark ; and, looking up to the opening through which he had descended, he beheld the countenance of a wild dog,—the “*wilde honden*” of the Dutch Boors.

8. Uttering another and a different cry, the animal started back ; and from the sounds now heard overhead, the Bushman was certain that it was accompanied by many others of its kind. An instinctive fear of man led them to retreat for a short distance ; but they soon found out that "the wicked flee when no man pursueth," and they returned. They were hungry, and had the sense to know that the enemy they had discovered was, for some reason, unable to molest them.

9. Approaching nearer, and more near, they again gathered around the pits, and saw that food was waiting for them at the bottom of both. They could contemplate their victims unharmed, and this made them courageous enough to think of an attack. The human voice and the gaze of human eyes had lost their power, and the pack of wild hounds, counting several score, began to think of taking some steps towards satisfying their hunger.

10. They commenced scattering and tearing away the covering of the pits, sending down a shower of dust, sand, and grass that nearly suffocated the two men imprisoned beneath. The poles supporting the screen of earth were rotten with age, and the whole scaffolding threatened to come down as the wild dogs scampered over it.

"If there should be a shower of dogs," thought Swartboy, "I hope that fool Congo will have his share of it."

11. This hope was immediately realized, for the next instant he heard the howling of one of the animals evidently down in the adjoining pit. It had fallen through, but, fortunately for Congo, not without injuring itself in a way that he had but narrowly escaped. The dog had got transfixed on a sharp-pointed stake, planted firmly in the center of the pit, and was now hanging on it in horrible agony, unable to get clear.

12. Without lying down in the mud, the Kaffir was unable to keep his face more than twelve inches from the open jaws of the dog, that in its struggles spun around as on a pivot ; and Congo had to press close against the side of the pit, to keep out of the reach of the creature yelping in his ears. Swartboy could distinguish the utterances of this dog from those of its companions above, and the interpretation he gave to them was, that a fierce combat was taking place between it and the Kaffir.

13. The jealousy and petty ill-will so often exhibited by the Bushman was not so strong as he had himself believed. His intense anxiety to know which was getting the best of the fight, added to the fear that Congo was being torn to pieces, told him that his friendship for the Kaffir far outweighed the animosity he fancied himself to have felt.

14. The fiendish yells of the dogs, the unpleasant situation in which he was placed, and the uncertainty of the time he was to endure it, were well-nigh driving him distracted; when just then the wild honden appeared to be beating a retreat,—the only one remaining being that in the pit with Congo. What was driving them away? Could assistance be at hand? Breathlessly the Bushman stood listening.

15. In the afternoon, when Groot Willem, Hans, and Hendrik returned to the camp, they found it deserted. Several jackals reluctantly skulked off as they drew near; and on riding up to the spot from which those creatures had retired, they saw the clean-picked bones of an antelope. The camp must have been deserted for several hours.

“What does this mean?” exclaimed Groot Willem. “What has become of Arend?”

16. “I don’t know,” answered Hendrik. “It is strange Swart and Cong are not here to tell us.”

Something unusual had certainly happened; yet, as each glanced anxiously around the place, there appeared nothing to explain the mystery.

“What shall we do?” asked Willem, in a tone that expressed much concern.

“Wait,” answered Hans; “we can do nothing more.”

17. Two or three objects were at this moment observed which fixed their attention. They were out on the plain, nearly a mile off. They appeared to be horses,—their own pack animals,—and Hendrik and Groot Willem started off towards them to drive them back to the camp. They were absent nearly an hour before they succeeded in turning the horses and driving them towards the camp. As they passed near the drift on their return, they rode towards the river to water the animals they were riding.

18. On approaching the bank, several native dogs, that had been yelling in a clump, were seen to scatter and retreat

across the plain. The horsemen thought little of this, but rode on into the river, and permitted their horses to drink. While quietly seated in their saddles, Hendrik fancied he heard some strange sounds. "Listen!" said he. "I hear something queer. What is it?"

19. "One of the honden," answered Willem.

"Where?"

This question neither for a moment could answer, until Groot Willem observed one of the pits from the edge of which the dogs appeared to have retreated.

"Yonder's a pit-trap!" he exclaimed, "and I believe that a dog has got into it. Well, I shall give it a shot, and put the creature out of its misery."

20. "Do so," replied Hendrik. "I hate the creatures as much as any other noxious vermin, but it would be cruel to let one starve to death in that way. Kill it."

Willem rode up to the pit and dismounted. Neither of them, as yet, spoke loud enough to be heard in the pits, and the two men down below were at this time silent, the dog alone continuing its cries of agony.

21. The only thing Willem saw on gazing down the hole was the wild hound still hanging on the stake; and taking aim at one of its eyes he fired. The last spark of life was knocked out of the suffering animal; but the report of the great gun was instantly followed by two yells more hideous than were ever uttered by "wild honden." They were the screams of two frightened Africans,—each frightened to think that the next bullet would be for him.

22. "Arend!" exclaimed Willem, anxious about his brother, and thinking only of him. "Arend! is it you?"

"No, Baas Willem," answered the Kaffir. "It is Congo."

Through the opening, Willem reached down the butt-end of his long rifle, while firmly clasping it by the barrel. The Kaffir took hold with both hands, and, by the strong arms of Groot Willem, was instantly extricated from his subterranean prison.

23. Swartboy was next hauled out, and the two mud-be-daubed individuals stood gazing at one another, each highly delighted at the rueful appearance presented by his rival.

Slowly the fire of anger, that seemed to have all the

while been burning in the Kaffir's eyes, became extinguished, and a broad smile broke like the light of day over his stoical countenance.

XXXI.—THE SONG OF THE CRICKETS.

EMILY H. MILLER.

1. Under the grass, in the bright summer weather,
We little crickets live gayly together ;
When the moon shines, and the dew brightly glistens,
All the night long you may hear if you listen—
Cheep ! cheep ! cheep !
We are the crickets that sing you to sleep.
 2. We have no houses to store up our treasure,
Gay little minstrels, we live but for pleasure ;
What shall we do when the summer is over,
When the keen frost nips the meadows of clover ?
Cheep ! cheep ! cheep !
Under the hearthstone for shelter we creep.
 3. Then when the firelight is dancing and glowing,
Nothing we'll care how the winter is blowing ;
Down in our snug little cells we will sing you
Songs of the brightness the summer will bring you.
Cheep ! cheep ! cheep !
Summer is coming, though snows may be deep.
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XXXII.—THE SQUIRRELS THAT LIVE IN A HOUSE.

HARRIET B. STOWE.

1. Once upon a time a gentleman went out into a great forest, and cut away the trees, and built there a very nice little cottage. It was set very low on the ground, and had very large bow-windows, and so much of it was glass that

one could look through it on every side and see what was going on in the forest. You could see the shadows of the fern-leaves, as they flickered and wavered over the ground, and the scarlet partridge-berry and wintergreen plums that matted round the roots of the trees, and the bright spots of sunshine that fell through their branches and went dancing about among the bushes and leaves at their roots.

2. You could see the little chipping sparrows and thrushes and robins and bluebirds building their nests here and there among the branches, and watch them from day to day as they laid their eggs and hatched their young. You could also see red squirrels, and gray squirrels, and little striped chip-squirrels, darting and springing about, here and there and every where, running races with each other from bough to bough, and chattering at each other in the gayest possible manner.

3. You may be sure that such a strange thing as a great mortal house for human beings to live in did not come into this wild wood without making quite a stir and excitement among the inhabitants that lived there before. All the time it was building, there was the greatest possible commotion in the breasts of all the older population; and there wasn't even a black ant, or a cricket, that did not have his own opinion about it, and did not tell the other ants and crickets just what he thought the world was coming to in consequence.

4. Old Mrs. Rabbit declared that the hammering and pounding made her nervous, and gave her most melancholy forebodings of evil times. "Depend upon it, children," she said to her long-eared family, "no good will come to us from this establishment. Where man is, there comes always trouble for us poor rabbits."

5. The old chestnut-tree, that grew on the edge of the woodland ravine, drew a great sigh which shook all his leaves, and expressed it as his conviction that no good would ever come of it,—a conviction that at once struck to the heart of every chestnut-burr. The squirrels talked together of the dreadful state of things that would ensue. "Why," said old Father Gray, "it's evident that Nature made the nuts for us; but one of these great human creatures

will carry off and gormandize upon what would keep a hundred poor families of squirrels in comfort."

6. Old Ground-mole said it did not require very sharp eyes to see into the future, and it would just end in bringing down the price of real estate in the whole vicinity, so that every decent-minded and respectable quadruped would be obliged to move away ; for his part, he was ready to sell out for any thing he could get. The bluebirds and bobolinks, it is true, took more cheerful views of matters ; but then, as old Mrs. Ground-mole observed, they were a flighty set,—half their time careering and dissipating in the Southern States,—and could not be expected to have that patriotic attachment to their native soil that those had who had grubbed in it from their earliest days.

7. "This race of man," said the old chestnut tree, "is never ceasing in its restless warfare on Nature. In our forest solitudes, hitherto, how peacefully, how quietly, how regularly, has every thing gone on ! Not a flower has missed its appointed time of blossoming, or failed to perfect its fruit. No matter how hard has been the winter, how loud the winds have roared, and how high the snow-banks have been piled, all has come right again in spring. Not the least root has lost itself under the snows, so as not to be ready with its fresh leaves and blossoms when the sun returns to melt the frosty chains of winter.

8. "We have storms sometimes that threaten to shake every thing to pieces,—the thunder roars, the lightning flashes, and the winds howl and beat ; but, when all is past, every thing comes out better and brighter than before,—not a bird is killed, not the frailest flower destroyed. But man comes, and in one day he will make a desolation that centuries cannot repair. Ignorant boor that he is, and all incapable of appreciating the glorious works of Nature, it seems to be his glory to be able to destroy in a few hours what it was the work of ages to produce.

9. "The noble oak, that has been cut away to build this contemptible human dwelling, had a life older and wiser than that of any man in this country. That tree has seen generations of men come and go. It was a fresh young tree when Shakespeare was born ; it was hardly a middle-aged tree

when he died ; it was growing here when the first ship brought the white men to our shores, and hundreds and hundreds of those whom they call bravest, wisest, strongest,—warriors, statesmen, orators and poets,—have been born, have grown up, lived, and died, while yet it has outlived them all. It has seen more wisdom than the best of them ; but two or three hours of brutal strength sufficed to lay it low.

10. “Which of these dolts could make a tree? I’d like to see them do any thing like it. How noisy and clumsy are all their movements,—chopping, pounding, rasping, hammering ! And, after all, what do they build? In the forest we do every thing so quietly. A tree would be ashamed of itself that could not get its growth without making such a noise and dust and fuss. Our life is the perfection of good manners. For my part, I feel degraded at the mere presence of these human beings ; but alas ! I am old ;—a hollow place at my heart warns me of the progress of decay, and probably it will be seized upon by these rapacious creatures as an excuse for laying me as low as my noble green brother.”

11. In spite of all this disquiet about it, the little cottage grew and was finished. The walls were covered with pretty paper, the floors carpeted with pretty carpets ; and, in fact, when it was all arranged, and the garden walks laid out, and beds of flowers planted around, it began to be confessed, even among the most critical, that it was not after all so bad a thing as was to have been feared.

12. A black ant went in one day and made a tour of exploration up and down, over chairs and tables, up the ceilings and down again, and, coming out, wrote an article for the Crickets’ Gazette, in which he described the new abode as a veritable palace. Several butterflies fluttered in and sailed about and were wonderfully delighted, and then a bumble-bee and two or three honey-bees, who expressed themselves well pleased with the house, but more especially enchanted with the garden.

13. In fact, when it was found that the proprietors were very fond of the rural solitudes of Nature, and had come out there for the purpose of enjoying them undisturbed,—that they watched and spared the anemones and the violets, and bloodroots, and dog-tooth violets, and little woolly rolls of

fern that began to grow up under the trees in spring,—that they never allowed a gun to be fired to scare the birds, and watched the building of their nests with the greatest interest,—then an opinion in favor of human beings began to gain ground, and every cricket and bird and beast was loud in their praise.

14. “Mamma,” said young Tit-bit, a frisky young squirrel, to his mother one day, “why won’t you let Frisky and me go into that pretty new cottage to play?”

“My dear,” said his mother, who was a very wary and careful old squirrel, “how can you think of it? Men are full of devices for traps and pitfalls, and who could say what might happen, if you put yourself in their power? If you had wings like the butterflies and bees, you might fly in and out again, and so gratify your curiosity; but, as matters stand, it’s best for you to keep well out of their way.”

15. “But, mother, there is such a nice, good lady lives there! I believe she is a good fairy, and she seems to love us all so; she sits in the bow-window and watches us for hours, and she scatters corn all round at the roots of the tree for us to eat.”

“She is nice enough,” said the old mother-squirrel, “if you keep far enough off, but I tell you, you can’t be too careful.”

XXXIII.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

1. Now this good fairy that the squirrels discoursed about was a nice little old lady that the children used to call Aunt Esther, and she was a dear lover of birds and squirrels, and all sorts of animals, and had studied their little ways till she knew just what would please them; and so she would every day throw out crumbs for the sparrows, and little bits of thread and wool and cotton to help the birds that were building their nests, and would scatter corn and nuts for the squirrels; and while she sat at her work in the bow-window she would smile to see the birds flying away with the wool, and the squirrels nibbling their nuts. After a while the birds grew so tame that they would hop into the bow-window, and eat their crumbs off the carpet.

2. "There, mamma," said Tit-bit and Frisky, "only see! Jenny Wren and Cock Robin have been in at the bow-window, and it didn't hurt them, and why can't we go?"

"Well, my dears," said the old Mother Squirrel, "you must do it very carefully: never forget that you haven't wings like Jenny Wren and Cock Robin."

3. So the next day Aunt Esther laid a train of corn from the roots of the trees to the bow-window, and then from the bow-window to her work-basket, which stood on the floor beside her; and then she put quite a handful of corn in the work-basket, and sat down by it, and seemed intent on her sewing. Very soon, creep, creep, creep, came Tit-bit and Frisky to the window, and then into the room, just as sly and as still as could be, and Aunt Esther sat just like a statue for fear of disturbing them. They looked all around in high glee, and when they came to the basket it seemed to them a wonderful little summer-house, made on purpose for them to play in. They nosed about in it, and turned over the scissors and the needle-book, and took a nibble at her white wax, and jostled the spools, meanwhile stowing away the corn each side of their little chops, till they both of them looked as if they had the mumps.

4. At last Aunt Esther put out her hand to touch them, when, whisk-frisk, out they went, and up the trees, chattering and laughing, before she had time even to wink.

But after this they used to come in every day, and when she put corn in her hand and held it very still, they would eat out of it; and, finally, they would get into her hand, until one day she gently closed it over them, and Frisky and Tit-bit were fairly caught.

5. O how their hearts beat! but the good fairy only spoke gently to them, and soon unclosed her hand and let them go again. So, day after day, they grew to have more and more faith in her, till they would climb into her work-basket, sit on her shoulder, or nestle away in her lap as she sat sewing. They made also long exploring voyages all over the house, up and through all the chambers, till finally, I grieve to say, poor Frisky came to an untimely end by being drowned in the water-tank at the top of the house.

6. The dear good fairy passed away from the house in

time, and went to a land where the flowers never fade, and the birds never die ; but the squirrels still continued to make the place a favorite resort.

7. "In fact, my dear," said old Mother Red, one winter, to her mate, "what is the use of one's living in this cold, hollow tree, when these amiable people have erected this pretty cottage where there is plenty of room for us and them too? Now I have examined between the eaves, and there is a charming place where we can store our nuts, and where we can whip in and out of the garret, and have the free range of the house ; and, say what you will, these humans have delightful ways of being warm and comfortable in winter."

8. So Mr. and Mrs. Red set up housekeeping in the cottage, and had no end of nuts and other good things stored up there. The trouble of all this was, that, as Mrs. Red was a notable body, and got up to begin her housekeeping operations, and woke up all her children, at four o'clock in the morning, the good people often were disturbed by a great rattling and fuss in the walls, while yet it seemed dark night. Then sometimes, too, I grieve to say, Mrs. Squirrel would give her husband vigorous curtain lectures in the night, which made him so indignant that he would rattle off to another quarter of the garret to sleep by himself ; and all this broke the rest of the worthy people who built the house.

9. What is to be done about this we don't know. What would you do about it? Would you let the squirrels live in your house or not? When our good people come down of a cold winter morning, and see the squirrels dancing and frisking down the trees, and chasing each other so merrily over the garden-chair, or sitting with their tails saucily over their backs, they look so jolly and jaunty and pretty, that the said good people almost forgive them for disturbing their night's rest, and think that nothing shall be done to drive them out of the garret to-day. And so it goes on ; but how long the squirrels will rent the cottage in this fashion, I'm sure I dare not undertake to say.

XXXIV.—DECEMBER.

EMILY H. MILLER.



1. Round the beautiful valley,
 Towering aloft to the sky,
Stand the mountains like giants,
 Grim, and rocky, and high.
2. Over their heads so hoary
 Clouds in the summer go,
Like ships on a quiet ocean,
 Sailing steady and slow.

3. Into the beautiful valley
The winter night came down,
On forests silent and leafless,
And mountains gloomy and brown.
 4. But lo ! in the early morning,
Gray with the struggling light,
The beautiful valley was folded
In a mantle of spotless white !
 5. No print of wandering footstep,
No stain on its whiteness lay ;
And the leafless trees in the forest
Were fairer than orchards in May.
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XXXV.—SPRING.

FELICIA HEMANS.

1. I come ! I come ! ye have called me long,—
I come o'er the mountains with light and song !
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.
2. I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut
flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,
And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains ;
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb !
3. I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

4. I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky ;
From the night bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.
5. From the streams and founts I have loosed the
chain ;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves !
6. Come forth, O ye children of gladness ! come !
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly !
With the lyre and the wreath and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine—I may not stay.
7. Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen !
Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth !
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.
8. But ye ! ye are changed since ye met me last !
There is something bright from your features passed !
There is that come over your brow and eye
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die !
—Ye smile ! but your smile hath a dimness yet :
Oh ! what have you looked on since last we met ?
9. Ye are changed, ye are changed !—and I see not here
All whom I saw in the vanished year !
There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,
Which tossed in the breeze with a play of light ;

There were eyes in whose glistening laughter lay
No faint remembrance of dull decay !

10. There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
As if for a banquet all earth was spread ;
There were voices that rang through the sapphire sky,
And had not a sound of mortality !
Are they gone ? is their mirth from the mountains
passed ?
Ye have looked on Death since ye met me last.
11. I know whence the shadow comes o'er you now—
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow !
Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace—
She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race,
With their laughing eyes and their festal crown :
They are gone from amongst you in silence down !
12. They are gone from amongst you, the young and fair,
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair !
But I know of a land where there falls no blight—
I shall find them there, with their eyes of light !
Where Death midst the blooms of the morn may dwell,
I tarry no longer—farewell, farewell !
13. The summer is coming, on soft winds borne—
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn !
For me, I depart to a brighter shore—
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more :
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's. Fare ye well, fare-
well !
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XXXVI.—AMONG THE ICE-CUTTERS.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

1. The boys—and, I am glad to say, the girls too—had enjoyed a few days of the very finest skating, when one night there came a fall of snow, and the next morning Lawrence, looking from his window, saw the pond covered with a shining white mantle.

"Never mind," said he; "we can sweep places to skate on. A good skater don't care for a space larger than a parlor floor to practice on."

2. So he went out that afternoon with a shovel and a broom to clear off a little of the snow. He was surprised to find a number of men on the pond before him. They had long chisel-shaped iron bars, with which they were cutting holes in the ice about five paces apart, all over the pond.

3. "Look here!" cried Lawrence, running up to one of them, "what is this for? You're spoiling our skating."

"Your skating is spoiled already," said the man; and *click! click!* his bar went through the ice again. "Our business would be spoiled too, if we didn't cut these holes."

"I don't see how?"

4. "I'll tell you how. This coating of snow prevents the ice from forming. Snow is warm; did you know it? A sheep covered up in a drift will live through a night that would freeze her to death if she were exposed to the weather. Just so, a heavy fall of snow is the best thing in the world to keep strawberries and other plants from winter-killing. It keeps the pond warm in the same way. Ice will form, to be sure, under the snow, but so slow we shouldn't get half a crop if we didn't cut these holes and let the water through."

5. "I see," cried Lawrence. "The weight of the snow makes the ice sink a little; that forces the water up, and the water soaks the snow, and then freezes and makes ice."

"Yes, but that top-ice—*snow-ice*, we call it—is good for nothing. It's only a bother to us, as you will see if you are here when we are cutting. But it don't prevent the ice from forming underneath, as the snow does."

6. "I understand;—the ice is a good conductor of caloric, and the snow isn't," said Lawrence, who had learned enough of natural philosophy to come to this conclusion. "But why don't you have some sort of horse-scrapers to scrape the snow off?"

"We have horse-scrapers, but now the ice ain't strong enough to bear a horse; that's the trouble."

7. "Will it be good skating after the snow soaks and freezes?"

"It will be pretty rough. There's a good strip along by

the Doctor's shore where we don't cut ; it is kept for skating and fishing. You can sweep the snow from that, if you like, and cut holes for pickerel too,—a thing that ain't allowed on any other part of the pond."

8. "How can you prevent it? Do you own the pond?"

"No, but the ice-company have bought the privilege of cutting, from all the owners around the pond, and so control it. Pickerel holes would spoil the ice at the time of cutting ; besides, the horses would get their legs in them."

9. Lawrence was very anxious to see the work begin. He skated meanwhile on his uncle's shore, and after the snow-ice had frozen he went all over the pond,—although, as the man had predicted, he found it pretty rough.

Then there came another fall of snow. By this time the ice was firm enough to bear up horses, and the workmen came on it with plank-scrapers six feet broad, and scraped the snow all up, like hay, in big windrows stretching across the pond.

10. Then there came still another snow, accompanied by sleet, and followed by rain ; so that, when the storm was over, the pond was covered with a coarse frozen crust, too hard for the wooden scrapers. This brought out the iron-edged scoop-scrapers, formed for removing either heavy or crusted snow. Each scraper was drawn by a single horse, with a harness which consisted of a simple girth and loops for the shafts.

11. At last, one bright morning, early in January, Lawrence looked from his window and saw that the ice-harvest had fairly begun. It was Wednesday ; there was no school in the afternoon, and as soon as he had eaten his dinner he hastened out to see the ice-cutters.

12. There were two men fishing on his uncle's shore. Having chopped holes in the ice, they dropped their hooks through them, baited with live minnows, which had been caught in the autumn and preserved in tanks for this purpose. Their minnows were in a pail ; an ax and three or four pickerel lay on the ice ; and each man was watching half a dozen lines sunk in different places, a few yards apart, and adjusted so that a bite at either would pull down a rag of red flannel set up on a stick for a signal.

13. Lawrence like most boys, took a lively interest in

fishing. But something of still greater interest attracted him to-day ; and stopping but a few minutes to watch the sport, he hastened on to the scene of the ice-cutting. Two or three hundred men were at work on the pond, in two divisions, one at the upper and the other at the lower end ; presenting, with their horses and ice-saws and ice-hooks and cutters and scrapers and planes, a wonderfully animated and busy picture.

14. He chose to visit the lower end first, because he there expected to find the man whose acquaintance he had already made. He saw some men at work with a long, straight strip of board and a curious-looking instrument, and ran up to them. One of the men got down on his face and took sight across the board at a target, while the others drew the instrument along the edge of it. They thus marked the ice, somewhat as a school-boy draws a straight line with a pencil and ruler.

15. The man who had taken sight got up, and Lawrence saw that it was his old acquaintance.

“So you’ve come to see the ice-cutting. Well, here you have what is properly the beginning of it. We are striking a straight line, which is almost finished.”

Three or four more lengths of the board brought them to the target, set up by one of the windrows of snow.

16. “This board is what we call a straight-edge. Here is an arm to it which we now open ; and you see it lies on the ice like a carpenter’s square. Now we are to strike another line at right angles with this ; and so we lay out our square-cornered fields of any number of acres, which are to be all cut up into such cakes as the ice-man brings you in summer. This instrument we mark with is called a hand-groove. You see it has seven steel teeth, set one behind another, and riveted in this strong iron back. Each tooth is a quarter of an inch broad, and forms a sharp little plow by itself. The first cuts the slightest groove in the ice ; the second is a trifle longer, and cuts a trifle deeper ; the third deeper still ; and so on, till the last, which leaves the groove an inch and a half deep.”

17. “You go all around your field in this way ?” said Lawrence.

"No, only on two sides. Now see,—here comes an odd looking horse-machine down the line we have struck. That is what we call a *guide-and-marker*. The *guide* is a smooth-edged blade that runs in the groove we have cut. The *marker* is a cutter made on the same principle with this hand-groove. The two are so fitted and fastened together that, when the guide runs in the groove, the marker cuts another parallel groove twenty-two inches from it."

18. As the machine approached, Lawrence saw that it was drawn by a single strong rope, fifteen or twenty feet long, which kept it at a distance from the horse. The horse was led by one man, and the machine held by its handles, like a plow, by another. The marker made a crisp, brittle sound, and threw out fine, bright chips, as the teeth cut through the ice; and after it had passed, Lawrence saw that there were two perfectly straight, beautiful grooves instead of one.

19. Arrived at the corner of the new field, the horse was turned about, and the machine (by means of an ingenious arrangement) turned over, so that, returning, the guide ran in the freshly-cut groove, and another groove was cut by the marker, twenty-two inches farther on.

20. "In this way," said Lawrence's friend, "the machine goes over the whole field, the last groove it cuts forming the boundary of the other side. Then it commences on this line, which we are here running at right angles with the first, and goes over the whole field the other way, cutting it all up into checkers twenty-two inches square. The marker cuts a groove two inches deep.

21. "Now you see another machine following it, drawn by a horse, just the same. But instead of being double, like the guide-and-marker, it is a single instrument, made up of teeth like the marker; only the teeth are longer, and they cut deeper. That we call a four-inch cutter, as it leaves the groove four inches deep. That will be followed by a six-inch cutter, and that by an eight-inch, and that again by a ten-inch. Each cuts two inches, which is about as much as a horse ought to be compelled to do. We have also a twelve-inch cutter, but this ice is not thick enough to require it."

22. "Do you cut clear through the ice? I shouldn't think that would do."

“No, indeed. This ice is about fifteen inches thick, and we shall cut it only ten inches. We have harvested ice when it was only ten inches thick, and again when it was twenty-three inches ; but that is rare. Sixteen inches is a good average thickness for working.”

XXXVII.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

1. Lawrence remained with his friend until the second line was struck. By this time a new machine, likewise drawn by a horse, made its appearance. It was the ice-plane twenty-two inches broad, running between two grooves, and planing off the porous *snow-ice* which has already been described.

“Now,” said the man, “we will see how the ice is housed.” And he took Lawrence over a field where a hundred men had been at work all the morning.

2. It was a busy scene. On one side, the six, eight, and ten-inch cutters were going. On the other, men were breaking off broad rafts of the grooved ice, and floating them along a canal which had been cut to the ice-houses. Some were cutting through to the water with saws. Others were splitting off the sheets, the ends of which had been thus cut, with iron bars called “barring-off bars.” Still others, by means of “calking-bars,” were calking with ice-chips the ends of the grooves which were to come in contact with the water.

3. “The calking,” said Lawrence’s friend, “is to keep the water from running into the grooves. For if it gets into them, it will circulate all through them, and then freeze, and the ice will be a solid mass again, as if it hadn’t been grooved at all.

4. “These rafts, or sheets of cakes, are, you see, thirty cakes long and twelve broad. The ends have to be sawed ; but every twelfth groove—in this direction, lengthwise—is cut deeper than the rest, so that one man can easily bar off a sheet. Ice splits very easy from top to bottom, but it is hard to split it in any other direction. Lay a cake up out of water in a warm day, and it will always begin to honeycomb from

the top downwards. Turning it on its side makes no difference with it; the frost insists on taking down its work first where it began to build it up. .This shows that ice has a grain."

5. The sheet of three hundred and sixty cakes, being split off, with its grooves all carefully calked around the ends and sides exposed to the water, was then floated off into the canal, and dragged on towards the ice-houses. One man armed with an ice-hook,—an instrument resembling a pike-pole,—sometimes riding on the sheet, and sometimes walking by the edge of the canal, navigated this checkered raft to the slip, where it was broken up with bars into blocks of six cakes each, by men standing on the platform. Each of these blocks was fastened upon by an iron grapple, and taken by two men and a horse up an inclined plane to the summit of a strong staging, built before the windows of a row of white ice-houses.

6. One man guided the horse; the other guided the block along the smooth rails with a wooden handle attached to the grapple. It was lively work, one horse going up after another at a swift pace. At the summit of the staging, the blocks were seized by men with ice-hooks, and shoved along the now slightly declining rails towards the windows where they were wanted. Swiftly sliding, one after another, went the bright crystal masses, to be seized again by men standing at the windows, and whirled into the ice-houses, where, layer upon layer, they were stored away.

7. "As soon as the ice in these is built up to the level of this staging, the horses will begin to carry it up the next one" (for there was another staging above the first); "from that we shall fill the houses nearly to the top; then the ice will be completely covered with hay. Each of these vaults," continued Lawrence's friend, as they went up and looked into one of the great, gloomy buildings, into which the blocks went sliding and bouncing, and where several dimly-seen men were at work taking care of them, looking like demons in a pit,—"each of these vaults holds five thousand tons of ice.

8. "You will see, behind the ice-houses, trains of cars loading at the same time. The cars take the ice to ships in

the harbor, and they take it to all parts of the world. We want to cut, this year, sixty-five or seventy thousand tons. Our two hundred and fifty men will cut about five thousand tons a day."

Lawrence noticed that the ice-houses had very thick wooden walls ; but his friend said : "Each wall is in reality two walls, two feet apart, with the space between filled in with tan-bark, which is the best thing we have for keeping out the heat."

9. "Do you ever cut two crops of ice the same season?"

"Seldom. The second freezing makes poor ice compared with the first. I don't pretend to give the reason. There is a great difference in the quality of ice for keeping. Ice cut in melting weather is porous, and won't keep half as long as ice cut in cold weather."

10. "It seems to me," said Lawrence, as they descended the inclined plane, "machinery might be invented to take the place of these horses in elevating the ice."

"Well, how would you arrange it?"

11. "I don't know ; but I've been thinking you might have two wheels, one at the water down there, and the other at the top of the ice-house ; have an endless chain pass over them, hung full of grapples ; set it in motion by an ordinary steam-engine ; and let the grapples catch the blocks of ice in the slip, and carry them up an inclined plane to the stagings."

12. The man laughed. "Go to the other end of the pond, and you'll find very much such a machine as you have suggested. A common steam-engine of forty horse-power does the work of a hundred and fifty men and seventy-five horses, and does it quicker and better. We shall elevate all our ice in that way another year."

13. Lawrence hastened to the upper ice-houses, and saw to his delight, the operation of the new machine. It was so much like the one he had arranged in his own mind, that he began to consider himself a great inventor. The floating blocks, of two cakes each, were fed into a little slip under the lower wheel, which revolved just over the water. They were there seized by the grapples, which, coming down empty on the upper side of the moving chain, returned loaded on the under side.

14. Stiff ratan brooms, fastened to the platform, swept the blocks clean, as the grapples carried them up. The crystallized pond-water was thus elevated by this chain pump, and poured into the ice-house windows,—the rattling and sliding masses, as they flew along the stagings, resembling an endless train of silver-bright cars seen on high bridges in the distance. There were four stagings, one above another, running the whole length of a long row of ice-houses.

15. The ice was elevated at one end, so that one machine answered for all. The blocks were launched by the grapples upon a short inclined plane, which set them sliding down the gently sloping staging to the windows, where they were seized. The houses being filled to the level of one staging, the ice was then, by a slight alteration in the machinery, carried up to the next.

16. There was something about this harvesting of the ice so brisk and beautiful that Lawrence remained all the afternoon watching it; and more than once, afterwards, he went to spend a delightful hour among the ice-cutters.

XXXVIII.—THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

JAMES R. LOWELL.

1. The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily, all the night,
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.
2. Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.
3. From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down—
And still wavered down the snow.

4. I stood and watched from the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snowbirds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.
5. I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the Babes in the Wood.
6. Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.
7. Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And I thought of the leaden sky,
That arched o'er our first great sorrow
When that mound was heaped so high.
8. I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scars of our buried woe.
9. Then with eyes that saw not I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

REMARKS.—Carrara is a beautiful kind of white marble found in the neighborhood of Carrara in Italy. The poet compares the thick layer of snow on the roof of the shed to this marble.

Auburn, or Mount Auburn, is a beautiful burial-place near Boston, Massachusetts.

XXXIX.—THE VIOLET'S LESSON.

SUSAN E. DICKINSON.

1. One bright day early in spring-time a cluster of timid little violets, which had pushed their way up through the damp mold, opened their eyes and looked out on the world

around them. They found themselves just within the edge of a large wood, with noble old forest-trees lifting their heads in stately grace on every side, and vigorous young saplings shooting up here and there between. The whole wood was filled with the music of the birds which had flown north from some sunny clime to herald the approach of summer. And close beside the timid violets, so near that they could lean over and look down into its clear waters, a bright stream went hurrying by, out into the meadows and fields beyond, and on, on, as far as the violets could see ; how much farther they did not know.

2. Every thing about them was so grand or so beautiful, and so full of life, that the poor little violets felt themselves very insignificant beings indeed, in this strange, glad world into which they had entered. And they shrank closer together, as if each would shelter itself behind the other, when the golden April sunshine, glancing through the budding boughs above them, spied them out and sent a stray beam to cheer them and brighten up their delicate blue petals. Presently an oriole perched himself on one of the branches of a graceful elm close by, and warbled as if he would pour out his very heart in music,—such a song of life and gladness and love.

3. “Oh!” sighed one of the violets, when the strain paused for a moment, “if we could have voices like that to rejoice every living thing within hearing, it would indeed be something to live for. Would it not be a grand thing, sisters, if we could be of some use in this beautiful world?”

4. Low as the whisper was, the oriole, who was just poising himself on the bough above, preparatory to another outburst of melody, heard it, and, looking down, said : “Why, you are of use, little ones ! It is your business here to grow up just as fresh and lovely as you can, and help to make the world more beautiful. Every one cannot sing, to be sure ; but every one can do what is in his own power.” And so, having answered the violet, he launched out into his song again exultingly, joining the chorus of woodland minstrels who were rejoicing on every side.

5. But the violet whispered to her sisters lower than before : “Ah, but I wish we could *do* something! It is all

very well to be beautiful, although I doubt if such poor little tiny things as we are any thing very wonderful in that way." The April wind swept across them and bent their heads over the clear stream. "Look at yourselves in the water, and see if you have not been made beautiful enough to help to gladden the world, and do not sigh for more than has been given you. Live your own life to the utmost; be fragrant and blooming, and you do your part."

6. And the stream looked up to them, and sang also in its low murmurous ripple, "Every thing has its own work to do in the world! Mine is to freshen the grass and flowers, that, like yourselves, grow near my green margin, and the lofty trees that mirror themselves in my waters; and after a while, when I have expanded into a broad river, to bear on my bosom noble ships that carry men whither they wish to go. Rejoice in the sunshine and soft air, and be as lovely as you can,—as lovely as you were designed to be,—and in time you will know for what use you are destined. Be content till then." So the April wind swept on to visit other flowers, and the brook flowed along its pebbly bed, singing low to itself as before.

7. And the violets still looked up timidly, but they welcomed the warm, bright sun-rays when they shone in upon them, bringing to them fresh life and color; they breathed out their delicate fragrance lovingly on the soft spring airs, which gently caressed them. And so they bloomed in perfect beauty, unseen for a while by human eyes. But on one sunny day two young girls came wandering through the wood, searching for wild flowers, and listening to the birds.

8. Presently one of them paused above the cluster of violets. "O Laura, see what lovely violets! I am going to paint them for mamma. If I should gather them, they would wither long before I could take them to her. But if I copy them as faithfully as I can, they will be the loveliest reminder of the spring that I can send to her in the close, built-up city." So she sat down on a fallen tree near by, and sketched and painted the delicate wee things in the book she carried with her, while the violets stood in an ecstasy of delight at finding how much joy they could give by their beauty. Then the young girls went on and left the wood to its solitude.

9. All things went on as before. The birds sang their love-songs, flitting to and fro ; the trees put forth fresh leaves, and grew greener every day, and gave deeper shade ; the stream rippled merrily on its way. Occasionally some careless woodman strolled, whistling, along a faintly trodden path that led through the heart of the wood, or a troop of merry children, let loose for holiday, came seeking wild-flowers ; but none of them found the violets, until one golden morning there came a little pale-faced, blue-eyed girl, drawn by her brothers in a light basket carriage. The little girl had been sick for weeks, but with the opening spring she had revived, and now on soft, sunny days, she was able to go out in this way to take the air.

10. As her brothers drew her along near the margin of the stream, she spied the violets, and the blue eyes grew bright with pleasure. "O Artie! Charlie!" she exclaimed, "won't you take up the violets very carefully for me, roots and all, with the earth around them? I want to carry them home and put them in a flower-pot in my room, where I can tend them myself, and see them whenever I wish, when I can not run about to look for flowers." And Artie and Charlie, glad to please their darling sister, took up the delicate cluster with the greatest care, and, holding the earth in which it grew firmly together by means of paper wrapped around it, they laid the prize in Edith's lap, and drew her home.

11. And so the violets, transferred to Edith's room, bloomed as beautifully as in their native wood ; for loving care never failed them ; and day by day, while Edith gathered health and strength, the blue eyes shone down on them with an ever new delight. And Edith's visitors often smiled with pleasure as her flowers suggested to them some pleasant thought, or brought the brightness and freshness of nature, too often forgotten, into their daily lives.

12. So the violets found their use. And day after day, as they breathed out their lives in bloom and fragrance, the breeze that wandered in at the open windows heard the violet which had spoken before, whisper to her sisters, "Ah, when I sighed to be of some use in the world, I little dreamed that we could do so much good just by growing up to be as lovely as we can,—as lovely as we are designed to be,—as the brook

said to us. It was right. I am content." And her sister violets, clustered around her, answered softly together, "The brook was right. We are content."

XL.—THE LITTLE POST-BOY.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

1. Very few foreigners travel in Sweden in the winter, on account of the intense cold. As you go northward from Stockholm, the capital, the country becomes ruder and wilder, and the climate more severe. In the sheltered valleys along the Gulf of Bothnia and the rivers which empty into it, there are farms and villages for a distance of seven or eight hundred miles, after which fruit-trees disappear, and nothing will grow in the short, cold summers except potatoes and a little barley. Farther inland, there are great forests and lakes, and ranges of mountains where bears, wolves, and herds of wild reindeer make their home. No people could live in such a country unless they were very industrious and thrifty.

2. I made my journey in the winter, because I was on my way to Lapland, where it is easier to travel when the swamps and rivers are frozen, and the reindeer sleds can fly along over the smooth snow. It was very cold indeed the greater part of the time ; the days were short and dark, and if I had not found the people so kind, so cheerful, and so honest, I should have felt inclined to turn back, more than once. But I do not think there are better people in the world than those who live in Norrland, which is a Swedish province commencing about two hundred miles north of Stockholm.

3. They are a tall, strong race, with yellow hair and bright blue eyes and the handsomest teeth I ever saw. They live plainly, but very comfortably, in snug wooden houses, with double windows and doors to keep out the cold ; and since they cannot do much out-door work in the winter, they spin and weave and mend their farming implements in the large family room, thus enjoying the cold weather in spite of its severity. They are very happy and contented, and few of

them would be willing to leave that cold country and make their homes in a warmer climate.

4. Here there are neither railroads nor stages, but the government has established post-stations at distances varying from ten to twenty miles. At each station a number of horses, and sometimes vehicles, are kept ; but generally the traveler has his own sled, and simply hires the horses from one station to another. These horses are either furnished by the keeper of the station or some of the neighboring farmers, and, when they are wanted, a man or boy goes along with the traveler to bring them back. It would be quite an independent and convenient way of traveling, if the horses were always ready ; but sometimes you must wait an hour or more before they can be furnished.

5. I had my own little sled, filled with hay and covered with reindeer-skins to keep me warm. So long as the weather was not too cold, it was very pleasant to speed along through the dark forests, over the frozen rivers, or past farm after farm in the sheltered valleys, up hill and down, until long after the stars came out, and then to get a warm supper in some dark-red post cottage, while the cheerful people sang or told stories around the fire.

6. The cold increased a little every day, to be sure, but I became gradually accustomed to it, and soon began to fancy that the arctic climate was not so difficult to endure as I had supposed. At first the thermometer fell to zero ; then it went down ten degrees below ; then twenty, and finally thirty. Being dressed in thick furs from head to foot, I did not suffer greatly ; but I was very glad when the people assured me that such extreme cold never lasted more than two or three days. Boys of twelve or fourteen very often went with me to bring back their fathers' horses, and so long as those lively, red-cheeked fellows could face the weather, it would not do for me to be afraid.

7. One night there was a wonderful aurora in the sky. The streamers of red and blue light darted hither and thither, chasing each other up to the zenith and down again to the northern horizon, with a rapidity and a brilliance which I had never seen before. "There will be a storm soon," said my post-boy ; "one always comes after these lights."

8. Next morning the sky was overcast and the short day was as dark as our twilight. But it was not quite so cold, and I traveled onward as fast as possible. There was a long tract of wild and thinly settled country before me, and I wished to get through it before stopping for the night. Unfortunately it happened that two lumber-merchants were traveling the same way, and had taken the horses ; so I was obliged to wait at the stations until other horses were brought from the neighboring farms. This delayed me so much that at seven o'clock in the evening I had still one more stretch of three Swedish miles before reaching the village where I intended to spend the night. Now, a Swedish mile is nearly equal to seven English, so that this distance was at least twenty miles long.

9. I decided to take supper while the horse was eating his feed. They had not expected any more travelers at the station, and were not prepared. The keeper had gone on with the two lumber-merchants ; but his wife—a friendly, rosy-faced woman—prepared me some excellent coffee, potatoes, and stewed reindeer-meat, upon which I made an excellent meal. The house was on the border of a large, dark forest, and the roar of the icy northern wind in the trees seemed to increase while I waited in the warm room. I did not feel inclined to go forth into the wintry storm, but, having set my mind on reaching the village that night, I was loath to turn back.

10. "It is a bad night," said the woman, "and my husband will certainly stay at Umea until morning. His name is Neils Petersen, and I think you will find him at the post-house when you get there. Lars will take you, and they can come back together."

"Who is Lars?" I asked.

"My son," said she. "He is getting the horse ready. There is nobody else about the house to-night."

11. Just then the door opened, and in came Lars. He was about twelve years old ; but his face was so rosy, his eyes so clear and round and blue, and his golden hair was blown back from his face in such silky curls, that he appeared to be even younger. I was surprised that his mother should be willing to send him twenty miles through the dark woods on such a night.

12. "Come here, Lars," I said. Then I took him by the hand, and asked, "Are you not afraid to go so far to-night?"

He looked at me with wondering eyes, and smiled; and his mother made haste to say: "You need have no fear, sir. Lars is young; but he'll take you safe enough. If the storm don't get worse, you'll be at Umea by eleven o'clock."

13. I was again on the point of remaining; but while I was deliberating with myself, the boy had put on his overcoat of sheep-skin, tied the lappets of his fur cap under his chin, and a thick woollen scarf around his nose and mouth, so that only the round blue eyes were visible; and then his mother took down the mittens of hare's fur from the stove, where they had been hung to dry. He put them on, took a short leather whip, and was ready.

14. I wrapped myself in my furs, and we went out together. The driving snow cut me in the face like needles, but Lars did not mind it in the least. He jumped into the sled, which he had filled with fresh, soft hay, tucked in the reindeer-skins at the sides, and we cuddled together on the narrow seat, making every thing close and warm before we set out. I could not see at all, when the door of the house was shut and the horse started on the journey.

15. The night was dark, the snow blew incessantly, and the dark fir-trees roared all around us. Lars, however, knew the way, and somehow or other we kept the beaten track. He talked to the horse so constantly and so cheerfully, that after a while my own spirits began to rise, and the way seemed neither so long nor so disagreeable.

"Ho there, Axel!" he would say. "Keep the road,—not too far to the left. Well done. Here's a level; now, trot a bit."

QUESTIONS.—What is a "reindeer"? Why is it so called? Which way from Sweden is Lapland? What are "post stations"? What are "farming implements"? What is meant by "the Arctic climate"? What is a "thermometer"? Is it very cold when the thermometer is at "zero"? at "ten degrees below"? at "twenty"? at "thirty"? What is the "zenith"? "the horizon"? Find Stockholm and Umea on the map.

Also Norrland or Nordland. Which is farther north, Stockholm or the place where you live? How many degrees? Is it colder or warmer in Stockholm than in places in the same latitude in America? How is it with other places in Western Europe? [The teacher may find it necessary to explain this last point. It is not difficult to show the effect of the Gulf stream, to quite young pupils.]

XLI.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

1. So we went on,—sometimes up hill, sometimes down hill,—for a long time, as it seemed. I began to grow chilly, and even Lars handed me the reins, while he swung and beat his arms to keep the blood in circulation. He no longer sang little songs and fragments of hymns, as when we first set out; but he was not in the least alarmed, or even impatient. Whenever I asked (as I did about every five minutes), “Are we nearly there?” he always answered, “A little farther.”

2. Suddenly the wind seemed to increase.

“Ah,” said he, “now I know where we are: it’s one mile more.” But one mile, you must remember, meant *seven*.

Lars checked the horse, and peered anxiously from side to side in the darkness. I looked also, but could see nothing.

“What is the matter?” I finally asked.

3. “We have got past the hills on the left,” he said. “The country is open to the wind, and here the snow drifts worse than anywhere else on the road. If there have been no plows out to-night we shall have trouble.”

You must know that the farmers along the road are obliged to turn out with their horses and oxen, and plow down the drifts, whenever the road is blocked up by a storm.

4. In less than a quarter of an hour we could see that the horse was sinking in the deep snow. He plunged bravely forward, but made scarcely any headway, and presently became so exhausted that he stood quite still. Lars and I arose from the seat and looked around. For my part, I saw

nothing except some very indistinct shapes of trees : there was no sign of an opening through them. In a few minutes the horse started again, and with great labor carried us a few yards farther.

5. "Shall we get out and try to find the road?" said I.

"It's no use," Lars answered. "In these new drifts we should sink to the waist. Wait a little, and we shall get through this one."

6. It was as he said. Another pull brought us through the deep part of the drift, and we reached a place where the snow was quite shallow. But it was not the hard, smooth surface of the road ; we could feel that the ground was uneven, and covered with roots and bushes. Bidding Axel stand still, Lars jumped out of the sled, and began wading around among the trees. Then I got out on the other side, but had not proceeded ten steps before I began to sink so deep into the loose snow that I was glad to extricate myself and return. It was a desperate situation, and I wondered how we should ever get out of it.

7. I shouted to Lars, in order to guide him, and it was not long before he also came back to the sled. "If I knew where the road is," said he, "I could get into it again. But I don't know ; and I think we must stay here all night."

"We shall freeze to death in an hour!" I cried. I was already chilled to the bone. The wind had made me very drowsy, and I knew that if I slept I should soon be frozen.

8. "O, no!" exclaimed Lars, cheerfully. "I am a Norrlander, and Norrlanders never freeze. I went with the men to the bear-hunt, last winter, up on the mountains, and we were several nights in the snow. Besides, I know what my father did with a gentleman from Stockholm on this very road, and we'll do it to-night."

"What was it?"

"Let me take care of Axel first," said Lars. "We can spare him some hay and one reindeer-skin."

9. It was a slow and difficult task to unharness the horse, but we accomplished it at last. Lars then led him under the drooping branches of a fir-tree, tied him to one of them, gave him an armful of hay, and fastened the reindeer-skin upon his back. Axel began to eat, as if perfectly satisfied with the

arrangement. The Norrland horses are so accustomed to cold that they seem comfortable in a temperature where one of ours would freeze.

10. When this was done, Lars spread the remaining hay evenly over the bottom of the sled and covered it with the skins, which he tucked in very firmly on the side towards the wind. Then, lifting them on the other side, he said: "Now, take off your fur coat, quick, lay it over the hay, and then creep under it."

11. I obeyed as rapidly as possible. For an instant I shuddered in the icy air; but the next moment I lay stretched in the bottom of the sled, sheltered from the storm. I held up the ends of the reindeer-skins while Lars took off his coat and crept in beside me. Then we drew the skins down and pressed the hay against them. When the wind seemed to be entirely excluded, Lars said we must pull off our boots, untie our scarfs, and so loosen our clothes that they would not feel tight upon any part of the body.

12. When this was done, and we lay close together, warming each other, I found that the chill gradually passed out of my blood. My hands and feet were no longer numb; a delightful feeling of comfort crept over me; and I lay as snugly as in the best bed. I was surprised to find that, although my head was covered, I did not feel stifled. Enough air came in under the skins to prevent us from feeling oppressed.

13. There was barely room for the two of us to lie, with no chance of turning over or rolling about. In five minutes, I think, we were asleep, and I dreamed of gathering peaches on a warm August day, at home. In fact, I did not wake up thoroughly during the night; neither did Lars; though it seemed to me that we both talked in our sleep. But as I must have talked English and he Swedish, there could have been no connection between our remarks. I remember that his warm, soft hair pressed against my chin, and that his feet reached no further than my knees. Just as I was beginning to feel a little cramped and stiff from lying so still I was suddenly aroused by the cold wind on my face. Lars had risen upon his elbow, and was peeping out from under the skins.

14. "I think it must be near six o'clock," he said. "The

sky is clear, and I can see the big star. We can start in another hour."

I felt so much refreshed that I was for setting out immediately ; but Lars remarked, very sensibly, that it was not yet possible to find the road. While we were talking Axel neighed.

15. "There they are!" cried Lars, and immediately began to put on his boots, his scarf, and heavy coat. I did the same, and by the time we were ready we heard shouts and the crack of whips. We harnessed Axel to the sled, and proceeded slowly in the direction of the sounds, which came, as we presently saw, from a company of farmers, out thus early to plow the road. They had six pairs of horses geared to a wooden frame, something like the bow of a ship, pointed in front and spreading out to a breadth of ten or twelve feet.

16. This machine not only cut through the drifts but packed the snow, leaving a good, solid road behind it. After it had passed, we sped along merrily in the cold morning twilight, and in little more than an hour reached the post-house at Umea, where we found Lars's father prepared to return home. He waited, nevertheless, until Lars had eaten a good warm breakfast, when I said good-by to both, and went on toward Lapland.

17. Some weeks afterwards, on my return to Stockholm, I stopped at the same little station. This time the weather was mild and bright, and the father would have gone with me to the next post-house ; but I preferred to take my little bedfellow and sled-fellow. He was so quiet and cheerful and fearless, that, although I had been nearly all over the world, and he had never been away from home,—although I was a man and he a young boy,—I felt that I had learned a lesson from him, and might probably learn many more, if I should know him better. We had a merry trip of two or three hours, and then I took leave of Lars forever. He is no doubt still driving travelers over the road, a handsome, courageous, honest-hearted young man of twenty-one by this time.

QUESTIONS.—What kind of boy was Lars? Was he brave? cheerful? patient? industrious? obedient? thought-

ful? Tell what he did that shows him to have possessed these, or any other qualities that you think belonged to him. Was he worthy of imitation? What does that mean?

XLII.—CASABIANCA.

FELICIA HEMANS.



1. The boy stood on the burning deck
 Whence all but he had fled ;
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
 Shone round him o'er the dead.
2. Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
 As born to rule the storm ;
 A creature of heroic blood,
 A proud, though child-like form.
3. The flames rolled on—he would not go
 Without his Father's word ;
 That Father, faint in death below,
 His voice no longer heard.

ed aloud : —“ Say, Father, say
my task is done ! ”
“ Not that the chieftain lay
conscious of his son.

“ Father ! ” once again he cried,
“ Say yet begone ! ”
The booming shots replied,
And the flames rolled on.

How he felt their breath,
His waving hair,
And from that lone post of death,
Yet brave despair.

“ Stayed but once more aloud,
“ Father ! must I stay ? ”
“ Take him fast, through sail and shroud,
Breathing fires made way.

Uplift the ship in splendor wild,
Caught the flag on high,
Streamed above the gallant child,
And banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound,—
The boy—oh ! where was he ?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea—

10. With mast and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing which perished there
Was that young faithful heart.

REMARK.—Casabianca was a French naval officer. He was killed in the bloody battle of Aboukir, fought August 1, 1798, between the English and French. His little son, eleven years of age, stood where his father had placed him, on the deck of the ship *L'Orient*, until he was killed by the blowing up of the ship.

XLIII.—THE RAIN.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

1. How beautiful is the rain !
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain !
2. How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs !
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout !
Across the window pane
It pours and pours ;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter, roars
The rain, the welcome rain !
3. The sick man from his chamber, looks
At the twisted brooks ;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool ;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.
4. From the neighboring school
Come the boys
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion ;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulphs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

5. In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain,
How welcome is the rain !
6. In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand ;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.
7. Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures and his fields of grain.
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain,
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.
8. These and far more than these,
The poet sees !
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air ;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled,
Scattering everywhere

The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

9. He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told,
Have not been wholly sung nor said,
For his thought that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain head
Of lakes and rivers under ground ;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven
Opposite the setting sun.

10. Thus the seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of change,
Mysterious change,
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth,
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning for evermore
The rapid and rushing river of Time.
-

XLIV.—THE SONG OF THE WATER.

EMILY H. MILLER.

1. I know a green dingle, where, all the day long,
The waters go singing a wonderful song ;
Beneath the gray shadows, that tremble and glide,
Slips over the pebbles the shimmering tide.

2. But when the faint twilight steals over the blue,
And evening comes softly with starlight and dew,
The song of the water grows clearer, and swells
To the chime and the tinkle of silvery bells.
 3. The ferns in the sedges nod lightly, and wave
Like plumes on the conquering hosts of the brave,
And soft on the mosses fall footsteps that seem
To move to the musical bells of the stream.
 4. O beautiful dingle ! I know from your green
The breath of the autumn has faded the sheen ;
But over the pebbles, in shadow and sun,
The song of the water will never be done.
-

XLV.—NATURE'S JOKES.

GAIL HAMILTON.

1. Nature is fond of her little joke as well as the rest of us, though the actors in the comedy do not always discern the comic element in it. Strange how ridiculous any thing may be, and yet not have the smallest suspicion that it is ridiculous. As when, for instance, one of these little "bossy calves," fumbling and smelling around a chair, got his head between the rounds of the lower part and could not get it out again.

2. He did not see the point of the joke at all, but stumbled about, shaking his head wildly, and wedging it in more firmly with every struggle. It was no easy matter to get near enough to help him ; and, in spite of his terror and impatience of the situation, one could but laugh at the figure he made.

3. I remember once seeing a pretty little yellow-bird on the fence, looking as if he had three legs. A three-legged bird ! this must be attended to. I crept near enough to resolve the third leg into his tail, on which he had settled himself, leaning backward in a persistent determination to swallow a huge worm, which was just as persistently determined not to be swallowed. Birdie gulped and wormie wriggled.

Birdie looked very solemn, and wormie very angry. Birdie would not give up and wormie would not go down. There was a good deal of fun, but I had it all to myself.

4. Once a caterpillar hung his cocoon to my window-sash, and I determined to keep my eye on him and see him begin life as a butterfly. I watched him week after week without detecting any change, and upon consulting the text books of Natural History, found that he had probably reached middle age, as butterflies count time, before I began to suspect he had been born at all.

5. But did the little sprite know I was watching him? Did he creep out on the farther side, and shut the door behind him carefully, and steal slyly around the corner of the house for his wings to dry, and come peeping down from the roof every day, laughing in his sleeve to see me watching that empty nest? And did he tell the story to his friends at some butterfly dinner-party, and did they laugh at me till the tears ran from their wicked little eyes, and say, in butterfly jargon, what a "sell" it was, and pat him on the shoulder, and call him "a sad dog?"

XLVI.—HOW A PINE-TREE DID SOME GOOD.

SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

1. It was a long narrow valley where the Pine-Tree stood, and perhaps if you went to look for it you might find it there to-day. For pine-trees live a long time, and this one was not very old.

2. The valley was quite barren. Nothing grew there but a few scrubby bushes, and, to tell the truth, it was about as desolate a place as you can well imagine. Far up over it hung the great, snowy caps of the Rocky Mountains, where the clouds played hide and seek all day, and chased each other merrily across the snow. There was a little stream, too, that gathered itself up among the snows and came running down the side of the mountain; but, for all that, the valley was very dreary.

3. Once in a while there went a large gray rabbit hopping among the sage-bushes; but look as far as you would, you

would find no more inhabitants. Poor, solitary little valley, with not even a cottonwood down by the stream, and hardly enough grass to furnish three oxen with a meal! Poor, barren little valley, lying always for half the day in the shadow of those tall cliffs, burning under the summer sun, heaped high with the winter snows,—lying there year after year without a friend!

4. Yes, it had two friends, though they could do it but little good, for they were two pine-trees. The one nearest the mountain, hanging quite out of reach in a cleft of the rock, was an old, gnarled tree, which had stood there for a hundred years. The other was younger, with bright green foliage, summer and winter. It curled up the ends of its branches, as if it would like to have you understand that it was a very fine, hardy fellow, even if it wasn't as old as its father up there in the cleft of the rock.

5. Now this young Pine-Tree grew very lonesome at times, and was glad to talk with any one who came along, and they were few, I can tell you. Occasionally it would look lovingly up to the father-pine, and wonder if it could make him hear what it said. It would rustle its branches and shout by the hour, but he only heard it once, and then the words were so mixed up with falling snow, that it was really impossible to say what they meant.

6. So the Pine-Tree was very lonesome, and no wonder. "I wish I knew of what good I am," it said to the gray rabbit, one day. "I wish I *knew*,—I wish I knew;"—and it rustled its branches until they all seemed to say, "Wish I knew,—wish I knew."

"O, pshaw!" said the rabbit. "I wouldn't concern myself much about that. Some day you'll find out."

"But do tell me," persisted the Pine-Tree, "of what good you *think* I am."

7. "Well," answered the rabbit, sitting up on her hind paws and washing her face with her front ones, so that company shouldn't see her unless she looked trim and tidy, "well," said the rabbit, "I can't exactly say myself what it is. If you don't help one, you help another, and that's right enough, isn't it? As for me, I take care of my family. I hop round among the sage-bushes and get their breakfast,

dinner, and supper. *I* have plenty to do, I assure you, and you must really excuse me now, for I have to be off."

8. "I wish I were a hare," muttered the Pine-Tree to himself. "I think I could do some good then, for I should have a family to support, but I know I can't now."

9. Then he called across to the little stream and asked the same question of him. And the stream rippled along, and danced in the sunshine, and answered him, "I go on errands for the big mountain all day. I carried one of your cones not long ago to a point of land twenty miles off, and there now is a pine-tree that looks just like you. But I must run along, I am so busy. I can't tell you of what good you are. You must wait and see." And the little stream danced on.

10. "I wish I were a stream," thought the Pine-Tree. "Any thing but being tied down to this spot for years. That is unfair. The rabbit can run around, and so can the stream; but I must stand still forever. I wish I were dead!"

11. By and by the summer passed into autumn, and the autumn into winter, and the snow-flakes began to fall. "Halloo!" said the first one, all in a flutter, as she dropped on the Pine-Tree. But he shook her off, and she fell still farther down on to the ground. The Pine-Tree was getting very churlish and cross lately.

12. However, the snow didn't stop for all that, and very soon there was a white robe over the narrow valley. The Pine-Tree had no one to talk with now. The stream had covered himself in with ice and snow, and wasn't to be seen. The hare had to hop round very industriously to get enough for her children to eat, and the sage-bushes were always low-minded fellows, and couldn't begin to keep up a ten minutes conversation.

13. At last there came a solitary figure across the valley, making its way straight for the Pine-Tree. It was a lame mule, which had been left behind from some wagon-train. He dragged himself slowly on until he reached the tree. Now the Pine, in shaking off the snow, had shaken down some cones as well, and they lay on the snow. These the mule picked up, and began to eat.

"Heigh-ho!" said the tree, "I never knew those things were fit to eat before."

14. "Didn't you?" replied the mule. "Why, I have lived on these things, as you call them, ever since I left the wagons. I am going back on the Oregon trail, and I sha'n't see you again. Accept my thanks for breakfast. Good-by." And he moved off to the other end of the valley, and disappeared among the rocks.

"Well!" exclaimed the Pine-Tree, "that's something, at all events." And he shook down a number of cones on the snow. He was really happier than ever he had been before, and with good reason, too.

XLVII.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

1. After a while there appeared three people. They were a family of Indians, a father, a mother, and a little child. They, too, went straight to the tree. "We'll stay here," said the father, looking across at the snow-covered bed of the stream, and up at the Pine-Tree. He was very poorly clothed, this Indian. He and his wife and the child had on dresses of hare skins, and they possessed nothing more of any account, except a bow and arrows, and a stick with a net on the end. They had no lodge-poles, and not even a dog. They were very miserable, and hungry.

2. The man threw down his bow and arrows not far from the tree. Then he began to clear away the snow in a circle, and to pull up the sage-bushes. These, he and the woman built into a round, low hut, and then they lighted a fire within it. While it was beginning to burn, the man went to the stream, and broke a hole in the ice. Tying a string to his arrow, he shot a fish which came up to breathe, and, putting it on the coals, they all ate it half-raw. They never noticed the Pine-Tree, though he rattled down at least a dozen more cones.

3. At last night came on, cold and cheerless. The wind blew savagely through the valley, and howled at the Pine-Tree, for they were old enemies. O, it was a bitter night! but finally the morning broke. More snow had fallen, and heaped up against the hut, so that you could hardly tell that

it was there. The stream had frozen tighter than before, and the man could not break a hole in the ice again. The sage-bushes were all hid by the drifts, and the Indians could find none to burn.

4. Then they turned to the Pine-Tree. How glad he was to help them! They gathered up the cones, and roasted the seeds on the fire. They cut branches from the tree, and burned them, and so kept up the warmth in their hut.

5. The Pine-Tree began to find himself useful, and he told the hare so, one morning, when she came along. But she saw the Indians' hut, and did not stop to reply. She had put on her winter coat of white, yet the Indian had seen her in spite of all her care. He followed her over the snow with his net, and caught her among the drifts.

6. Poor Pine-Tree! She was almost his only friend, and when he saw her eaten, and her skin taken for the child's mantle, he was very sorrowful, you may be sure. He saw that, if the Indians stayed there, he too would have to die, for they would in time burn off all his branches, and use all his cones; but he was doing good at last, and he was content.

7. Day after day passed by,—some bleak, some warm,—and the winter moved slowly along. The Indians only went from their hut to the Pine-Tree now. He gave them fire and food, and the snow was their drink. He was smaller than before, for many branches were gone, but he was happier than ever.

8. One day the sun came out more warmly, and it seemed as if spring was near. The Indian man broke a hole in the ice, and got more fish. The Indian woman caught a rabbit. The Indian child gathered sage-bushes from under the fast-melting snow, and made a hotter fire to cook the feast. And they did feast, and then they went away.

9. The Pine-Tree had found its mission. It had helped to save three lives.

In the summer, there came along a band of explorers, and one, the botanist of the party, stopped beside our Pine-Tree. "This," said he, in his big words, "is the *Pinus monophyllus*, otherwise known as the Bread Pine." He looked at the deserted hut, and passed his hand over his forehead.

10. "How strange it is," said he : "this Pine-Tree must have kept a whole family from cold and starvation last winter. There are few of us who have done as much good as that." And when he went away, he waved his hand to the tree, and thanked God in his heart that it grew there. And the Bread-Pine waved his branches in return, and said to himself, as he gazed after the departing band, "I will never complain again, for I have found out what a pleasant thing it is to do good, and I know now that every one in his lifetime can do a little of it."

XLVIII.—THE ADOPTED CHILD.

FELICIA HEMANS.

1. "Why wouldst thou leave me, O gentle child?
Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild,
A straw-roofed cabin, with lowly wall—
Mine is a fair and a pillared hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of pictures forever streams."
2. "Oh! green is the turf where my brothers play,
Through the long bright hours of the summer day;
They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme,
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they
know—
Lady, kind lady! O, let me go."
3. "Content thee, boy! in my bower to dwell,
Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well;
Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
Harps which the wandering breezes tunc,
And the silvery wood-note of many a bird,
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard."
4. "Oh! my mother sings, at the twilight's fall,
A song of the hills far more sweet than all;

She sings it under our own green tree,
 To the babe half slumbering on her knee ;
 I dreamed last night of that music low—
 Lady, kind lady ! O, let me go."

5. "Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest,
 She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast ;
 Thou wouldst meet her footsteps, my boy, no more,
 Nor hear her song at the cabin door.
 Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,
 And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye."
6. "Is my mother gone from her home away?
 But I know that my brothers are there at play—
 I know they are gathering the foxglove's bell,
 Or the long fern leaves by the sparkling well ;
 Or they launch their boats where the bright streams
 flow—
 Lady, kind lady ! O, let me go."
7. "Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now,
 They sport no more on the mountain's brow ;
 They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
 And the stream where the fairy barks were tried.
 Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
 For thy cabin home is a lonely spot."
8. "Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill?—
 But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still ;
 And the red deer bound in their gladness free,
 And the heath is bent by the singing bee,
 And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow—
 Lady, kind lady ! O, let me go."

XLIX.—LITTLE BY LITTLE.

LUELLA CLARK.

1. While the new years come, and the old years go,
 How, little by little, all things grow !
 All things grow—and all decay—
 Little by little passing away.

Little by little, on fertile plain
Ripen the harvests of golden grain,
Waving and flashing in the sun,
When the summer at last is done.
Little by little they ripen so,
As the new years come, and the old years go.

2. Low on the ground an acorn lies—
Little by little it mounts to the skies,—
Shadow and shelter for wandering herds,
Home for a hundred singing birds.
Little by little the great rocks grew,
Long, long ago, when the world was new ;
Slowly and silently, stately and free,
Cities of coral under the sea
Little by little are builded—while so
The new years come and the old years go.
 3. Little by little all tasks are done—
So are the crowns of the faithful won—
So is heaven in our hearts begun.
With work and with weeping, with laughter and play,
Little by little, the longest day
And the longest life are passing away,—
Passing without return—while so
The new years come, and the old years go.
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L.—LAWRENCE'S LESSON.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

1. It was June when Lawrence came to the pond-side to live. His uncle's house stood on a high green bank ; and his aunt gave him an attic room with a window that looked out upon the water. The winding shores were fringed with flags and willows, or overhung by shady groves ; and all around were orchards and gardens and meadows.

2. A happy boy was Lawrence, for he was passionately fond of the water, and he had never lived so near a pond before. The scene from his window was never twice the same.

Sometimes the pond was like glass, mirroring the sky and the still trees. Sometimes light breezes swept over it, and sail-boats rode the dancing waves. Then there were the evenings, when clouds of the loveliest colors floated over it, and the moon rose and silvered it ; and the mornings, when all the splendors of the new-risen sun were reflected into Lawrence's chamber.

3. Whenever he had a leisure hour—for he went to school, and worked in the garden—he was to be seen rambling by the shore, or rowing away in his uncle's boat ; and he found that the faithful performance of his tasks made his sports all the sweeter to him.

4. As children who play about the water are always in more or less danger of falling into it, Lawrence's uncle had lost no time in teaching him to swim. "The first thing for you to learn," said the doctor—for his uncle was a physician—"is confidence. Plunge your head under water."

Lawrence did so, and came up with dripping hair and face, gasping. The doctor made him repeat the exercise until he neither gasped nor choked.

5. "That does not hurt you, does it? No. Neither will it hurt you if you sink to the bottom, for you can hold your breath ; the water is shallow, and, besides, I am here to help you. Now try to take a single stroke, just as the frogs do. Throw yourself boldly off your feet, and don't be afraid of sinking."

Lawrence, after considerable hesitation, tried the experiment, and found that he could swim a single stroke, and come down upon his feet again without drowning. He tried it again and again, delighted at his success.

6. "That will do for this lesson," said his uncle. "You have been long enough in the water. Swimming is a fine exercise for boys, and the bathing is good for them ; but they often make the mistake of staying too long in the water. Especially at first you must be careful ; after you get used to it, you can stay in longer. Never go in when you are heated ; or if you do, come out again immediately, and continue exercising, so as to keep the pores of your skin open."

7. Lawrence learned, in his next lesson, to swim two strokes, and in a few days he could swim a rod. His uncle then taught him how to dive.

"You must avoid falling flat on the water ; for if you do so, from any great height, it will beat the breath out of your body almost as suddenly as if you struck a board. Learn to keep your eyes open under the water. Some people's nostrils are so large that the water gets into their heads when they dive ; if that is the case with yours, it will be well to stuff a little cotton into them."

8. Lawrence found no trouble of that kind. He was soon able to dive, and pick up pebbles, and to swim beneath the surface. His uncle then taught him how to save a drowning person.

"If he is still struggling, you must not let him get hold of you, or he will very likely cause you to drown with him. The safest and readiest method is to pull him up by his hair. Be sure and keep behind him as you bring him to the surface. Do not try to do more than to lift his face out of water, as you swim with him to the shore. The human body is so light in the water that it may be supported at the surface by a very slight effort ; but it is hard to keep any portion of it much above the surface."

9. "But what shall I do after I get him to the shore?" asked Lawrence.

"That is something very important to learn, which you will very likely find useful some day, if you live near this pond. Three young people have been drowned in it within five years, two of whom at least might have been saved from death, had the persons with them known how to get them out of the water, or what to do with them after they had got them out."

10. "I wish you would teach me that," said the boy.

"Very well ; I'll give you a practical lesson before long."

Accordingly, a few days afterwards, the doctor met Lawrence and his companions as they were coming up from the water, and, seizing his nephew, exclaimed, "You have been drowned, have you?"

"Not to my knowledge," said Lawrence laughing.

11. "Yes ; you fell from the boat just now, getting water-lilies. You know how to swim, but you got tangled among the weeds, and were three minutes under water. You have just been fished out, and brought to shore. Lie down, sir, for a drowned boy has no business on his feet."

12. Lawrence, who understood very well what his uncle meant, dropped down on the grass, and tried to play the part of a drowned person seriously ; but he couldn't help laughing, and all the while he watched closely to see what was done for him.

13. "What shall we do, boys?" cried the doctor, "for not a minute is to be lost."

"Carry him home, the first thing," said Tim Hooper.

"No, we haven't time for that,—so many precious minutes would be wasted."

"Put him in a warm bath," said Jake Thomas.

14. "We could'nt do that without carrying him home, or bringing the warm water to him. Besides, the warm bath is hurtful under such circumstances. A person will drown quicker in warm than in cold water. The reason seems to be, that cold water strikes a chill into the blood, so that its circulation is impeded, and less air is required for it in the lungs. The blood goes to the lungs to throw off carbon, and to get oxygen, which is breathed in with the air, of which you know it is a part.

15. "When a person drowns, the supply of oxygen is cut off, and the carbonic acid, retained in the blood, poisons it. A person in a swoon may live half an hour under water ; for his blood moves so slowly that very little oxygen is required for it, and there is but very little carbon to be thrown off. Now if we stimulate the circulation before we manage to get fresh air into the lungs,—as we should do if we put him into a warm bath,—you see we should increase the difficulty."

16. "The first thing I would do would be to go for the doctor," said Lawrence.

"No, you wouldn't, for you are drowned, and have no voice in the matter. Besides, I am five miles away, attending to a boy who broke his leg falling from a beam in a barn. But fortunately a boy comes up who has been told what to do in such cases,—fortunately indeed, for already too much time has been lost while we were considering what to do, instead of doing it.

17. "This boy knows that the first thing necessary is *fresh air in the lungs*. To make sure that the passage to the lungs is open, he turns the patient on his face, in which

position any water that may have lodged in his mouth and throat, or any thing that may have risen from his stomach and choked him, drops out."

The doctor at the same time turned Lawrence on his face to illustrate his method.

18. "In this position, the tongue also falls forward, and opens a passage to the windpipe. But sometimes the tongue is so much swollen that it is necessary to put the finger on the roots of it and press it forward. This should be looked to, and where there is a hand to spare it will be well to keep the tongue in place in that way. Act promptly and don't be afraid of hurting him. In this case, however, the tongue will take care of itself.

19. "All this must be quickly done ; and the new-comer hastens to make the patient gasp. He places him on his side,—thus. He rubs his forehead smartly, to bring warmth and sensitiveness to the skin, then dashes cold water upon it. If he has any snuff about him, or hartshorn, or spirits of any kind, he applies them freely to the nostrils. But the drowned boy does not gasp. Then what?"

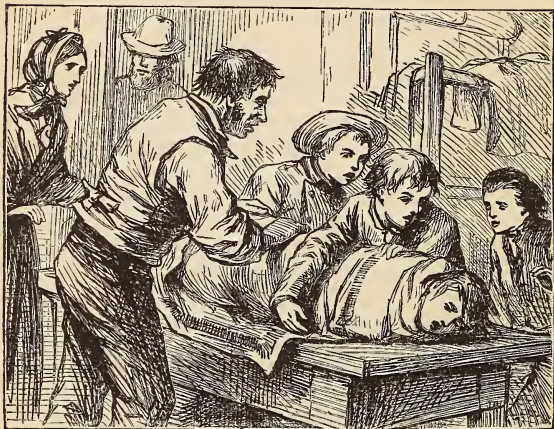
"Blow in my lungs," said Lawrence.

20. "But my own breath is exhausted of oxygen, and charged with carbonic acid ; and what we want is fresh air. While one of the boys runs for the doctor, and another for dry blankets, this is what the boy who knows does. He loosens your clothes, then turns you down again upon your face,—completely upon your breast,—with one wrist under your forehead, thus, and passes his other hand with a gentle pressure down your back. That compresses the lungs, and drives the bad air out of them. Then he turns you again on your side, and partly upon your back, in which position the lungs open again of themselves and draw in fresh air.

21. "Repeat this process six or eight times a minute,—not too often, for the low circulation requires but little air, and too much cools the body. What we want now is to keep the body warm, and excite circulation. As soon as we have got the artificial breathing started, we strip off all the wet clothes ; wrap the body in the blankets which have been brought ; let the fresh air blow upon the face and chest ; rub and slap the body until it is dry and sensitive, and dash cold water upon

it ; then rub and slap again. If the blankets do not come, throw off your own coats to wrap the body in.

LI.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.



1. "How long will it take to bring me to?" Lawrence anxiously inquired.

"That depends upon how thoroughly drowned you were. I should not give you up for an hour ; but I should not have much hope of you, if I could perceive no movement of the heart, by putting my ear to it, after a quarter of an hour. In five or ten minutes I should expect you to make a little gasp ; and after that I should consider you safe.

2. "Now, boys," the doctor continued, "remember that, as long as nothing is done to put fresh air into the lungs of a drowned person, it is just the same for him as if he remained all that while in the water. So you must be prepared to do all these things with the utmost promptitude."

He then made them take little Tim Hooper and go through all the movements with him, as he had done with Lawrence, and repeat the process until they were perfect in it.

3. "If this were taught in every school the children of which live or play near a pond or river," he said, "more than half the cases of actual death from drowning might be prevented."

The boys laughed, and thought the lesson more a good joke than any thing else. They little expected ever to practice it. But now see how useful a little knowledge sometimes proves.

December came, and the pond froze over. So thin, however, was the coating of ice that but few boys ventured to go upon it.

4. "Wait, my boy, a day or two, until the ice is stronger," said the doctor. "Nothing will be lost by waiting; but much will be risked by attempting to skate to-day."

So Lawrence, not without some mutterings of discontent, I am sorry to say, restrained his eagerness to strap on the new skates his uncle had given him and remained on the shore watching those who did skate.

5. Suddenly a boy fell, and, in falling, he broke the ice and went in; and, in struggling to get out, he slipped under the ice. It was Jake Thomas, one of the boys who had learned the lesson with Lawrence. How little did he imagine, when he laughed at it, that the time would so soon come for it to be practiced on him.

6. "Boy drowned! Boy drowned!" was the cry; and the skaters flew to the rescue.

Lawrence knew that, under such circumstances, his uncle would approve of his going upon the ice, and he started to run to Jake's assistance. But he had scarcely left the shore when he saw the ice give way again, under the weight of two skaters who approached the broken place. There were now three boys in the water.

7. "This won't do," thought he; and he ran back to the shore. There was a man at work, preparing some hot-beds, in a garden near by. He had already heard the alarm. "Bring planks! a rake!" cried Lawrence.

He seized one of the broad board coverings of the beds, and shoved it out before him on the ice. The man followed with another hot-bed cover, and a long-handled garden rake.

Nothing had yet been done for Jake, who had not been seen since he went down.

8. Other skaters had arrived ; but they were engaged in trying to rescue the two boys who had fallen in after him. It was perilous business. The ice was bending and cracking under them, and they could not reach the edge of it without breaking in like the others. Fortunately, both boys could swim, and they were sustaining themselves by holding on to coats thrown to them over the edge of the ice. Thus far, at every attempt to get out, they had only broken the ice still more.

9. Lawrence pushed his board close up to the broken place, and, lying flat on his breast upon it, looked down into the clear cold water. He could have seen the bottom, but for the floating fragments of thin ice, and the ripples formed by the two boys trying to get out.

10. "Keep still ! keep still !" he cried ; but that was not easy for two boys in their position to do. As long as the light reflected from the waves danced in his sight, he could see nothing under them. So he plunged his face into the water, with his eyes open. *Beneath* the surface, they could see very well. And there, lying upon the bottom, in about ten feet of water, clinging fast to some weeds, with his red tippet on his neck and his skates on his feet, was Jake Thomas.

11. He was directly under the ice Lawrence was on. The plunged face came dripping out of the cold water. "The rake !" the man handed it to Lawrence, who thrust it into the water, and hooked one of the teeth into Jake's tippet, and drew him quickly and steadily up.

The broad board distributed the pressure of his weight over so large a surface of the ice that it did not break, even when he pulled the drenched and lifeless body out.

12. The situation on the ice being unsafe and awkward, the body was quickly slid ashore on the board, and taken to the gardener's house, which was close by the pond. With the other board that had been brought, the other two skaters were speedily rescued ; and Lawrence had nothing to do but to think of Jake and his uncle's lesson.

13. "I shouldn't have stopped to bring him to the house," he said afterwards, "but Peter insisted on it."

Arrived at the house, however, Peter, who was ignorant as an owl of what should be done in the case, left all to the boy.

“O yes! roll him!” said he, “I’ve heard that was good,—to get the water out of him.”

14. Lawrence did not stop to explain that the rolling process was not to get the water out, for none could enter the lungs, but to get the air in. He worked vigorously, according to his uncle’s directions. Meantime his uncle was sent for; but he was not at home.

15. Laid out on Peter’s kitchen-table, his wet clothes removed, his limbs wrapped in warm blankets, and several persons smartly slapping and rubbing them, according to Lawrence’s directions, while Lawrence himself, with Peter’s assistance, rolled him from his breast to his side, and over again upon his breast,—this was the situation in which the drowned boy’s mother found him, when, having heard the terrible news, she came running to Peter’s house.

16. But the peril was now nearly over. Jake had gasped slightly once or twice. Then came the agony of recovering consciousness, in the midst of which the doctor arrived. It was then half an hour from the time when Jake broke through the ice, and it was evident to all, that, if nothing had been done for him all that while, his recovery would have been impossible.

17. “Well done! well done!” cried the doctor. “You have made good use of my lesson, boy! Woman, your child is saved.”

The hearty praise of his uncle, the joy of the mother, and his own consciousness of having done a good action, made this the happiest day of Lawrence’s life.

LII.—PERSEVERANCE.

ELIZA COOK.

1. King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down,
In a lonely mood to think;
'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown,
But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,
To make his people glad ;
He had tried and tried, but could not succeed,
And so he became quite sad.

3. He flung himself to low despair,
As grieved as man could be ;
And after a while, as he pondered there,
“ I’ll give it up,” cried he.
4. Now just at the moment a spider dropped
With its silken cobweb clew,
And the king, in the midst of his thinking, stopped
To see what the spider would do.
5. ’Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine,
That how it would get to its cobweb home
King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up with strong endeavor ;
(But down it came with a slipping sprawl,
As near to the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, nor a second did stay,
To make the least complaint,
Till it fell still lower ; and there it lay
A little dizzy and faint.
8. Its head grew steady—again it went,
And traveled a half yard higher ;
’Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
And a road where its feet would tire.
9. Again it fell, and swung below ;
But up it quickly mounted,
’Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
Nine brave attempts were counted.

10. "Sure," said the king, "that foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb,
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
And tumbles every time."
 11. But up the insect went once more ;
Ah me ! 'tis an anxious minute ;
He's only a foot from his cobweb door ;
O, say, will he lose or win it ?
 12. Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
Higher and higher he got,
And a bold little run at the very last pinch
Put him into the wished-for spot.
 13. "Bravo, bravo !" the king cried out ;
"All honor to those who try ;
The spider up there defied despair ;
He conquered, and why should not I ?"
 14. And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
And gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more as he tried before,
And that time he did not fail.
 15. Pay goodly heed, all you who read,
And beware of saying, "I can't ;"
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To idleness, folly, and want.
-

LIII.—THE BROOK THAT RAN INTO THE SEA.

LUCY LARCOM.

1. "O little brook," the children said,
"The sea has waves enough ;
Why hurry down your mossy bed
To meet his welcome rough ?

2. "The Hudson or the Oregon
May help his tides to swell :
But when your few bright drops are gone,
What has he gained, pray tell?"
3. "I run for pleasure," said the brook,
Still running, running fast ;
"I love to see you bend and look,
As I go bubbling past.
4. "I love to feel the wild weeds dip ;
I love your fingers light,
That dimpling from my eddies drip,
Filled with my pebbles bright.
5. "My little life I dearly love,
Its shadow and its shine ;
And all sweet voices that above
Make melody with mine.
6. "But most I love the mighty voice
Which calls me, draws me so,
That every ripple lisps, 'Rejoice,'
As with a laugh I go.
7. "My drop of freshness to the sea
In music trickles on ;
Nor grander could my welcome be
Were I an Amazon.
8. "And if his moaning wave can feel
My sweetness near the shore,
E'en to his heart the thrill may steal :—
What could I wish for, more?
9. "The largest soul to take love in
Knows how to give love best ;
So peacefully my tinkling din
Dies on the great sea's breast.

10. "One heart encircles all that live,
And blesses great and small ;
And meet it is that each should give
His little to the All."
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LIV.—HOW THE CRICKETS BROUGHT GOOD FORTUNE.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

1. My friend Jacques went into a baker's shop one day to buy a little cake which he had fancied in passing. He intended it for a child whose appetite was gone, and who could be coaxed to eat only by amusing him. He thought that such a pretty loaf might tempt even the sick. While he waited for his change, a little boy six or eight years old, in poor but perfectly clean clothes, entered the baker's shop. "Ma'am," said he to the baker's wife, "mother sent me for a loaf of bread." The woman climbed upon the counter (this happened in a country town), took from the shelf of four-pound loaves the best one she could find, and put it into the arms of the little boy.

2. My friend Jacques then first observed the thin and thoughtful face of the little fellow. It contrasted strongly with the round, open countenance of the great loaf, of which he was taking the greatest care.

"Have you any money?" said the baker's wife.

The little boy's eyes grew sad.

3. "No ma'am," said he, hugging the loaf closer to his thin blouse; "but mother told me to say that she would come and speak to you about it to-morrow."

"Run along," said the good woman; "carry your bread home, child."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the poor little fellow.

4. My friend Jacques came forward for his money. He had put his purchase into his pocket, and was about to go, when he found the child with the big loaf, whom he had supposed to be half-way home, standing stock-still behind him.

"What are you doing there?" said the baker's wife to the

child, whom she also had thought to be fairly off. "Don't you like the bread?"

5. "O, yes, ma'am!" said the child.

"Well, then, carry it to your mother, my little friend. If you wait any longer, she will think you are playing by the way, and you will get a scolding."

The child did not seem to hear. Something else absorbed his attention.

6. The baker's wife went up to him, and gave him a friendly tap on the shoulder. "What are you thinking about?" said she.

"Ma'am," said the little boy, "what is it that sings?"

"There is no singing," said she.

"Yes," cried the little fellow. "Hear it! Queek, queek, queek, queek!"

7. My friend and the woman both listened, but they could hear nothing, unless it was the song of the crickets, frequent guests in bakers' houses.

"It is a little bird," said the dear little fellow, "or perhaps the bread sings when it bakes, as apples do."

8. "No, indeed, little goosey!" said the baker's wife; "those are crickets. They sing in the bakehouse because we are lighting the oven, and they like to see the fire."

"Crickets!" said the child; "are they really crickets?"

"Yes to be sure," said she. The child's face lighted up.

9. "Ma'am," said he, blushing at the boldness of his request, "I would like it very much if you would give me a cricket."

"A cricket!" said the baker's wife, smiling, "what in the world would you do with a cricket, my little friend? I would gladly give you all there are in the house, to get rid of them, they run about so."

10. "O ma'am, give me one, only one, if you please!" said the child, clasping his little thin hands under the big loaf. "They say that crickets bring good luck into houses; and perhaps if we had one at home, mother, who has so much trouble, wouldn't cry any more."

11. "Why does your poor mamma cry?" said my friend, who could no longer help joining in the conversation.

"On account of her bills, sir," said the little fellow. "Fa-

ther is dead, and mother works very hard, but she can not pay them all."

12. My friend took the child, and with him the great loaf, into his arms, and I really believe he kissed them both. Meanwhile, the baker's wife, who did not dare to touch a cricket herself, had gone into the bakehouse. She made her husband catch four, and put them into a box with holes in the cover, so that they might breathe. She gave the box to the child, who went away perfectly happy.

13. When he had gone, the baker's wife and my friend gave each other a good squeeze of the hand. "Poor little fellow," said they, both together. Then she took down her account book, and, finding the page where the mother's charges were written, made a great dash all down the page, and then wrote at the bottom, "Paid."

14. Meanwhile my friend, to lose no time, had put up in paper all the money in his pockets, where fortunately he had quite a sum that day, and had begged the good wife to send it at once to the mother of the little cricket boy, with her bill receipted, and a note, in which he told her she had a son who would one day be her joy and pride.

15. They gave it to a baker's boy with long legs, and told him to make haste. The child, with his big loaf, his four crickets, and his little short legs, could not run very fast, so that, when he reached home, he found his mother for the first time in many weeks with her eyes raised from her work, and a smile of peace and happiness upon her lips.

16. The boy believed that it was the arrival of his four little black things which had worked this miracle, and I do not think he was mistaken. Without the crickets, and his good little heart, would this happy change have taken place in his mother's fortune?

LV.—THE GOOD TIME COMING.

CHARLES MACKAY.

1. There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming ;
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray

Of the good time coming.
Cannon balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger;
We'll win the battle by its aid—
Wait a little longer.

2. There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming ;
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord,
In the good time coming.
Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger ;
The proper impulse has been given ;
Wait a little longer.
3. There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming ;
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger ;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake ;
Wait a little longer.
4. There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming ;
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger ;
And Charity shall trim her lamp ;
Wait a little longer.
5. There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming ;
The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate,
In the good time coming.

They shall use, and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger ;
The reformation has begun ;
Wait a little longer.

6. There's a good time coming, boys
A good time coming ;
Let us aid it all we can—
Every woman, every man—
The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger ;
'Twill be strong enough one day ;
Wait a little longer.

QUESTIONS.—Ought this piece to be read slowly or rapidly? What sort of pitch does it require? How much force? [Look back to the Directions and Explanations, p. 25 ; also compare this piece with the examples, p. 31.]

First Stanza.

What is meant by “the good time coming”? What is the meaning of the lines, “But earth shall glisten in the ray of the good time coming”? How do “cannon balls aid the truth”? How is “thought a weapon stronger”? What “battle” is to be won “by its aid”?

Second Stanza.

How shall “the pen supersede the sword”? What is meant by the line, “And Right, not Might, shall be the lord”? What is meant by “worth,” in the sixth line? By “birth,” in the same line? What is the meaning of the eighth line? Meaning of “impulse”?

Third Stanza.

What is meant in the third and fourth lines? Meaning of monster? iniquity? For what purpose do nations usually go to war?

Fourth Stanza.

What are "hateful rivalries of creed"? Meaning of rivalries? creed? How do these rivalries "make their martyrs bleed"? Meaning of the sixth line? of the eighth line

Fifth Stanza.

What is it to "be temperate"? What is the meaning of the sixth line? of the seventh line? What "reformation" is meant in the eighth line?

 LVI.—DAILY WORK.

CHARLES MACKAY.

1. Who lags from dread of daily work,
 And his appointed task would shirk,
 Commits a folly and a crime ;
 A soulless slave—
 A paltry knave—
 A clog upon the wheels of time.
 With work to do, and store of health
 The man's unworthy to be free,
 Who will not give,
 That he may live,
 His daily toil for daily fee.

2. No ! let us work ! We only ask
 Reward proportioned to our task ;
 We have no quarrel with the great—
 No feud with rank—
 With mill or bank—
 No envy of a lord's estate.
 If we can earn sufficient store
 To satisfy our daily need,
 And can retain,
 For age and pain,
 A fraction, we are rich indeed.

3. No dread of toil have we or ours ;
We know our worth, and weigh our powers ;
The more we work, the more we win :
Success to trade !
Success to spade !
And to the corn that's coming in !
And joy to him who, o'er his task,
Remembers toil is nature's plan
Who, working, thinks,
And never sinks
His independence as a MAN !
4. Who only asks for humblest wealth,
Enough for competence and health,
And leisure, when his work is done,
To read his book,
By chimney nook,
Or stroll at setting of the sun—
Who toils as every man should toil,
For fair reward, erect and free ;
These are the men—
The best of men—
These are the men *we* mean to be.
-

LVII.—LAST DAY.

GAIL HAMILTON.

1. Not the last day that ever will be, but the last day of school. What you call "examination day," that the little people of Applethorpe called "last day." And a great day it was,—committee in school, fathers and mothers, evergreens, best clothes, "speaking pieces," and rewards of merit. O, there was a great deal to be done ! so Jack and Gerty and Trip went over to where Parke and Huldah and Moses and Susan and Lina lived, to see about it. It was evening, and, though their house was nearly a mile away, Jack was as brave as a lion, and Gerty and Trip as fearless as cubs under his wing,—only cubs do not go under wings, I believe.

2. Trip had private ends in view in accompanying her brother and sister. She was extremely interested in "last day," but she did not care to hear their tiresome talk about ways and means. Nobody ever listened to her, or if they did, it was only to laugh; but Lina and she could go away and play by themselves. She would have liked to carry both her dolls. I may as well tell you that her dolls were just rag-babies.

3. Mary Maria, the elder, was a very well grown young woman, about as tall as your arm, and too heavy for Trip's arms; so Miss Mary Maria was forced to stay at home, although she had been arrayed for the visit in a cloak made of an old bonnet-lining, which garment Trip, who was of an aspiring as well as an ingenious mind, had dignified with the high-sounding appellation of "white-satin-saratoga-half-mantilla-belzerette"! The other was Charles Emilus, until Trip had a teacher whom she liked very much, and for whom she re-christened her son Emilus Alvah.

4. Trip loved both her children alike, especially Emilus Alvah. He was much smaller than Mary Maria, being only about a third as tall as your arm, and he had trunkfuls of clothes. He had a little yellow plush great-coat, with a cape and velvet collar, and a blue silk cap with a visor—do you call it?—as nice a cap as ever you saw. Gerty made those. Gerty did all the extra tailoring, and Trip did the plain sewing. She made him little pink trousers, with embroidered white muslin ones over them, and little silk jackets, for party wear, and she hem-stitched all his collars.

5. He had school clothes, and meeting clothes, and rainy-day clothes; indeed, he had clothes on the slightest provocation. All his trousers were plaited at the waist, and stitched down as nicely as if he had been a real boy; and he had pins stuck into him wherever buttons ought to be; because the heads, you know, looked just like buttons. As Trip's dolls led a very active life, they naturally wore out often and had to be renewed. It was no great matter, for their legs and arms were only pieces of cloth rolled up and sewed, and then fastened to a body full of bran or cotton-wool, with a string tied tightly around where the waist and the throat ought to be, and eyes, nose, and mouth inked into the face by Jack or Gerty.

6. Nevertheless, Trip was very fond of her young family, and undressed and put them to bed every night as regularly as she went to bed herself; therefore, when their faces grew hopelessly dirty, and their poor little bodies and limbs burst open beyond all possibility of repair, and she had to give them up and make new ones, she could not help celebrating their obsequies with a few secret tears. It does not seem to me that our young folks love their dolls half as much as these young folks did. But how long I am lingering over Trip's dolls! Pardon me! When people get into years they are apt to grow garrulous. Do you know what that means? Never mind.

7. So Trip took Emilus Alvah and a traveling-bag of his clothes over to Lina's, and they went into a little bedroom that opened out of the great kitchen where the others were, and enjoyed themselves and their play just as much as Trip expected, though she had one disappointment, for in the midst of their play Lina jumped up, shut the door cautiously, opened the lid of a big old wooden chest, and beckoned Trip to look. Trip ran to her, and Lina dug down nearly to the bottom, and unearthed a clean crash towel, which, being unfolded, displayed a pile of beautiful bulky, flaky mince turn-overs, of the shape and about the size of the half-moon in the sky.

8. Now if Trip *had* a weakness, it was for mince turn-overs. Besides being mince, they had so much crust, and these in particular were of such royal dimensions, that they quite turned her head. Not unnaturally she concluded that they were going to be set forth in her and Jack and Gerty's honor; but the minute-hand kept going, and the clock kept striking, and that one speedily dissolving view was the last she ever got of the mammoth turn-overs. However, she with the others had "refreshments" of baked apples and milk, which was a great deal better for them; though here again Trip was not in luck, for no sooner had she tasted her brimming bowl than she exclaimed in dismay, "O, it's new milk!"

9. "Yes; don't you like new milk?" asked Huldah's mother.

"Yes, ma'am," said Trip quickly, smothering her disrelish, and permitting her instinct of politeness to get the mastery over her instinct of truth; for she had a great dislike to

new milk, or "No I have n't either," she said to her conscience. "It is *warm* milk, not new milk, that I don't like ; so I didn't tell a lie." If you would not get into Trip's trouble, you must not speak out so quickly as Trip. Just say nothing as long as you can, and when you do speak, speak the truth.

10. As the result of their deliberations, the girls were all set to making roses out of pink tissue-paper, and the boys went down into the swamps and woods after evergreen, and the girls kept saying to Trip, "Don't touch this!" "Don't spoil that!" "Don't come here!"—so she betook herself cheerily to the swamps and the boys, and they cried, "Look out, Trip-hammer, you'll slump through!" when she immediately "slumped through;" and after she had scrambled upon thicker ice, and slipped down half a dozen times, somebody would call, "Trip-up, you'll fall if you don't mind."

11. By and by a very sad thing happened ; for Asel, high up on a tree after boughs, was too heavy for the branch he stood on, and down it came, bringing him with it. He did not break his leg, but he might as well while he was about it, for it doubled under him, and was sadly wrenched, so that he had to be carried home and keep his bed ; and Trip cried very hard, for she was very fond of Asel, as she was indeed of nearly every one who took the least notice of her, and if they took none it was all the same. But never went she into *that* swamp again as long as she lived.

12. And the old school-house was all festooned with ground-pine, and hung with hemlock and spruce, and gay with roses, and the children went to school in their best clothes for the "last day." Gerty and Trip had new muslin-delaine dresses, with little plaits on the waist, and little lace ruffles on the throat,—very fresh and pretty, though Trip's had had a narrow escape ; for when she went to the dressmaker's for her dress, her aunt called and asked her to take home a milk-can almost as large as she was herself. It was empty and light, but rather unwieldy for Trip ; so, to simplify matters, she just tucked her new dress into the milk-can and forgot all about it.

13. And next morning, when the milk went in, it did not rattle quite as much as usual, because Trip's new dress was soft ! But the dress was speedily taken out and well shaken,

and Trip well scolded, which she did not mind at all ; and when the dress was on, you never would have suspected it had passed the night in a milk-can, or taken a milk-bath in the morning. "And where's the harm?" said Jack ; "people have watered silks. Why should n't they have milked al-a-pack-ahs?" Stupid Jack, who called all sorts of girls' cloth "al-a-pack-ah," first misspelling the word and then mispronouncing it with great rapidity.

14. Also Gerty and Trip had beautiful black-silk aprons, made expressly for "last day" out of their grandmother's cape, as good as new, and new polka-boots, bought a fortnight before, which Trip had taken out of her drawer every day since and held up admiringly with one hand, while the other held a pair of nice little embroidered pantalets above them, thus feasting beforehand on the splendor that should be. When she was dressed, she asked Jack confidentially, did he think she looked as nice as Lina and Cicely and Meg and Olive would look, and Jack would like to see the fellow that could hoe their row with Trip and Gerty, sir! Whereat Trip laughed to the very bottom of her silly little heart, and trotted off to school well pleased.

LVIII.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

1. I have not space to tell you how brilliantly successful this last day proved to be,—how the committee and the parents poured in and filled the rooms, and crowded the large scholars into the low seats, and the little scholars into no seats at all ; how they read and spelled in loud shouts, and the louder they shouted the better every body was pleased ; what long "sums" they did on the blackboard, what heroic orations they uttered, what magnificent writing-books they showed, all gay with German text, and how the happy parents congratulated themselves and each other on having children so promising. But Trip had a special triumph which I must not fail to record.

2. To be sure she was in high spirits all day,—as who could help being with a new delaine dress and polka boots?

She answered every question which was asked her, read without any failure, and came off conqueror in a discussion with the head committee-man ; for when a class was reciting from some child's book of philosophy, he tried to puzzle them by asking which would weigh the most, a pound of lead or a pound of feathers ? Some said the lead, but Trip answered decidedly, "Both alike ;" and then all the company smiled, Trip was so little.

3. "And which would fall to the ground soonest, if you should let them drop ?"

"Both alike," said Trip again ; and then they smiled again.

"O no," said the committee-man ; "the feathers would float about and be a long while getting down."

"No they would n't," persisted Trip eagerly, "if they were tied up just as tight ;" and then every body laughed outright, the committee-man hardest of all, and Trip was quite frightened at having "spoken right out in meeting."

4. And after the committee were gone, and the master had made his farewell address and delivered his "rewards of merit," he called up little Trip and put into her hands two cents, which he said Mr. Church, a strange gentleman who had been present, had desired him to give her. And you can imagine how Jack and Gerty and Trip gloried in it, and how all the children crowded around after school to look at the cents as they lay hot and coppery in her eager little fist.

5. Then there was great stir and jollity in gathering up their goods and chattels for the three months vacation. Trip's treasures consisted of a lovely pasteboard horse which Eldred had given her,—Eldred and she were great friends. It had an extraordinarily long tail, and a hardly less wonderful head, and it stood on nothing in a very spirited manner. There was a busk which Nathan had made for her,—Nathan and she were intimate also. You don't know what a busk is ? Well, sometimes it is whalebone, and sometimes it isn't, and whatever it is, it is of no earthly use. This was one of the *isn'ts*, for it was made of white-wood polished, and with little figures pricked all over it.

6. There was a ball, India rubber, with a bright covering, which George gave her, for George and she were on the best of terms ; and a medal which Benjamin gave her

on this wise. He brought it to school one day and displayed it, black and bulging, with a bright pewter rim, a white log-cabin on one side, and a head of Harrison on the other. It went from hand to hand until it got to Trip. "Whose is it?" asked Olive, just coming in. Trip told her, and she immediately rushed to Benjamin to beg him to give it to her. "It is n't mine," said Benjamin carelessly, sticking his jack-knife into the desk.

7. Olive came back and reported, and just then the master came and school began; and little Trip pondered within herself what it could mean, and shrewdly guessed he meant to give it to her. So as soon as school was done she held it out to him with a beating heart, and he said "Tis n't mine, it's yours"; and Trip put it into her pocket and never told Olive. And now little Benny sleeps in the China Sea. If you wish to know why they befriended Trip in so knightly a fashion, I can tell you, I think it was because she would have been in an evil case if she had not been befriended.

8. It was because she was such a ridiculous little puss; because her adventurous and rebellious hair was always blowing about over her sunburnt little face; because she was always running into places where she had no business to be, and took snubbings so sweetly, never even knowing that she *was* snubbed; because she was perpetually tumbling down on her nose and making it bleed, and tumbling down on her forehead and bumping little black and yellow mounds all over it, and tumbling on the back of her head and being stunned, and pitching under the horses, and bruising her hands, and getting her wrists cut, and setting her clothes on fire,—in short, wherever there was any thing going on, especially if it was mischief or danger, therein was Trip sure to poke her pug nose in a manner most trying to Gerty, who acted as surgeon-general, and never had any peace except when Trip was sick, and had to stay at home from school a day. So you see it was very fortunate that the big boys turned their gentle side to her; for if they had been as merciless as she was to herself there is no knowing what would have become of her.

9. The children trooped home from school in military array, that is, an awkward squad, the girls chattering in lines six

abreast, and the boys circling and circulating about them, and calling out now and then, "Trip, what's in your hand?" "Who's got any money to lend?" "Trip, are n't you going to treat?" "Trip give us an oyster supper, there's a good girl." But Trip was not good girl enough for that. She clutched close her two cents, displayed them to her admiring parents, and then put them into her little pitcher, and kept them there till she took them out, and then she lost them.

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear,"
said Jack, in doubtful consolation.

LIX.—FATHER IS COMING.

MARY HOWITT.



1. The clock is on the stroke of six ;
The father's work is done ;
Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,
And put the kettle on ;
The wild night wind is blowing cold,
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

2. He is crossing o'er the wold apace,
He is stronger than the storm ;
He does not feel the cold, not he,
His heart it is so warm ;
For father's heart is stout and true
As ever human bosom knew.
3. He makes all toil, all hardship light ;
Would all men were the same !
So ready to be pleased, so kind,
So very slow to blame !
Folks need not be unkind, austere,
For love hath readier will than fear.
4. Nay, do not close the shutters, child ;
For far along the lane
The little window looks, and he
Can see it shining plain ;
I've heard him say he loves to mark
The cheerful firelight through the dark.
5. And we'll do all that father likes,
His wishes are so few ;
Would they were more ; that every hour
Some wish of his I knew ;
I am sure it makes a happy day,
When I can please him any way.
6. I know he's coming by this sign,
That baby's almost wild ;
See how he laughs and crows and stares,—
Heaven bless the merry child !
He's father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him.
7. Hark ! hark ! I hear his footsteps now,
He's through the garden gate ;
Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
And do not let him wait ;
Shout, baby shout ! and clap thy hands,
For father on the threshold stands.

LX.—KATY MUST WAIT.

ANNA M. WELLS.

1. Little Katy, good and fair,—
Rosy cheeks and yellow hair,
Yellow ringlets, soft and curly,
Waking in the morning early,
2. Waking at the dawn of day,
On her pillow as she lay,
Heard a robin, loud and clear,
Sing, the chamber window near.
3. Katy listened to the bird,
Did not stir nor speak a word,
Happy thus to hear him sing,
Thinking, now it would be spring,—
4. Thinking that there soon would be
Blossoms on the apple-tree,—
Smiling, that ere long she should
Hunt for violets in the wood.
5. Oh ! the winter had been long,
Without flowers and without song,
Without rambles in the grove,
Such as eager children love.
6. Spring was coming ! To begin it,
She would rise that very minute.
Off with night-gown, off with cap !
Hark ! She listens : tap, tap, tap !
7. Drop by drop the pattering rain
Pelts against the window-pane !
Katy shall not have her will ;
But the robin charms her still.

8. So by him her heart is stirred
That she does not speak a word,—
Does not speak a word, nor stir,
While the robin sings to her ;—
 9. Tells her how he came to bring
Earliest tidings of the spring ;
How the flowers will earlier blow,
For the rain that makes them grow ;
 10. How there will be pleasant days,
Sunshine following rain always.
Thus sings robin unto Kate,
“Trust me, Katy,—trust and wait.”
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LXI.—A LESSON IN POLITENESS.

ANONYMOUS.

Dr. Wisepate. Thaddy O'Keen. Robert.

Dr. Wisepate.—Plague on her ladyship's ugly cur!—it has broken three bottles of bark, that I had prepared myself for Lord Spleen. I wonder Lady Apes troubles me with it. But I understand it threw down her flower-pots and destroyed all her myrtles. I'd send it home this minute, but I'm unwilling to offend its mistress ; for, as she has a deal of money, and no relation, she may think proper to remember me in her will. (*Noise within.*) Eh ! what noise is that in the hall ?

(*Enter Thaddy O'Keen, wet and dirty, followed by Robert.*)

Thaddy O'Keen.—But I must and will, do you see. Very pretty indeed, keeping people standing in the hall, shivering and shaking with the wet and cold.

Robert.—The mischief's in you, I believe ; you order me about as if you were my master.

Dr. Wisepate.—Why, what's all this ? Who is this unmannerly fellow ?

T. O'Keen.—There ! your master says you are an unmannerly fellow.

Robert.—Sir, it's Lady Apes's servant: he has a letter, and says he won't deliver it into any one's hands but your honor's. Now, I warrant my master will teach you better behavior. (*Exit.*)

T. O'Keen.—Och, are you sure you are Dr. Wisepate?

Dr. Wisepate.—Sure! certainly I am.

T. O'Keen.—Och! plague on my hat, how wet it is! (*Shakes his hat about the room, &c.*)

Dr. Wisepate.—(*Lays his spectacles down, and rises from the table.*) Bless me! fellow, don't wet my room in that manner!

T. O'Keen.—Eh! Well!—Oh, I beg pardon—there's the letter; and since I must not dry my hat in the room—why, as you desire it, I will go down to the kitchen, and dry it and myself before the fire. (*Goes out.*)

Dr. Wisepate.—Here, you sir, come back. I will teach you better manners. (*Re-enter Thaddy O'Keen.*) Hark you, fellow—whom do you live with?

T. O'Keen.—Whom do I live with? why, with my mistress, to be sure, Lady Apes.

Dr. Wisepate.—And pray, sir, how long have you lived with her ladyship?

T. O'Keen.—How long? Ever since the first day she hired me.

Dr. Wisepate.—And has her ladyship taught you no better manners?

T. O'Keen.—Manners? she never taught me any, good or bad.

Dr. Wisepate.—Then, sir, I will; I'll show you how you should address a gentleman, when you enter a room. What's your name?

T. O'Keen.—Name?—why, it's Thaddy O'Keen, my jewel. (*Aside.*) What in wonder is he going to do with my name!

Dr. Wisepate.—Then, sir, you shall be Dr. Wisepate for a while, and I'll be Thaddy O'Keen, just to show you how you should enter a room, and deliver a letter.

T. O'Keen.—Eh! What? make a swap of ourselves! With all my heart. Here is my wet hat for you.

Dr. Wisepate.—There, sit down in my chair. (*Exit.*)

T. O'Keen.—Stop, stop, honey—by my shoul you can

never be Thaddy O'Keen without you have this little shilla-lah in your fist. There.

Dr. Wisepate.—Very well. Sit you down. (*Takes Thaddy's hat, &c., and goes out.*)

T. O'Keen. (Solus.)—Let me see; I never can be a doctor either, without some sort of a wig. Oh, here is one—and here is my spectacles, faith. On my conscience, I'm the thing! (*Puts on the wig awkwardly, and the spectacles; then sits in the doctor's chair. Dr. Wisepate knocks.*) Walk in, honey. (*Helps himself to chocolate and bread and butter.*)

(*Re-enter Dr. Wisepate, bowing.*)

Dr. Wisepate.—Please you honor. (*Aside.*) What assurance the fellow has!

T. O'Keen.—Speak out, young man, and don't be bashful. (*Eating, &c.*)

Dr. Wisepate.—Please your honor, my lady sends her respectful compliments—hopes your honor is well.

T. O'Keen.—Pretty well, pretty well, I thank you.

Dr. Wisepate. And has desired me to deliver your honor this letter.

T. O'Keen.—That letter—well, why don't you bring it to me? Pray, am I to rise from the table.

Dr. Wisepate. (Aside.)—So, he's acting my character with a vengeance. But I'll humor him. (*Gives the letter, bowing.*) There, your honor.

T. O'Keen. (Opens the letter and reads. “Sir—Since my dear Flora has given you so much uneasiness”—Och, by my shoul, that's no lie—“I beg leave to inform you that a gentleman shall call either to-day or to-morrow for her. If it should rain, I request the poor thing may have a”—what's this? C-o-a—coat!—coat, no—“coach. Yours.” Hem! Well—no answer's required, young man.

Dr. Wisepate. (Aside.)—His impudence has struck me almost dumb. No answer, your honor?

T. O'Keen.—No, my good fellow—but come here—let me look at you. Oh, you seem very wet. Why, it's you, I understand, who brought this troublesome cur a few days ago; you have been often backward and forward, but I could never see you till now. Halloo, Robert! Where's my lazy, good-for-nothing servant? Robert! (*Rings a bell.*)

Dr. Wisepate. (Aside.) What the deuce does he mean?
(*Enter Robert, who stares at them both.*)

Robert.—Eh! Did—did you call, sir? (*To Dr. Wisepate.*)

T. O'Keen.—Yes, sirrah! Take that poor fellow down to the kitchen; he's come upon a foolish errand this cold, wet day; so, do you see, give him something to eat and drink—as much as he likes—and bid my steward give him a guinea for his trouble.

Robert.—Eh!

T. O'Keen.—Thunder and ouns, fellow! must I put my words into my mouth, and take them out again, for you? Thaddy (*to the doctor*), my jewel, just give that block-head of mine a rap on his scone with your little bit of a switch, and I'll do as much for you another time.

Dr. Wisepate. (Aside.)—So, instead of my instructing the fellow, he has absolutely instructed me. Well, sir, you have convinced me what Dr. Wisepate should be, and now I suppose we are ourselves again.

T. O'Keen. (Rises.)—With all my heart, sir. Here's your honor's wig and spectacles, and now give me my comfortable hat and switch.

Dr. Wisepate.—And, Robert, obey the orders that my representative gave you.

Robert.—What! carry him down to the kitchen!

T. O'Keen.—No, young man, I shan't trouble you to carry me down; I'll carry myself down, and you shall see what a beautiful hand master O'Keen is at a knife and fork. (*Exit with Robert.*)

Dr. Wisepate. (Solus.)—Well, this fellow has some humor; indeed, he has fairly turned the tables upon me. I wish I could get him to give a dose of my prescribing to her ladyship's cats and dogs, for the foolish woman has absolutely bequeathed in her will an annual sum for the care of each, after her death. Oh, dear! dear! how much more to her credit would it be to consider the present exigencies of her country, and add to the number of voluntary contributions!

LXII.—SKATING.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1. And in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and, visible for many a mile,
The cottage-windows through the twilight blazed,
I heeded not the summons : happy time
It was indeed for all of us ; for me
It was a time of rapture ! Clear and loud
The village clock tolled six—I wheeled about,
Proud and exulting, like an untired horse
That cares not for his home.—All shod with steel
We hissed along the polished ice, in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,—
The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare.
2. So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle : with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud ;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron ; while the distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy, not unnoticed ; while the stars,
Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.
3. Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cut across the reflex of a star ;
Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain ; and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,

Stopped short ; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round :
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

LXIII.—HOW THE INDIAN CORN GROWS.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

1. The children came in from the field with their hands full of the soft, pale-green corn-silk. Annie had rolled hers into a bird's-nest, while Willie had dressed his little sister's hair with the long, damp tresses, until she seemed more like a mermaid, with pale blue eyes shining out between the locks of her sea-green hair, than like our own Alice.

2. They brought their treasures to the mother, who sat on the door-step of the farm-house, under the tall, old elm-tree that had been growing there ever since her mother was a child. She praised the beauty of the bird's nest, and kissed the little mermaiden to find if her lips tasted of salt water ; but then she said, " Don't break any more of the silk, dear children, else we shall have no ears of corn in the field,—none to roast before our picnic fires, and none to dry and pop at Christmas time next winter."

3. Now the children wondered at what their mother said, and begged that she would tell them how the silk could make the round, full kernels of corn. And this is the story that the mother told, while they all sat on the door-step under the old elm.

4. "When your father broke up the ground with his plow, and scattered in the seed-corn, the crows were watching from the old apple-tree ; and they came down to pick up the corn ; and indeed they did carry away a good deal ; but the days went by, the spring showers moistened the earth, and the sun shone, and so the seed-corn swelled, and, bursting open, thrust out two little hands, one reaching down to hold itself firmly in the earth, and one reaching up to the light and the air."

5. "The first was never very beautiful, but certainly quite useful; for, besides holding the corn firmly in its place, it drew up water and food for the whole plant; but the second spread out two long, slender green leaves, that waved with every breath of air, and seemed to rejoice in every ray of sunshine. Day by day it grew taller and taller, and by and by put out new streamers broader and stronger, until it stood higher than Willie's head; then, at the top, came a new kind of bud, quite different from those that folded the green streamers, and when that opened, it showed a nodding flower which swayed and bowed at the top of the stalk like the crown of the whole plant.

6. "And yet this was not the best that the corn plant could do,—for lower down, and partly hidden by the leaves, it had hung out a silken tassel of pale, sea-green color, like the hair of a little mermaid. Now, every silken thread was in truth a tiny tube, so fine that our eyes cannot see the bore of it.

7. "The nodding flower that grew so gayly up above there was day by day ripening a golden dust called pollen, and every grain of this pollen—and they were very small grains indeed—knew perfectly well that the silken threads were tubes; and they felt an irresistible desire to enter the shining passages and explore them to the very end; so one day, when the wind was tossing the whole blossoms this way and that, the pollen-grains danced out, and, sailing down on the soft breeze, each one crept in at the open door of a sea-green tube.

8. "Down they slid over the shining floors, and what was their delight to find, when they reached the end, that they had all along been expected, and for each one was a little room prepared, and sweet food for their nourishment; and from this time they had no desire to go away, but remained each in his own place, and grew every day stronger and larger and rounder, even as Baby in the cradle there, who has nothing to do but grow.

9. "Side by side were their cradles, one beyond another in beautiful straight rows; and as the pollen-grains grew daily larger, the cradles also grew for their accomodation, until at last they felt themselves really full of sweet, delicious

life ; and those who lived at the tops of the rows peeped out from the opening of the dry leaves which wrapped them all together, and saw a little boy with his father coming through the cornfield, while yet every thing was beaded with dew, and the sun was scarcely an hour high. The boy carried a basket, and the father broke from the corn-stalks the full, firm ears of sweet corn, and heaped the basket full."

10. "O Mother !" cried Willie, "that was father and I. Don't you remember how we used to go out last summer every morning before breakfast to bring in the corn? And we must have taken that very ear ; for I remember how the full kernels lay in straight rows, side by side, just as you have told."

11. Now Alice is breaking her threads of silk, and trying to see the tiny opening of the tube ; and Annie thinks she will look for the pollen-grains the very next time she goes to the cornfield.

LXIV.—THE SELF-DENYING BOY.

MARY E. ATKINSON.

1. "I wish I could go and skate, mother,
When the boys are all at play ;
I am weary of this tiresome work
On every holiday !
2. "When school is over, the other boys
Have nothing else to do
But to slide and skate on Crystal Pond ;
And I want to go there too.
3. "When Santa Claus hung up my skates
On the beautiful Christmas-tree,
He didn't know how little use
They could ever be to me !"
4. His trouble grieved his mother's heart :
"I am sorry, dear !" she said,
And stooped to kiss him, while her tears
Fell on his curly head.

5. He looked in her face, and murmuring changed
To sudden penitence,
And all his better self awoke
With his boyish love intense.
6. "Oh mother, mother ! I was wrong !
And now I have given you pain.
To help you is better than all their play ;
Why did I ever complain ?"
7. With eager hands he took his work,
And in tender ways he strove
To show her that all such pleasant sport
Was nothing to her love.
8. At length, when the rosy sunset flush
Had faded off from the snow,
And low in the west had died away
The lingering twilight glow,
9. "Look, darling !" the mother said, "what light
Burns yonder down by the mill ?"
"O 'tis a bonfire beside the pond,
And the boys are skating still.
10. "And, mother, now that the tubs are full
And both the cows are fed,
And faggots enough are cut, and all
The wood is in the shed,
11. "When I have done my sums, I'll go
And skate for a little while."
"Yes, go, my faithful boy !" she said,
And she kissed him with a smile.
12. With careful and thorough work and slow
He covered half his slate ;—
"And now I'm going, mother !" he said ;
"No matter if it is late."

13. Across the meadow and down the lane
He ran with eager feet,
When under the hedge he heard the sound
Of a little plaintive bleat.
14. "Why, here is one of Dame Locker's sheep,
Wandered away from the fold !
O dear ! I cannot leave it to die
Out in the dark and cold."
15. So he turned and took the bleating sheep
Home to its own warm shed,
Then down the path to the icy pond
With doubled haste he sped.
16. The merry skaters all had gone,
And the bonfire smoldered low ;
"No matter !" he cried, "I can see my way,
And across the pond I'll go !"
17. A flock of snow-birds went skimming past
Out of the old bare trees ;
"Haven't you gone to sleep," he said,
"You dear little chickadeedes ?"
18. He stooped to buckle his skates, when lo !
Up spoke a little bird :
"We need not mind this good little boy !"
Those were the words he heard.
19. And when he rose they were fairy men,
Laying their cloaks away—
A pile of little feathery cloaks,
Under the holly spray.
20. Quaint little men the fairies were,
With skates like the newest moon,
And up in the pines the pipers sat
Playing an elfin tune.

21. Two little fellows in green and gold,
With ladders upon their backs,
Went round and lit up the icicles,
Which flamed and burned like wax.
22. The king put on his diamond crown,
And took his scepter bright,
And, looking around the pond, he said,
“The ladies are late to-night.”
23. A troop of robin redbreasts flew
With a merry chatter down ;
Each threw aside her crimson vest,
And doffed her robe of brown.
24. Each stepped, a fairy lady bright,
Down on the glittering ice,
In satin dress and ornaments
Of many a strange device.
25. And one more fair than lilies rare
Came gliding up to the king ;—
“And who is this,” she asked, “who thus
Has joined our magic ring ?”
26. “’Tis the best of all the boys,” he said,
“Who was doing good all day,
And had no time till now to come
Out on the ice to play.”
27. “Ah, then he shall have the merriest night
That ever mortal knew,
For I love the little children well
That are patient, kind, and true.”
28. And the fairy lady kept her word ;—
There was never such good time known
As the brave boy had who went that night
To skate on the pond alone.

LXV.—THE INEQUALITIES OF FORTUNE.

GAIL HAMILTON.

1. This is an abstract subject, my little friends, if you look at it simply as a subject ; but the things which the words stand for are things which most of you have doubtless seen and felt, and, I fear, mourned and wondered over. At least I have known so many young people disturbed by the difference between their own lot and that of others, that I have thought a little talk about it might be useful to all our young folks.

2. In the first place, little friends, let us accept the facts as they are. The leg of an old bedstead is not so good to bat a ball with as a real bat, broad where the ball is to be hit, and narrow and slender where you are to take hold of it ; and if your well-shaped bat is also polished and carved and marked with your name in gay letters, why, it may not win you the game, but it is prettier to look at and easier to keep.

3. You, little girls, love to adorn yourselves with whimsical devices. You delight in stabbing your hair with long pins, whose great, round white heads your envious brothers tease you by calling eggs and cannon-balls. You fasten white beads around your necks, with red, white, and blue streamers fluttering behind you, “a large cloth-yerde and more.” All right, young people, stream away as much as you like. Your brothers will soon get tired of teasing you, and doubtless you can find something equally absurd to tease them about. Nothing is more harmless than beads and bows.

4. I regret that there are some little girls who can only look with wistful eyes at the fluttering ribbons of their friends, without hope of attaining any such delights themselves. Not that I think they would be more beautiful with them than without them,—but I like to see children have what they want when their wants are innocent. Here is a little boy who read the prospectus of the new magazine for young people and scarcely gave it a thought. He knew he could have it by saying a word ; his mother would be only too glad at the slightest symptom that he was developing a taste for reading.

5. Another boy lay awake nights, trying to think whether there could be any hope of his subscribing for it, and considers himself very happy in clubbing with three other boys, all taking it together. He does not mind that he gets it a week after it is out, and slightly battered at that. When a little girl who wears calico and walks to church is playing with a little girl who wears silk and rides in her carriage, and a third little girl comes by and invites the latter into her garden and says nothing to the former, the poor little girl in calico feels slighted and unhappy, and it is quite natural she should.

6. But, little friends, be comforted. You who see the fashions come and go, and are not able to follow them, you who cannot get "a quarter" just for the asking, you whose clothes are a little faded, and perhaps patched here and there, you who see the toys and the candies in the hands of other children and not in yours, you who live in the plain, small, and perhaps unattractive houses, let not your hearts be troubled.

There are many reasons why they need not be, some of which you can understand and some you cannot. I will begin with one that you cannot understand, and you must simply take my word for it.

7. You should not be troubled, because, although you may miss many good things, you can always have the best things. Character is of more consequence than clothes. If you are a gentle little girl, if you speak in soft, pleasant tones, if you are kindly in your acts and generous in your feelings towards all, whether they are dressed better or worse than you, if you are respectful to your elders, and especially to your parents, if you are truthful and obedient, and do not talk when there is company,—why, it is not of the smallest consequence whether you have a ribbon tied around your neck or not.

8. If you are a brave, honest, manly boy,—if you are polite to your mother, and take good care of your sisters,—if you scorn a meanness, and are not afraid to apologize when you have, in a passion, said or done a wrong thing,—then you may consider yourself extremely well off in the world, although you have no pony, and are rather bashful, and must work when other boys are at play, and your jacket is short-waisted.

9. Every good thing I have mentioned you may possess, whether you are rich or poor. If you have not these things, riches will do you no good,—and if you have them, poverty will do you no hurt. I mean, if a girl is rough in speech and coarse in manners, she will be disagreeable to all those whose good opinion is worth having, even though she wear a new hat every day with feathers floating all over it; and a well-bred boy will be liked and favored and helped on in the world, whether he wear broadcloth or blue overalls. This is not merely what the books say, but it is true in life.

10. Let me tell you a short story to illustrate another reason.

Two boys living next door to each other were playmates and friends. Henry's father was rich, and Robert's father was poor. Robert often used to wonder in his own mind why it was that Henry should have so many fine things and himself so few. When Henry rode by on his pony, Robert had hard work not to feel envious and unhappy. Time passed on, and Robert left his native city. He had been a good boy, and he became a good man and a learned man and a rich man. He drove his own horses, and lived in a handsome house, and associated with the best people.

11. One day he was walking along the beach during a short visit at home, and he met a man whom he half recollected, and who half recollected him. "Is this Henry?" "Is this Robert?" And very glad they were to see each other.

"And how goes the world with you?" asked Robert.

"Miserably enough," replied Henry, sadly. "I am a pauper!"

12. Robert was shocked, and hardly knew what to say, but Henry went on frankly: "You had nothing but your energies to rely on. You went abroad, and have made yourself a name and a fortune. I had plenty of money. My friends were unwilling to have me leave them. I had no genius to impel me from within, and no necessity to force me from without. I led an aimless, useless life. I fell into extravagance from sheer listlessness. I was too lazy to *rush* into any thing. I had barely sense enough left to see that my property was disappearing while there was yet a pittance remaining. Then I turned upon my steps, took care of the

rest, and am now subsisting upon it, with no hope in this life and but little interest in the next."

13. And yet, dear children, this boy gave apparently as fair promise as the other. And now I give you the second reason why you should not be over-much troubled if you are poor—that poverty seems to be favorable to the best mental and moral training of a vast majority of persons. Remember that this is not universally true. Many who are the sons and daughters of rich men are eminently fit for you to follow, by the grace of their manners, the wisdom of their minds, and the goodness of their hearts. The beauty of their daily life can not be surpassed. But I think you will find that a large majority of those who are eminent for their talents, their virtues, and their usefulness, were not born in costly houses, did not wear rich clothes in their childhood, and were not provided with numerous servants, elegant carriages, and expensive toys.

14. Let me tell you also another thing. Your standing in the world is not going to be affected by these things. You will be appreciated when you are grown up according to what you are, and not according to what you have. Does your schoolmate slight you now because you dress plainly and have little money to spend? He is a silly child for doing it, and you are a silly child for minding it; but we do not blame either of you a great deal, because we do not expect children to be very wise. But when you shall be grown up, the time for such things will have gone by. No gentleman or lady will slight you for not possessing those things which are not essential to a gentleman or lady, and it is impossible to be slighted by any one else. When you are grown up, we expect you to know this, and if you could find a little comfort in it now I should be very glad.

15. Above all things, my little friends, do not be envious. Be as willing to see good traits in your rich companions as in your poor ones. Because your schoolmate comes with a new dress every week, do not try to make out that she is proud. Because a boy has a pony, do not insist that he tells lies. Be just and generous towards rich and poor. Think the best you can of every one, make the most of every thing you do possess, enjoy the pretty things which your friends

have, even though you can not get them yourself, and you will be as happy and contented as if you owned all the silk-worms and ponies in the world.

LXVI.—THE BATTLE OF FORT DONELSON.

CHARLES C. COFFIN.

1. On Wednesday, the 12th of February, 1862, Paul found himself once more upon the road leading from Fort Henry to Fort Donelson, not now alone, but guiding an army of fifteen thousand men, with forty pieces of artillery. He was on horseback, and sat so well in the saddle that the cavalymen said he rode like an old trooper. He was in uniform, and wore straps on his shoulders, and was armed with a sword and a revolver. He rode in advance of all, looking sharply into the thickets and down the ravines, to see if there were any rebels in ambush.

2. The sharpshooters followed him. They wore gray jackets and skull-caps, and were armed with rifles and long hunting-knives. They were famous hunters, and could shoot a deer upon the run, or bring down a prairie-chicken upon the wing. They were tough, hearty, jolly, courageous, daring fellows. They were in good spirits, for the rebels had fled in dismay from Fort Henry when the gunboats sent their shells into the fort.

3. It was a hard march, for the roads were muddy, and they were obliged to wade through creeks, although it was midwinter. Paul noticed one brave fellow among them, whose feet were so sore that his steps were marked with blood, which oozed from a hole in the side of his shoe, and yet the man kept his place in the ranks.

4. "Let me carry your gun," said Paul, and so, taking it across his saddle, helped the soldier. "You ought to be in the hospital," said Paul.

"I can't stay behind if there is to be any fighting," said the soldier, thanking Paul for his kindness; and then, in a low tone, the soldier said to his comrade, "There ain't many officers like him who will help a fellow."

5. At sunset the army halted in the woods beside a brook.

Tents had been left behind, and the soldiers had no shelter from the wintry air. They cut down great trees and kindled huge fires. The farmers in that part of the country had large herds of pigs, which roamed the woods and lived on nuts. The soldiers had lived on salt meats for many months, and, notwithstanding orders had been issued against committing depredations, they were determined to have a good supper. Crack ! crack ! crack ! went their rifles. Some, instead of shooting, tried to catch, the pigs. There were exciting chases, and laughing scenes,—a dozen men after one pig, trying to seize him by the ears, or by the hind legs, or by the tail.

6. They had a charming time, sitting around the roaring fires, inhaling the savory odors of the steaks and spareribs broiling and roasting over the glowing coals on forked sticks, and of the coffee bubbling in their tin cups. The foot-sore sharpshooter whom Paul had helped on the march cooked a choice and tender piece, and presented it to Paul on a chip, for they had no plates. It was cooked so nicely that Paul thought he had never tasted a more delicious morsel.

In the morning they had an excellent breakfast, and then resumed the march, moving slowly and cautiously through the woods, but finding no enemy till they came in sight of Fort Donelson.

7. Paul had guided the army to the fort, but now he had other duties to perform. He was required to make a sketch of the ground around the fort, that General Grant might know where to form his lines,—on what hills to plant his cannon,—where to throw up breastworks for defence, should the rebels see fit to come out and attack him. Leaving his horse behind, Paul began his dangerous but important work on foot, that he might make an accurate map,—examining through his field-glass the breastworks of the rebels, counting their cannon, and beholding them hard at work. When night came he crept almost up to their lines. He was between the two armies,—a dangerous position, for the pickets on both sides were wide awake, and his own comrades might fire upon him before he could give the countersign. Although he stepped lightly, the sticks sometimes crackled beneath his feet.

8. "Halt! Who goes there?" shouted a rebel picket directly in front of him. It was so sudden, and he was so near, that Paul's hair stood on end. He darted behind a tree. Click! flash! bang! and a bullet came with a heavy *thug* into the tree. Bang! went another gun,—another,—and another; and the pickets all along the rebel lines, thinking that the Yankees were coming, blazed away at random. The Yankee pickets, thinking that the rebels were advancing, became uneasy and fired in return. Paul could hear the bullets spin through the air and strike into the trees. His first thought was to get back to his comrades as soon as possible; then he reflected that it would be dangerous to attempt it just then. The firing woke up all the sleepers in the two armies. The drums were beating the long roll, the bugles were sounding, and he could hear the rebel officers shouting to the men "Fall in! fall in!"

9. He laughed to think that the cracking of a stick had produced all this uproar. He wanted very much to join in the fun, and give the rebel picket who had fired at him a return shot, but his orders were not to fire even if fired upon, for General Grant was not ready for a battle, and so, while the rebels were reloading their guns, he glided noiselessly away. When he heard the bullets singing through the air, he thought that he certainly would be hit; but he calculated that, as he was less than six feet high and only eighteen inches across his shoulders, and as it was dark and the soldiers were firing at random, there was not one chance in a million of his being injured, and so through the night he went on with his reconnaissance along the lines, and completed the work assigned him.

LXVII.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

- * 1. In the morning he found General Grant in a little old farm-house, where he had established his head-quarters. He appeared to be pleased with the map which Paul made of the ground, and said to Major Cavender, who commanded the regiment of Missouri Artillery, "Place your guns on that hill, and be ready to open upon the fort." He issued orders to

Gen. McClelland to go round to the southwest side of the town ; to General Wallace, to hold the center of the line, west of the town ; and to General Smith, to be ready to storm the fort on the northwest side.

2. It was a beautiful morning. The air was mild, and the birds sang in the trees though it was midwinter. The sharpshooters ate their breakfast before sunrise, and began the battle by exchanging shots with the rebel pickets. Though Paul had been up all night, there was no time for rest. He was sent with orders to the artillery officers,—to Captain Taylor, Captain Dresser, and Captain Schwartz, telling them where to place their guns. As he rode over the hills and through the ravines, he passed the sharpshooters. Their rifles were cracking merrily. Among them was the soldier whom Paul had helped on the march. The soldier saluted him. Paul saw that he was not only foot-sore, but also sick.

3. "You are not fit to go into battle ; you ought to report to the surgeon," said Paul.

"I wouldn't miss of being in this scrimmage that we are going to have to-day for the best farm in Illinois," said the soldier.

Just then the rebel cannon opened, and the shells came crashing through the front. Major Cavender had wheeled his guns into position, and was sighting them. One of the shells struck at his feet, and ploughed a deep furrow in the ground. Another struck a poor fellow in the breast, whirled him into the air, spattering his blood upon those who stood around, killing him instantly.

4. As Paul beheld the quivering flesh, the sight filled him with horror, and made him sick at heart. Such might be his fate before the day was done. He thought of home,—of his mother, of Azalia, and of the dear friends far away. He thought also of God, and the hereafter ; but he remembered that he was in the keeping of his Heavenly Father. He was there to do his duty, and if he was to meet with death, he would meet it resolutely ; and so, regaining his composure, he rode calmly along the lines, acting as aid to General Grant, doing the duties assigned him.

5. The battle lasted through the day, but the fort was not taken. The gunboats which were to sail up the Cum-

berland River had not arrived, and the provisions which the troops brought from Fort Henry were nearly exhausted. The day which had been so bright and beautiful was succeeded by a dreary night. The wind blew from the northeast. A rain-storm set in, which changed to snow, and became one of the severest storms ever known in that section of the country. It was a terrible night for the wounded. They had no protection from the storm. Hundreds had fallen during the day.

6. Some were lying where they fell, close up under the rebel breastworks, amid the tangled thickets, the blood oozing from their wounds and staining the drifting snow. It was heart-rending to hear their wailings, and cries of distress, and calls for help. When morning came, many a brave soldier was frozen to the ground. When Paul saw the terrible suffering, he felt that he was willing to make any sacrifice to put a stop to such horrors. But then he remembered that Justice, Truth, and Righteousness are more valuable than human life, and that it is better to fight for them than to yield to injustice and wickedness.

7. But now the hearts of the soldiers were cheered with the news that the gunboats were coming. Paul looked down the river and saw a cloud of black smoke hanging over the forest, rising from their tall chimneys. Steamboats loaded with provisions came with the fleet. The soldiers swung their caps, and made the air ring with their lusty cheers.

8. What a magnificent sight it was when the gunboats steamed up the river and opened fire upon the fort, covering themselves with clouds of smoke and flame, and all of the guns in the fort replying! The storm had died away, the air was still, and the roar of the cannonade was like thunder. All along the lines the sharpshooter rifles were ringing. The soldiers crowded behind trees and logs and hillocks, lying on their faces, picking off the rebel gunners when they attempted to load their cannon. But the day passed and the fort was not taken. Saturday morning came, and the rebels, finding themselves short of provisions, instead of waiting to be attacked, came out from the fort at day-break, fifteen thousand strong, and made a sudden attack upon the Union army.

9. A great battle followed which lasted nearly all day. Thousands were killed and wounded. Paul was obliged to ride all over the field, carrying orders to the different generals, while the bullets fell like hailstones around him. Cannon-balls flew past him, shells exploded over his head, men fell near him, but he was unharmed. He saw with grief his comrades overpowered and driven back, and he could scarcely keep back the tears when he saw the rebels capture some of Captain Schwartz's guns. But when the infantry gave way and fled panic-stricken along the road towards Fort Henry, throwing away their muskets, his indignation was aroused.

10. "Stop! or I'll shoot you," he said, drawing his revolver.

"A'n't you ashamed of yourselves, you cowards?" shouted one brave soldier.

Paul looked round to see who it was, and discovered his friend the sharpshooter, who thus aided him in rallying the fugitives. Blood was dripping from his fingers. A ball had passed through one arm, but he had tied his handkerchief over the wound, and was on his way back to the lines to take part once more in the battle. Paul thanked the noble fellow for helping him, and then, with the aid of other officers, they rallied the fugitives till reinforcements came.

11. Onward came the rebels, flushed with success, and thinking to win a glorious victory: but they were cut down with shells and canister, and by the volleys of musketry which were poured upon them. It was with great satisfaction that Paul saw the shells tear through the rebel ranks; not that he liked to see men killed, but because he wanted Right to triumph over Wrong. Again and again the rebels marched up the hill, but were as often swept back by the terrible fire which burst from Captain Wood's, Captain Willard's, Captain Taylor's, and Captain Dresser's batteries.

12. The little brook which trickled through the ravine at the foot of the hill was red with the blood of the slain. It was a fearful sight. But the rebels at last gave up the attempt to drive the Union troops from the hill, and went back into the fort. Then in the afternoon there was a grand charge upon the rebel breastworks. With a wild hurrah they carried the

old flag across the ravine, and up the hill beyond, over fallen trees and through thick underbrush.

13. Men dropped from the ranks in scores, but on—on—on they went, driving the rebels, planting the stars and stripes on the works ; and though the rebel regiments in the fort rained solid shot and shell and grape and canister and musket-balls upon them, yet they held the ground through the long, weary, dreary winter night. When the dawn came, the dawn of Sunday, they saw a white flag flung out from the parapet of the fort, and they knew that the enemy had surrendered. What a cheer they gave ! They swung their hats, sang songs, and danced for joy. How beautifully the stars and stripes waved in the morning breeze ! How proudly they marched into the fort and into the town,—the drums beating, the bugles sounding, and the bands playing.

14. But how horrible the sight upon the field when the contest was over,—the dead, some cold and ghastly, others still warm with departing life, lying with their faces toward Heaven, smiling as if only asleep ! The ground was strewn with guns, knapsacks, and blood-stained garments ; the snow had changed to crimson. Many wounded were lying where they fell, some, whose lives were ebbing away, calmly waiting the coming of death.

15. As Paul walked over the field he came upon one lying with clasped hands and closed eyes, whose life-blood was running away from a ghastly wound in his breast. As Paul stopped to gaze a moment upon a countenance which seemed familiar, the soldier opened his eyes and smiled ; then Paul saw that it was the brave sharpshooter whom he had helped on the march, who, though sick, would not go into the hospital, and who, though wounded, would not leave the field, and who aided him in rallying the fugitives. He had fought gallantly through the battle, and received his death wound in the last grand charge.

16. "I am glad you have come, for I know that one who was kind enough to help a poor fellow on the march will be willing to do one thing more," said the soldier faintly.

"Certainly, what can I do for you?"

"Not much, only I would like to have you overhaul my knapsack for me."

Paul unstrapped the knapsack from the soldier's back, and opened it.

"There is a picture in there which I want to look at once more before I die. You will find it in my Bible."

Paul handed him the Bible.

17. "My mother gave it to me the day I left home to join the army. It was her last gift. I promised to read it every day, and I would like to have you write to her and tell her that I have kept my promise. Tell her that I have tried to do my duty to my country and to my God. I would like to live but am not afraid to die, and I am not sorry that I enlisted. Write to my sister. She is a sweet girl,—I can see her now,—a bright-eyed, light-hearted, joyous creature. O, how she will miss me! Tell her to plant a rose-bush in the garden and call it my rose, that little Eddie, when he grows up, may remember that his eldest brother died for his country. They live away up in Wisconsin."

18. He took a photograph from the Bible. It was the picture of a dark-haired, black-eyed, fair-featured girl. He gazed upon it till the tears rolled down his cheeks. He drew his brawny hand across his face and wiped them away, but the effort started the bright blood flowing in a fresher stream. "It is hard to part from her. She promised to be my wife when I came home from the war," he said, and touched it to his lips, then gazed again till his sight grew dim. He laid it with the Bible on his breast.

Paul wiped the cold sweat from the soldier's brow.

"God bless you," he whispered, and looked up and smiled. His eyes closed, and the slowly heaving heart stood still. He was gone into the land where the Faithful and True receive their just reward.

LXVIII.—A BALLAD OF THE WAR.

NANCY A. W. WAKEFIELD.

1. "My arm?" I lost it at Cedar Mountain;
Ah, little one, that was a dreadful fight,
For brave blood flowed like a summer fountain,
And the cannon roared till the fall of night.

Nay, nay, your question has done no harm, dear,
Though it woke for a moment a thrill of pain,
For whenever I look at my stump of an arm here,
I seem to be living that day again.

2. A cloud of sulphurous haze hung o'er us,
As prone we lay in the trampled mire ;
Shells burst above us, and right before us
A rebel battery belched forth fire.
All at once to the front our Colonel galloped,
His form through the smoke looking dim and large,
"You see that battery, boys," he shouted,
"We're ordered to take it. Ready! Charge!"
3. What a thrill I felt as the word was given ;
At once to his feet each soldier leapt,
One long, wild shout went up to heaven,
Then down on the foe like the wind we swept.
Each fought that day for his country's honor ;
We gained the edge of a slippery bank,
I drove from his post a rebel gunner,
And then—the rest is a perfect blank.
4. What need to tell of the days that followed,
Each dragging painfully, slowly by,
Till wearied out by my constant pleading,
They sent me home, as they thought to die.
My sire was dead, and my own loved mother
Was wasting away with toil and care,
I'd a little sister and feeble brother,
And I—I could be but a burden there.
5. And so this peddler's trunk I bought me,
Filled it with needles, pins, tape, and thread,
Housewives' stores, as my mother taught me,
And I sell them to win my daily bread.
When the frost on the fields lies still and hoary,
My way through the village streets I take,
My empty coat-sleeve tells its story,
And they're kind to me for the old flag's sake.

6. It was not regret that made me falter,
Nor sorrow that made my eye grow dim,
I offered all on my country's altar,
And she was pleased to accept a limb.
Maimed, but yet to regrets a stranger,
The thought that gives me the keenest pain
Is this,—were my country once more in danger
I never could fight in her ranks again.
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LXIX.—THE HOSPITAL NURSE.

CHARLES C. COFFIN.

1. As the weeks passed by, bringing no intelligence to New Hope that Paul was living,—when there was no longer a doubt of his death,—Father Surplice held a memorial service. It was on Sunday, and all the people were at church. Appropriate for the occasion were the words which he read from the New Testament, of the widow of Nain,—how, “as Jesus came nigh to the city, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow ; and when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said, ‘Weep not!’”

2. Consoling and comforting were his own words, which sank deep into the hearts of the stricken people ; and though the good man said “Weep not !” tears dropped from his own eyes, and fell upon the great Bible which lay open before him. It was a sad and solemn service. Though the heart of the mother was yearning for her son, yet she could say, “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord.”

3. Mrs. Parker still lived in the little old cottage. The neighbors were very kind, and she wanted for nothing, for Colonel Dare remembered his promise. Peaceful was her life. The birds sang cheerful songs ; sweet was the humming of the bees, fragrant the flowers in the garden, and steady the flowing of the river ; and as she listened to the waterfall, she thought of Paul as standing by the River of Life. How, then, could she mourn for him ? Yet she miss-

ed him. Sometimes she listened as if to hear his footsteps coming up the garden walk. Sometimes her eyes filled with tears, as her heart went out to the lonely battle-field where she thought him lying. O, if she could but behold him again,—clasp him in her arms,—and once more lay her hand upon his brow, and bless him with a mother's tenderest love!

4. But he was gone, and for him she could work no more. His comrades were bearing on the flag, upholding it on bloody fields, fighting as he fought, suffering as he suffered, needing help and comfort and cheer from those at home. There was work to be done for them; so, through the days she sat in the old kitchen, knitting and sewing for the soldiers, wishing that she had half a dozen hands instead of two, that she might help them more.

5. There was one who came to aid her every day,—Azalia, who, in the silence and seclusion of her chamber, had looked out upon the yellow harvest-fields where the farmers were gathering the first ripe ears of seed-corn, and had tried to still the wild commotion in her heart by remembering that it was just and right for the Lord of the harvest to gather his "choicest grains." Down on the lowlands by the river the nursery-men were selecting their fairest trees, and transplanting them in their orchards on the pleasant hills beyond the stream. Why, then, should she complain, if the kind Father had seen fit to do the same?

6. It was consoling to take from her bureau drawer, where her keepsakes were stored, the letters which Paul had written, undo the black ribbon which she had tied around the package, and read again and again that which she almost knew by heart. What manly words were there: "Life is worth nothing unless devoted to noble ends. I can see the millions yet to come beckoning me to do my duty for their sake. What answer can I give them if I falter?"

7. So read one of the letters. They were words which she could not forget. They were written from the trenches before Vicksburg, when the prospects of the country were dark and gloomy,—when craven men at home were crying, "Peace! Peace! Let us have peace at any price!" forgetting that there can be no reconciliation between right and wrong. Paul had sacrificed every thing—life itself—for the sake of

those who were to come after him,—for Truth and Justice.

8. She thought of him as asleep beneath the sod of the battle-field where he fell,—of all that was mortal lying there, but of his soul as having passed up into heaven, perhaps even then beholding her from the celestial sphere. “What answer can I give to those who come after me?” The question haunted her through the waning days and the lonely nights. What could she do? How listless her life! of how little account! How feeble, forceless, and narrow all her efforts! What sacrifice had she made? None. She had lived for herself alone. Was this all of life?

9. In the silent hours, when all around were hushed in slumber, her longing soul, with far-reaching sight, looked out upon the coming years, and beheld the opening prospect,—a country saved, a nation redeemed, justice and truth triumphant, and Peace, with her white wings, brooding over the land! This through sacrifice of blood, of strength, of ease, and comfort. To withhold the sacrifice was to lose all. To her the coming millions were beckoning as they had beckoned to him. With prayers of consecration she gave herself to the country,—to go wherever duty called, to labor, to endure hardship, and brave scenes which would wring out her heart’s blood,—to face disease and death itself, if need be, to hand down a priceless inheritance to the coming ages. ✕

10. “You will get sick, my child. You have not strength to be a nurse in the hospital,” said her mother, when Azalia told her that she must go and take care of the soldiers.

“I can not spare you, my daughter,” said her father, tenderly taking her in his arms, and kissing her ruby lips. She was his only child, and he loved her dearly. “I don’t think it is your duty to go; and how lonesome the house would be without my darling!”

11. And so, knowing that it was her duty to do whatever her parents wished, she tried to be content. But the days dragged wearily. She was ever thinking of the soldiers,—thinking through the days and through the nights, till the bright bloom faded from her cheek. Her heart was far away. Her life was incomplete,—she felt that it was running to waste.

Her father saw that his flower was fading. At last he said, "Go, my darling, and God be with you."

12. "I don't think that Judge Adams ought to let Azalia go into the hospital. It isn't a fit place for girls," said Miss Dobb, when she heard that Azalia was to be a nurse. But, giving no heed to Miss Dobb, with the blessing of her parents following her, she left her pleasant home, gave up all its ease and comfort, to minister to the sick and wounded, who had fought to save the country.



13. She went to Washington, and thence to the hospitals at Annapolis. It was hard work to stand all day by the side of the sick, bathing their fevered brows, moistening their parched lips, binding up their bleeding wounds. It was painful to look upon the quivering flesh, torn and mangled by cannon-shot. But she learned to bear it all,—to stand calmly by, waiting upon the surgeon while he ran

his sharp knife into the live flesh. It was a pleasure to aid him in his work.

14. Her step was light upon the floor ; soothing and tender the touch of her hand. There was no light so sweet and pure as that which beamed from her earnest eyes. The sick waited impatiently for her appearance in the morning, watched her footsteps during the day, thanked her for all she did, and said, "God bless you !" when she bade them good night. Men who were in the habit of uttering fearful oaths wept when she talked with them about their mothers ; she wrote their letters, and read to them the words of affection which came from home. She sang the songs they loved to hear. It was like wine to the weak.

15. The down-hearted took new courage, and those who were well enough to be hobbling about on crutches, who were telling stories of the battles, forgot what they were saying while listening to her voice. Her presence was noonday, her absence night. Once, when through long watching and patient waiting her strength gave way, and the fever raged in her own veins, it was touching to see their sorrow.

16. The loud-talking spoke in whispers, and walked noiselessly along the wards, for fear of increasing the pain which racked her aching head ; the sick ones, who missed the touch of her magic hand, and the sweet music of her voice, and the sunlight of her presence, whose fevers were raging because she was absent, when the physician went his rounds in the morning, at noon, and at night, inquired not about themselves, but her. When the fever passed, when she was well enough to walk through the wards, and hold for a moment the hands which were stretched out on every side, it was as if her very presence had power to heal.

17. How blessed her work !—to give life and strength ; to soothe pain, change sorrow to joy ; to sit beside the dying, and talk of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world ; to wipe the dampness of death from their brows, listen to their last words, and, when the spirit had flown, to close the sightless eyes, and cut from the pale brow a lock of hair for a fond mother far away, thinking ever of her dying boy.

So the months went by,—autumn to winter, winter to spring, spring to summer.

LXX.—THE MAY QUEEN.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

1. You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear ;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year ;
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day ;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.
2. There's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine ;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline ;
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say ;
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.
3. I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break :
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.
4. Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen :
For the shepherd lads on every side, 'll come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

5. The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass ;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the live-long day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.
6. All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'll merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.
7. So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year :
To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

8. If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year ;
It is the last New Year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mold, and think no more of me.
9. To-night I saw the sun set ; he set, and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind ;
And the New Year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

10. Last May we made a crown of flowers ; we had a merry day ;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May.
And we danced about the May-pole and in the hazel copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.
11. There's not a flower on all the hills ; the frost is on the pane ;
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again.
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high ;
I long to see a flower so, before the day I die.
12. When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,
You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night ;
When from the dry, dark wold the summer airs grow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.
13. You'll bury me, mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.
14. If I can, I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place ;
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face ;
Though I can not speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,
And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away.

15. Good-night, good-night. When I have said good-night
for evermore,
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the
door,
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing
green ;
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.
16. She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary floor ;
Let her take 'em ; they are hers ; I shall never garden
more ;
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rose-bush that
I set
About the parlour window and the box of mignonnette.
17. Good-night, sweet mother, call me before the day is born ;
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn ;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year,
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

THE CONCLUSION.

18. I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am ;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year !
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's
here.
19. O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that can
not rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that
blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.
20. It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed
sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay ; and yet, His will be
done !
But still I think it can't be long before I find release ;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words
of peace.

21. O blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair !
And blessings on his whole life long until he meet me
there !
O blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head !
A thousand times I blessed him as he knelt beside my
bed.
22. He taught me all the mercy, for he showed me all the sin.
Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's One will
let me in ;
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.
23. So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day,
But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am passed away.
24. O look ! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow ;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.
And there I move no longer now, and thus his light may
shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.
25. O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is
done
The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun—
Forever and forever with those just souls and true—
And what is life, that we should moan? why make we
such ado?
26. Forever and forever, all in a blessed home—
And then to wait a little while till you and Effie come—
To be within the light of God, as I lie upon your
breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are
at rest.

LXXI.—THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

FELICIA HEMANS.

1. They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee ;—
Their graves are severed, far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.
2. The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow ;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now ?
3. One, 'midst the forest of the west,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.
4. The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep ;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.
5. One sleeps where southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain ;
He wrapt his colors round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.
6. And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned ;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.
7. And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree ;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee !

8. They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth—
Alas! for love, if thou wert all,
And nought beyond, O earth!
-

LXXII.—A SONG FOR LITTLE MAY.

EMILY H. MILLER.

1. Have you heard the waters singing,
Little May?
Where the willows green are leaning
O'er their way—
Do you know how low and sweet,
O'er the pebbles at their feet,
Are the words the waves repeat,
Night and day?
2. Have you heard the robins singing,
Little one?
Where the rosy day is breaking—
When 'tis done,
Have you heard the wooing breeze,
In the blossomed orchard trees,
And the drowsy hum of bees,
In the sun?
3. All the earth is full of music,
Little May!
Bird, and bee, and water singing
On its way—
Let their silver voices fall
On thy heart with happy call,
"Praise the Lord! who loveth all,
Night and day."

LXXIII.—THE SAGACIOUS DOG.

HARRIET B. STOWE.

1. Aunt Esther's stories were not generally fairy tales, but stories about real things,—and oftener on her favorite subject of the habits of animals, and the different animals she had known, than about any thing else.

2. One of these was a famous Newfoundland dog, named Prince, which belonged to an uncle of hers in the country, and was, as we thought, a far more useful and faithful member of society than many of us youngsters. Prince used to be a grave, sedate dog, that considered himself put in trust of the farm, the house, the cattle, and all that was on the place. At night he slept before the kitchen door, which, like all other doors in the house in those innocent days, was left unlocked all night ; and if such a thing had ever happened as that a trumper or an improper person of any kind had even touched the latch of the door, Prince would have been up attending to him as master of ceremonies.

3. At early dawn, when the family began to stir, Prince was up and out to superintend the milking of the cows, after which he gathered them all together, and started out with them to pasture, padding steadily along behind, dashing out once in a while to reclaim some wanderer that thoughtlessly began to make her breakfast by the roadside, instead of saving her appetite for the pastures, as a properly behaved cow should.

4. Arrived at the pasture-lot, Prince would take down the bars with his teeth, drive in the cows, put up bars, and then soberly turn tail and pad off home, and carry the dinner-basket for the men to the "mowing-lot," or the potato-field, or wherever the labors of the day might be. There arrived, he was extremely useful to send on errands after any thing forgotten or missing : "Prince ! the rake is missing ; go to the barn and fetch it !" and away Prince would go, and come back with his head very high, and the long rake very judiciously balanced in his mouth.

5. One day a friend was wondering at the sagacity of the

dog, and his master thought he would show off his tricks in a still more original style ; and so, calling Prince to him, he said, " Go home and bring Puss to me ! "

Away bounded Prince towards the farm-house, and, looking about, found the younger of the two cats, fair Mistress Daisy, busy cleaning her white velvet in the summer sun. Prince took her gently up by the nape of her neck, and carried her, hanging head and heels together, to the fields, and laid her down at his master's feet.

6. " How's this, Prince ? " said the master ; " you didn't understand me. I said the cat, and this is the kitten. Go right back and bring the old cat."

Prince looked very much ashamed of his mistake, and turned away, with drooping ears and tail, and went back to the house.

The old cat was a venerable, somewhat portly old dame, and no small lift for Prince ; but he re-appeared with old Puss hanging from his jaws, and set her down, a little discomposed, but not a whit hurt, by her unexpected ride.

7. Sometimes, to try Prince's skill, his master would hide his gloves or riding-whip in some out-of-the-way corner, and when ready to start, would say, " Now, where have I left my gloves ? Prince, good fellow, run in, and find them ; " and Prince would dash into the house, and run hither and thither with his nose to every nook and corner of the room ; and, no matter how artfully they were hid, he would upset and tear his way to them. He would turn up the corners of the carpet, snuff about the bed, run his nose between the feather-bed and mattress, pry into the crack of a half-opened drawer, and show as much zeal and ingenuity as a policeman, and seldom could any thing be so hid as to baffle his perseverance.

8. Many people laugh at the idea of being careful of a dog's feelings, as if it were the height of absurdity ; and yet it is a fact that some dogs are as exquisitely sensitive to pain, shame, and mortification, as any human being. See, when a dog is spoken harshly to, what a universal droop seems to come over him. His head and ears sink, his tail drops and slinks between his legs, and his whole air seems to say, " I wish I could sink into the earth to hide myself."

9. Prince's young master, without knowing it, was the

means of inflicting a most terrible mortification on him at one time. It was very hot weather, and Prince, being a shaggy dog, lay panting, and lolling his tongue out, apparently suffering from the heat.

10. "I declare," said young master George, "I do believe Prince would be more comfortable for being sheared." And so forthwith he took him and began divesting him of his coat. Prince took it all very obediently ; but when he appeared without his usual attire, every one saluted him with roars of laughter, and Prince was dreadfully mortified. He broke away from his master, and scampered off home at a desperate pace, ran down cellar and disappeared from view. His young master was quite distressed that Prince took the matter so to heart ; he followed him in vain, calling, "Prince! Prince!" No Prince appeared.

11. He lighted a candle and searched the cellar, and found the poor creature cowering away in the darkest nook under the stairs. Prince was not to be comforted ; he slunk deeper and deeper into the darkness, and crouched on the ground when he saw his master, and for a long time refused even to take food. The family all visited and condoled with him, and finally his sorrows were somewhat abated ; but he would not be persuaded to leave the cellar for nearly a week. Perhaps by that time he indulged the hope that his hair was beginning to grow again, and all were careful not to destroy the illusion by any jests or comments on his appearance.

LXXIV.—AN OLD LEGEND.

ROSE TERRY.

1. The snow came falling fast and fair
Down through the wintry night ;
The Christmas lights shone every where,
The city streets were bright ;
And loud the sweet cathedral bells
Chimed praises and delight.
2. But out amid the falling snow,
Forsaken and alone,
A little child went wandering slow

And making piteous moan ;
For his father and his mother dear
Up into heaven were gone.

3. He saw the fruitful Christmas-trees
Spread out their gracious boughs ;
He saw between the curtains red
The children's shining brows,
And the little Christ-child sitting high
To hear their thankful vows.
4. Then loud he cried, and sobbed full sore,
No mother dear had he
To fill his apron from her store,
And take him on her knee.
He cried till a rich woman heard,
And came outside to see.
5. "O lady! give me fire and food,
I am so starved and cold,
Please do the little orphan good,
For God has sent you gold."
But she said, "Begone, thou beggar boy!
My house no more can hold."
6. She shut him out into the night,
And went among her own ;
She sat upon a cushion bright,
He on the stepping-stone,
And his tears made little drops of ice
As he sat there alone.
7. But down the wide and snowy street
He saw another child,
With silver sandals on his feet,
Float through the tempest wild,
His snow-white garments shining fair,
As if a sunbeam smiled.
8. Right onward to the orphan lad
Down the wide street he came,
And in a voice full sweet and glad

He called him by his name ;
And the little weary child grew warm,
Forgetting pain and shame.

9. "Thou hast no home, thou little one,
But thou shalt go with me ;
I saw thee sitting all alone,
And I came after thee.
Now look up to the heavens above,
Behold thy Christmas-tree !"
10. The boy looked up to heaven above,
His tears forgot to flow ;
For the Christ-child with his looks of love
Had charmed away the snow,
And on a tree all set with stars
Angels went to and fro.
11. "Come up ! come up, thou little boy !
Come up to heaven on high !
Thy Christmas-tide shall dawn in joy."
He clasped him lovingly,
And the Christ-child and the orphan lad
Kept Christmas in the sky.
-

LXXV.—PRAYER.

LUELLA CLARK.

1. In the early hour of dawning,
Ere the sunshine gilds the pane,
While the first red rays of morning
Light the mountain and the plain ;
Ere the tasks of day begin,
When you wake from quiet sleep,
Ere you feel the touch of sin,
Pray the Lord your soul to keep.
2. In the busy noontide hour,
In the noise and dust and heat,
When the threat'ning storm-clouds lower,
One can hold your faltering feet ;

One hand still can lead you on,
 Though your way be rough and steep :
 Ere your strength and hope are gone,
 Pray the Lord your soul to keep.

3. When at last the day is done,
 When the hindering shadows fall,
 When the silent night comes on,
 With its blessed homeward call ;
 When your cares are all forgot,
 Ere you close your eyes in sleep,
 Look to him who slumbers not—
 Pray the Lord your soul to keep.
-

LXXVI.—ONE BY ONE.

ANONYMOUS.

1. One by one the sands are flowing,
 One by one the moments fall ;
 Some are coming, some are going ;
 Do not strive to catch them all.
2. One by one thy duties wait thee ;
 Let thy whole strength go to each ;
 Let no future dreams elate thee ;
 Learn thou first what these can teach.
3. One by one, (bright gifts from heaven,)
 Joys are sent thee here below ;
 Take them readily when given,—
 Ready, too, to let them go.
4. One by one thy griefs shall meet thee ;
 Do not fear an armed band ;
 One will fade as others greet thee,—
 Shadows passing through the land.
5. Do not laugh at life's long sorrow ;
 See how small each moment's pain :
 God will help thee for to-morrow ;
 Every day begin again.

6. Every hour, that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear ;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.
7. Hours are golden links—God's token
Reaching heaven ; but one by one,
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere thy pilgrimage be done.

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LXXVII.—SUMMER RAIN.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

1. Men begin to look at the signs of weather. It is long since much rain fell. The ground is a little dry, the road is a good deal dusty. The garden bakes. Transplanted trees are thirsty. Wheels are shrinking and tires are looking dangerous. Men speculate on the clouds ; they begin to calculate how long it will be, if no rain falls, before the potatoes will suffer ; the oats, the corn, the grass,—every thing ! To be sure, nothing is yet suffering ; but then ——

2. Rain, rain, rain ! All day, all night steady raining. Will it never stop ? The hay is out, and spoiling. The rain washes the garden. The ground is full. All things have drunk their fill. The springs revive, the meadows are wet ; the rivers run discolored with soil from every hill. Smoking cattle reek under the sheds. Hens, and fowl in general, shelter and plume. The sky is leaden. The clouds are full yet. The long fleece covers the mountains. The hills are capped in white. The air is full of moisture.

3. Rain, rain, rain ! The wind roars down the chimney. The birds are silent. No insects chirp. Closets smell moldy. The barometer is dogged. We thump it, but it will not get up. It seems to have an understanding with the weather. The trees drip, shoes are muddy, carriage and wagon are splashed with dirt. Paths are soft. So it is. When it is clear we want rain, and when it rains we wish it would shine. But, after all, how lucky for grumblers that they are not allowed to meddle with the weather, and that it

is put above their reach ! What a scrambling, selfish, mischief-making time we should have, if men undertook to parcel out the seasons and the weather according to their several humors or interests !

4. But if one will but look for enjoyment, how much there is in every change of weather. The formation of clouds,—the various signs and signals, the uncertain wheeling and marching of the fleecy cohorts, the shades of light and gray in the broken heavens,—all have their pleasure to an observant eye. Then come the wind-gust, the distant, dark cloud, the occasional fiery streak shot down through it, the run and hurry of men whose work may suffer !

5. Indeed, sir, your humble servant, even, was stirred up on the day after "*Fourth of July*." The grass in the old orchard was not my best. Indeed, we grumbled at it considerably while it was yet standing. But being *cut* and the rain threatening it, one would have thought it gold, by the nimble way in which we tried to save it !

6. Blessed be horse-rakes ! Once half a dozen men, with half a dozen rakes, would have gone whisking up and down, thrusting out and pulling in the long-handled rake, with slow and laborious process. But no more of that. See friend Turner, mounted on the wheeled horse-rake, riding about as if for pleasure. Up go the steel teeth and drop their collected load, down go his feet, and the teeth are at work again ; and at every ten or fifteen feet, the windrow forms. It is easy times when *men* ride and *horses* rake ! No more hand-rakes, and no more *revolving* horse-rakes !

7. Meanwhile, the clouds come bowling noiselessly through the air, and spit here and there a drop preliminary. But the hay is cocked, the sides dressed down, and all is ready—except the *hay-covers* ! Alas for our negligence ! The manufacturers had offered to send us some for trial, and we had forgotten to say, "Send them along !" And now, with our hay out and the rain coming, we mourned our carelessness. With good hay-covers, our two dozen little hay-cocks would have been as snug as if in the barn.

8. Well, if one thing suffers, another gains ! See how the leaves are washed, the grass drinks, corn drinks, the garden drinks, every thing drinks. It's our opinion that every thing

except man is laughing and rejoicing. Trees shake their leaves with a softer sound. Rocks look moist and soft, at least where the moss grows. Even the solitary old pine-tree chords his harp, and sings soft and low melodies with plaintive undulations !

9. A good summer storm is a rain of riches. If gold and silver rattled down from the clouds, they would hardly enrich the land so much as soft, long rains. Every drop is silver going to the mint. The roots are machinery, and catching the willing drops, they assay them, refine them, roll them, stamp them, and turn them out coined berries, apples, grains, and grasses ! When the heavens send clouds, and they bank up the horizon, be sure they have hidden gold in them.

10. All the mountains of California are not so rich as are the soft mines of Heaven, that send down treasures upon man without tasking him, and pour riches upon his field without spade or pickax,—without his search or notice. Well, let it rain, then ! No matter if the journey is delayed, the picnic spoiled, the visit adjourned. Blessed be rain—and rain in summer ! And blessed be He who watereth the earth, and enricheth it for man and beast !

LXXVIII.—A STORY OF AN APPLE-TREE.

ANNA M. WELLS.

1. In an orchard old and shady,
Once a little tree was born :
Very slow at first its growth was,
Scarcely taller than the corn.
2. But, at length, the changing seasons,
Moistened earth, and sunny sky
Nourished so the growing sapling,
That it branched out, broad and high.
3. One gay morning in the spring-time,
Little buds, green, pink, and white,
From the tender twigs outreaching,
Softly opened to the light.

4. Two or three warm days of sunshine,
Two or three baptizing showers,
And the buds burst forth in blossoms
Fair and sweet as summer flowers.
5. Each white blossom, rosy-tinted,
Sat within a cup of green,
Rising whence, like fairy torches,
Golden stamens stood between.
6. 'Mid the petals madly plunging,
With a fierce and noisy glee,
Eager for the hoarded honey,
Buzzed all day the toiling bee.
7. Girls and boys bent down the branches,
Passing in the morning cool,
Taking nosegays thence to cheer them
Through the lengthened hours of school.
8. On the boughs the white hen roosted,
There the red-tailed cock was seen,
With their canopies above them,
Like a monarch and his queen.
9. Breezes came and kissed the blossoms,
Pleased their playfellows to be ;
But, at last, too rudely sportive,
Shook them, tore them from the tree.
10. Falling thus, all widely scattered,
There a carpet soft they made,
Heaps on heaps of velvet petals
Woven in with light and shade.
11. Still the sturdy cups that held them
Kept their places on the stem,
And within their clasping bosoms
Bore they each a precious gem.

12. Pushing upward, warm and eager,
Now scarce larger than a pea,
Strove young apples, hard and bitter,
Ripened in the sun to be.
13. Hard and hairy! Will such atoms
Ever reach to size and strength?
Will the apple-robe of beauty
Wrap their meagre forms at length?
14. All the days of June delightful,
When the damask roses grew,
'Mid thick leaves concealed, the apples
Silently were growing too.
15. And the Robin redbreast saw them
As she sat within her nest,
Patient, motionless, and watchful,
With the eggs beneath her breast.
16. Larger, larger, all through July
Robin saw them; but before
August came, came forth her young ones
And she watched the fruit no more.
17. Robin said, "Of course my children
I must nourish; yet I'm loath
To abandon those young apples,—
Hope it will not stop their growth."
18. All the apples laughed to hear her:
Larger grew they every day,
Swelling in the glow of summer,
Ripening in the noontide ray.
19. Like the streaks upon the tulip,
Purple gleams across them spread,
Or they yellowed in the sunlight,
Or they blushed a rosy red.

20. And the people at the farm-house,
When October days had come,
Joyful, brought and filled their baskets,
Bore the fragrant apples home.
21. Now the tree, her look so lively,
Look so fresh, had ceased to wear ;
Bird and bee had left her,—only
Robin's empty nest was there.
22. Hour by hour the leaves were dropping,
And among the boughs, forlorn,
Autumn wind came sighing, sobbing,
Till the last brown leaf was born.
23. White-winged hen and kingly rooster
Soon the failing tree forsook,—
In the barn, on beam or rafter,
More at ease their slumber took.
24. Bravely stood the tree and cheery,
Though so gray and leafless grown ;
Hopeful still, but very lonely,—
Ev'n the empty nest blown down.
25. When the winter snow-drifts covered
All the landscape, high and low,
Tippets white she wrapped about her,
Graceful tippets of the snow.
26. March ! And now the frozen rain-drops
Glittering hung from all her stems,
And she stood in jewels blazing,
Decked from top to toe in gems.
27. Then, at last, with soft embraces
Spring returned. Without pursuit
Came the young buds, came the blossom,
Came the foliage, came the fruit.

28. Bravely should we meet our troubles,
Patient, whatsoe'er they bring,
For the dear God sends the winter
Only to restore the spring.
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LXXIX.—HELPING FATHER.

WILLIAM L. WILLIAMS.

1. "Money does not last long now-a-days, Clarissa," said Mr. Andrews to his wife one evening. "It is only a week since I received my month's salary, and now I have but little more than half of it left. I bought a cord of pine wood to-day, and to-morrow I must pay for that suit of clothes which Daniel had; that will be fifteen dollars more."

2. "And Daniel will need a pair of new shoes in a day or two; those he wears now are all ripped, and hardly fit to wear," said Mrs. Andrews.

"How fast he wears out shoes! It seems hardly a fortnight since I bought the last shoes for him," said the father.

"O, well! But then he enjoys running about so much that I can not check his pleasure as long as it is harmless. I am sure you would feel sorry to see the little shoes last longer from not being used so much," answered the affectionate mother.

3. Daniel, during this conversation, was sitting on the floor in a corner with his kitten, trying to teach her to stand upon her hind legs. He was apparently much occupied with his efforts, but he heard all that his father and mother had said. Pretty soon he arose, and, going to his father, climbed upon his knee and said, "Papa, do I cost you a good deal of money?"

4. Now, Mr. Andrews was book-keeper for a manufacturing company, and his salary was hardly sufficient for him to live comfortably at the rate every thing was selling, owing to the Rebellion. He had nothing to spare for superfluities, and his chief enjoyment was being at home with his wife and boy, his books and pictures. Daniel's question was a queer one, but his father replied as correctly as he could.

5. "Whatever money you may cost me, my son, I do not regret it, for I know that it adds to your comfort and enjoyment. To be sure, your papa does not have a great deal of money, but he would be poor indeed without his little Daniel."

6. "How much will my new suit of clothes cost?" asked Daniel.

"Fifteen dollars," was the reply.

"And how much for my shoes?"

"Two dollars more, perhaps," said his father.

"That will make seventeen dollars. I wish I could work and earn some money for you, father," said Daniel.

"O, well, my son, don't think about that now. If you are a good boy and study well at school, that will repay me amply," said Mr. Andrews.

7. Daniel said no more, but he determined to try and see if he could not help to pay for the clothes his father was so kind as to buy him. An opportunity soon occurred. That very afternoon the load of wood which his father bought came, and was thrown off close to the cellar door. It was Wednesday, and there was no school.

"Now I can save father some money," thought Daniel; and he ran into the house to ask his mother if he could put the wood into the cellar.

8. "I am afraid it is too heavy work for you, my son," said his mother.

"I think I can do it, mother. The wood lies close to the cellar door, and all I shall have to do is to pitch it right down," replied Daniel.

"Very well, you may try it; but if you find it too hard you must give it up, and let Tim Rooney put it in," said his mother.

9. Daniel danced away, and went first to the cellar, when he unhooked the trapdoor and opened it, and climbed out into the yard where the sticks of wood lay in a great heap. At first it was good fun to send the sticks clattering one on top of the other down into the cellar, but pretty soon it grew tedious, and Daniel began to think that he had rather do something else. Just then George Flyson came into the yard and asked Daniel if he wasn't going to fish for smelts that day.

10. "I guess not. This wood must go in, and then it will be too late to go so far this afternoon," replied Daniel.

"O, let the wood slide! We have got some round at our house that ought to go in, but I shan't do it. Father may hire a man to do such work. Come, old Rooney will be glad of that job," said George.

11. "No, I am going to do this before any thing else," said Daniel, as he picked up a big stick and sent it scooting down the cellar-way.

"Did your old man make you do it?" asked Flyson.

"Who?" queried Daniel, so sharply that the boy saw his error, and corrected his form of question.

"Did your father make you do this job?"

12. "No; he does not know I am doing it; and, by the way, George Flyson, don't you call my father 'old man.' If you don't know any better than to treat your father disrespectfully, you shan't treat mine so," answered Daniel.

"Ho! Seems to me you are getting mighty pious all of a sudden. Guess I'll have to be going. I'm not good enough for you,"—and, with a sneering look, George went off.

13. The woodpile down cellar grew larger, until the woodpile in the yard was all gone, then Daniel shut down the trap-door, ran into the house and brushed his clothes, and started out to find his playmates and have a game of base-ball. He felt very happy, for he had earned something for a kind father who was always earning something for him; and the thoughts of this much pleased him. He felt happier still when his father came home to supper, and said while at the table, "My wood did not come, did it, mother? I told the man to send it up this afternoon, certainly." Mr. Andrews always called his wife "mother."

14. "O, yes, the wood came, I saw the team back into the yard," replied Mrs. Andrews.

"Then Rooney must have put it in. I suppose he will charge fifty or seventy-five cents for doing it," said Mr. Andrews.

"I think a boy put it in," said his wife.

"What boy?"

"O, a smart little fellow that plays around here a good deal. He wanted the job, and so I let him do it," said Mrs. Andrews.

15. "Some little chap that wanted some pocket-money, I suppose. Whose boy was it?" said Mr. Andrews.

"There he is ; he will tell you about it,"—and Mrs. Andrews pointed to Daniel, who was enjoying the fun quietly. And now he was pleased indeed to hear how gratified his father was at finding his little boy so industrious and thoughtful. It repaid him amply for not going smelt-fishing.

16. It was not long after this that the bleak winds of November began to blow ; the leaves of the trees fell lifeless to the earth ; and every thing prepared to put on the ermine garb of winter. One evening when Daniel went to bed he put aside his curtain, and looked out into the street. He was surprised to find it white with snow. Silently and gently, one by one, the tiny flakes had fallen, until hillside and valley, street and housetop, were covered with the spotless snow.

17. "I wonder how deep it will be by morning. Perhaps there will be enough for sleighing. Old Rooney will be round to clear off the sidewalk and platforms. I must get ahead of him this winter, and save father some more money," and Daniel got into bed as quick as he could, so that he should awake early in the morning.

When Mr. Andrews awoke the next day, he heard the scraping of a shovel on the sidewalk, and said to his wife, "Tim has got along early this morning. These snow-storms are profitable to him. Last winter I guess I paid him five or six dollars for shoveling snow."

18. When he got up, however, and looked out of the window, he was not a little astonished to see Daniel shoveling off the sidewalk, his cheeks all aglow with the healthy exercise.

"See that boy, mother," said he to his wife, "he has cleared the walk off nicely. What a good little fellow he is. When Christmas comes we must reward him for all this."

19. And so Daniel went on according to this beginning. He cleared the snow off after every storm ; in the spring-time he put the garden and yard all in order, and did a great many things which his father had always paid a man for doing. And he had plenty of time to play besides, and then he enjoyed his play better, because there is always a satisfaction in

doing good, which lends a charm to every thing that we undertake.

20. One day, about a year after the day that Daniel had put in the first load of wood, his father said to him, "My son, I have kept a memorandum of the work which you have done for me the past year, and I find, that, allowing you what I should have paid Tim Rooney or any other person, I owe you to-day forty-two dollars and sixty cents."

21. "So much as that, father? Why, I did not know that I could earn so much all myself, and I did not work very hard either," said Daniel.

"Some of it was pretty hard work for a little boy that likes to play," replied his father, "but you did it well, and now I am ready to pay you."

"Pay me? What! the real money right in my hands?"

22. "Yes, the real money," and Mr. Andrews placed a roll of "greenbacks" in his little son's hands.

Daniel looked at it for a few minutes, and then said, "I'll tell you what to do with this money for me, papa."

"What, my son?"

"Buy my clothes with it for the next year," said Daniel. And Mr. Andrews did so.

LXXX.—SPEAK GENTLY TO THE ERRING.

ANONYMOUS.

1. Speak gently to the erring—
 Ye know not of the power
 With which the dark temptation came,
 In some unguarded hour ;
 Ye may not know how earnestly
 They struggled, or how well,
 Until the hour of weakness came,
 And sadly thus they fell.
2. Speak gently to the erring—
 Oh do not thou forget,
 However darkly stained by sin,
 He is thy brother yet—

Heir of the self-same heritage,
 Child of the self-same God,
 He hath but stumbled in the path
 Thou hast in weakness trod.

3. Speak gently to the erring—
 For is it not enough
 That innocence and peace are gone,
 Without thy censure rough?
 It surely is a weary lot,
 That sin-crushed heart to bear,
 And they who share a happier fate,
 Their chidings well may spare.

4. Speak kindly to the erring—
 Thou yet may'st lead him back,
 With holy words and tones of love,
 From misery's thorny track.
 Forget not thou hast often sinned,
 And sinful yet may be :
 Deal kindly with the erring one,
 As God has dealt with thee.

LXXXI.—THE GOLDEN STAIR.

W. D. SMITH.

1. Put away the little playthings
 That the darling used to wear,
 She will need them on earth never,—
 She has climbed the golden stair ;
 She is with the happy angels,
 And I long for her sweet kiss,
 Where her little feet are waiting
 In the realm of perfect bliss.

2. Lay aside her little playthings
 Wet with mother's pearly tears,—
 How we shall miss little Nellie
 All the coming, weary years !

Fold the dainty little dresses
That she never more will wear,
For her little feet are waiting
Up above the golden stair.

3. Kiss the little curly tresses
Cut from her bright, golden hair,—
Do the angels kiss our darling
In the realm so bright and fair?
Oh! we pray to meet our darling
For a long, long, sweet embrace,
Where the little feet are waiting—
And we meet her face to face.
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LXXXII.—THE VETERAN EAGLE.

MARIA S. CUMMINS.

1. A friend of mine, lately returned from the West, spent nearly the whole of his first visit to us in telling about the Wisconsin Eagle. Among all the novelties of his journey, nothing had apparently interested him so much as this bird; and if you young folks are half as much pleased as I was with the story, and the thoughts to which it gave rise, it will have been quite worth while for me to record them for your benefit.

2. You will see that I call the hero of my story a Veteran Eagle; but you must not on that account imagine him to be an old, decrepit bird, with drooping wings, subdued spirits, and an eye dimmed with age; for, on the contrary, he is still active, keen-sighted, and young, as much the king of birds as ever. In fact, he is no more and no less a veteran than all our brave young officers and privates, who, though mere boys, have won the title of veterans by the experience they have had, and the service they have done in camps and on battle-fields; for you must know that the Wisconsin Eagle is a soldier, has served three years, been in fifteen battles, and done good service to his country.

3. But in telling you his story I must begin at the beginning, and omit no circumstance of his origin, birth-place, enlistment in the army, rank, equipment, &c. And

this I am the better able to do, because, since I have been writing this account, a lady who learned my purpose has sent me a pamphlet containing a veritable history of this bird, which was circulated at the Chicago Fair,—an authority by which I shall verify or correct my facts, and from which I shall perhaps occasionally quote.

4. He belonged to the Bald-Head, or more correctly the White-Headed family, a species which in some respects are all young veterans, inasmuch as, at three or four years old, their head-feathers, which are originally brown, have become snowy white, giving them a dignified and venerable appearance. Their other name of Bald-Head is derived from a spot between the beak and eyes, which is almost wholly destitute of feathers, so that the Bald Eagle, which is the emblem of America, assumes in his youth the honors which belong to a bald head and a hoary crown, although one would think he might afford to wait longer for them, as the eagle is a very long-lived bird, instances having been known of his living to be a hundred years old.

5. And so with the country of which the Bald-Head is the representative. Although America is a young nation, she has had so much experience, and has progressed so much faster than the nations of the Old World, that, if she could see herself in the mirror of history, she would appear with a fresh, ruddy face, and a strong frame, but a little wrinkled and bald about the temples, and with hair which care and anxiety have turned prematurely gray. But long life to her, and a high place among the nations! and if she too has become a veteran in her youth, may it be with her as with our eagle,—only the courage, strength, and wisdom which she has acquired on her many hard-fought fields that entitle her to the name.

6. But I must not fly away from my bird and his story. They are a fish-eating family by nature, these Bald-Heads, so it is not strange that many of their race should have taken up their abode in the neighborhood of our great lakes, where fish are abundant, and that our eaglet should have first seen the light somewhere in the region of Lake Superior. Here, when quite young, he was taken from the nest in Chippeway County, by a Chippeway Indian, in the month of July, 1861,

and was sold to a farmer near by for a bushel of corn. This new owner says, that during the few weeks he kept the eagle he grew very fast and very saucy, and that, whilst watching his belligerent freaks among his other domestic animals, the idea one day "struck him like a brick" that his eagle should go to the war. Acting on this idea, he took him to Eau Claire, and offered him for sale to Company C, of the Eighth Wisconsin Volunteers.

7. This new companion-in-arms was not accepted without due consideration. His merits were well weighed. His eyes, claws, muscles, voice, all underwent examination; but the debate ended in his favor, and the new recruit, having thus passed muster, was finally purchased by a citizen of Eau Claire, and presented to the Company, who received him with acclamations, and installed him in his place.

8. This place was of no little honor, being next in rank to that of the regimental flag. Indeed, during the three years that followed,—that is, to the end of the war,—it came to take precedence of the flag itself; for the eagle is our national emblem; and, with all honor to the tri-colored flag, the regiment soon came to look upon their eagle as a more perfect representative yet of every thing for which they were fighting. So the royal bird became in some sense their leader; and I think it not improbable that "Rally round the Eagle, boys!" was one of their battle-cries.

9. Wherever Company C went, they were sure to be cheered and welcomed with peculiar enthusiasm. By the time they arrived at Madison, on their way to active service, the novel character of their presiding genius had excited universal interest, and already they and their eagle enjoyed a notoriety for which, thus far, the brave fellows were indebted to the eagle, rather than the eagle to them. That he was in full sympathy with his comrades and the cause in which they were engaged, was evident from the beginning.

10. When Company C, or the Eau Claire Badgers, as they were then called, marched into Camp Randall, where the Seventh and part of the Eighth Wisconsin regiments had already assembled, they and their eagle were received with an outburst of cheers; and the men, running to the entrance of the camp, defiled right and left while they passed in, the

musicians playing Yankee Doodle. The eagle, who had hitherto looked on with majestic gravity, at this moment seemed inspired with the common enthusiasm, and, seizing in his beak one of the little flags attached to his perch, he spread and flapped his wings, and continued these demonstrations until borne to the Colonel's quarters. It was a singular fact that he was always, during his continuance in the service, similarly affected by any cheering on the part of his own regiment, but quite indifferent to it when proceeding from other troops in his vicinity.

11. It was no wonder that the soldiers were proud of their eagle, and believed in him as a bird of good omen. The Eau Claire Badgers henceforward voted themselves the Eau Claire Eagles, and the Eighth Wisconsin was soon known every where as the Eagle regiment.

12. While at Madison, the eagle was honored by thousands of visitors of high and low degree. One of the officers had by this time bestowed on him the name of Old Abe,—a name dear to the country, and which well becomes the gallant veteran. He had also been sworn into the United States service,—a ceremony which consisted in putting around his neck ribbons of red, white, and blue, and decorating his breast with a rosette of the same colors. Being now a national bird, he was furnished at State expense with a new perch, consisting of a shaft about five feet long, surmounted by a shield in the form of a heart, on which the stars and stripes were painted, and above it a cross-piece on which the eagle sat. This perch, which was used throughout the war, and is worn and battered by service, is still preserved by the State as an army relic.

13. An eagle-bearer was regularly appointed, whose duty it was to superintend and care for the bird and carry him at the head of the company. This duty devolved on several of the boys in succession, and was one always eagerly sought and claimed. Company C was also the regimental color-company; and when the regiment formed in line the eagle was always on the left of the color-bearer. He shared all the battles of the regiment, and was exposed to all their perils; and yet not only did he escape all injury, but not a color-bearer or eagle-bearer of the regiment was ever shot down.

Once or twice Old Abe was grazed by a bullet, or had a few tail-feathers shot away ; but not a drop of his blood was ever shed in any engagement, and the soldiers were almost justified in the belief that he had a charmed life.

14. He was not foolhardy, however. I have it on official authority, that "at the battle of Farmington, May 9th, 1862, the men, being exposed to a galling fire, were ordered to lie down. The instant they did so, it was impossible to keep him on his perch. He insisted on being protected as well as they, and, when liberated, flattened himself on the ground, and there remained until the men arose, when he resumed his place of peril, and held it to the close of the contest."

15. His courage, moreover, was as undoubted as his intelligence, and he was every inch a soldier. The colonel of the regiment testifies that "upon parade, after he had been a year in the service, he always gave heed to '*Attention !*' With his head obliquely to the front, his right eye directly turned upon the parade-commander, he would listen and obey orders, noting time accurately. After parade had been dismissed and the ranks were being closed by the sergeants, he would lay aside his soldierly manner, flap his wings, and make himself generally at home."

16. When the regiment was forming for battle, he and the colors were first upon the line. At such times he always seemed anxious and uneasy, and only assumed composure when they faced and were ready to march to the combat. But it was amid the smoke of battle that he was to be seen in his true glory. Then, with his pinions spread, he would jump up and down on his perch, and as the artillery volleyed forth its thunder he would mingle his voice with it in wild and fearful screams.

17. Of course his enthusiasm inspired the whole brigade, who believed that he sounded the trump of victory, and who vowed that he should never be captured by the enemy. The bird who proved such an inspiration to the soldiers would naturally be greatly exposed to Rebel sharp-shooters. At the battle of Corinth, the Rebel General Price, having discovered him, ordered his men to be sure and take him, if they could not kill him ; adding, that he would rather get that bird than the entire brigade.

LXXXIII.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

1. It would be too long a story were I to undertake to tell you all the journeyings, perils, battles, and sieges to which our eagle accompanied, or rather led, the Eighth Wisconsin. "Where," says Mr. Barret, in his history of our bird, "did the Eagles *not* go in the Mississippi Valley?" They endured the dangers and toils of the Red River expedition; they stormed at Vicksburg; New Madrid and Island No. 10 were inscribed on their banners; nearly half their original number had found soldiers' graves; but it was their boast that their eagle never lost a battle. It is their glory now, that by heroism such as theirs the country itself is saved.

2. You may well believe, that, when at last their perils were over and their work well done, the Wisconsin Eagles had a triumphant welcome home. There was a public reception in Madison and another in Eau Claire; there were bell-rings, speeches, and salutes. Finally, the eagle, deservedly the chief object of notice to the crowd, was publicly presented to the Governor, and accepted on behalf of the State.

Thus the pet and pride of the regiment was transferred to civil authority, with an assurance from the Governor that he should be well and carefully provided for, and as safely kept as possible, as long as he lived.

3. He is supported now at the public expense, in a residence appropriated to him, near the State Armory. Like any other honored veteran, he is always brought out and paraded on occasion of every public military exercise or review, and is sure to excite attention and enthusiasm. I am told that, even in his quiet home at Madison, this brave bird is much excited by the report of fire-arms, flapping his wings, shrieking, and otherwise manifesting his familiarity with their use.

4. When in the service, and subjected to the necessities of camp-life, he had a soldierly indifference in regard to his diet, and, like many another chivalrous youth of good birth and breeding, was satisfied with the poorest fare. For some

time he lived very contentedly on rats, until finally he was bitten by one of these vermin, after which he would never accept any of the species as an article of food. Since returning to private life, he shows more aristocratic preferences, and, I am sorry to say, is a dainty fellow. Perhaps he thinks himself deserving of some compensation for his hardships, or is keeping up a perpetual thanksgiving for the country's deliverance. At all events, his taste for delicate food is unmistakable, and, a grateful country being disposed to pamper him, he is fed chiefly on live chickens.

5. I trust the majority of our soldiers do not claim similar compensation, and that the present scarcity of poultry is not owing to this cause. I would rather believe that our boys have had a wholesome discipline in hardships, and are more than satisfied with plain living and home fare, be it ever so homely; but we are an extravagant people by nature and habit, and I am afraid have all a lurking desire for chicken and tidbits, when they are to be had.


6. However the case may be in the matter of diet, I was, while listening to the story of this bird, constantly detecting a similarity between his traits of character and those of the nation of which he is a worthy representative and type. For instance, Old Abe knows his keeper, and is gratefully attached to him, but is reserved towards strangers, sometimes even showing fight when they presume to take liberties with him, or trifle with his dignity. Thus, when he is disturbed from any cause, this keeper may stroke his ruffled feathers and soothe him by the process, but woe to any foreign or unfriendly hand that ventures to interfere.

7. So I need hardly remind even the youngest among you how, in our time of war and difficulty, the American nation refused to be stroked into submission by the rough hand of John Bull, or the dainty one of his French neighbor, that plausible Johnny Crapaud, but how peaceably the people bent their neck to the mild paternal hand of our good President Lincoln, the keeper and ruler whom we had tried and knew we could trust.

8. It is a fine trait of this Wisconsin Eagle, true bird of America, that he knows and loves every soldier who has fought in the great cause. I am told that he always flaps his

wings at sight of a federal uniform, and claims the wearer for a friend ; and long may it be before America shall forget any of the loyal sons who have done her such good service, or fail to recognize their claims to her gratitude !

9. Nor did our eagle serve the country in the camp and the field alone. He has been an aid to the sick and the wounded, and as the men, women, and children of the nation exerted themselves heart and hand to furnish and provide for our hospitals, and keep the Sanitary Commission in funds, so this benevolent bird had hardly returned from the duties of his last campaign before he might be found engaged in earning money for the great Chicago Fair, adding no less than twenty thousand dollars to the profits of this charitable enterprise.

10. This sum was realized partly by exhibiting himself to the crowd of visitors who were eager to make his acquaintance, and partly by the extensive sale of his photograph. The latter object was mainly accomplished through a sort of military organization,—boys and girls all over the land being invited to act as agents for obtaining purchasers, and printed commissions as officers in the Army of the American Eagle being served to all who had obtained a certain number of subscribers for the picture,—their military rank being proportioned to their success as salesmen. I have by me now a paper which commissions a boy of my neighborhood as a first lieutenant. 

11. Mr. Barnum of New York, who has an eye, you know, for natural curiosities and celebrities of every kind, has been very anxious to obtain possession of this eagle for the American Museum, and offered for his purchase as large a sum of money as had been raised through his means at the Chicago Fair ; but you may well believe the Wisconsin people proudly refused his offer—as if they could part with such a trophy, or as if a price could be set on the Bird of Liberty ! Why, even the stray feathers that he chances to shed are treasured up and prized ; and my friend, who told us most of this story, is as proud of his good fortune in possessing one quill and a few little brush-feathers, as you or I should be of a bit of the wood of the good ship Cumberland, or a few hairs of the black horse that carried Sheridan on his famous ride.

12. In case you should like to know something of the personal appearance of Old Abe, I must not omit to tell you that he is a huge fellow, measuring six feet and a half from tip to tip of his spread wings, and his weight is ten and a half pounds. As I have mentioned before, he has a beautiful fringe of white feathers on his head and neck; his tail also is white, spotted with black; but the rest of his plumage is a fine chocolate, with a golden tinge. His legs are bright yellow, his talons black and hooked, and his eye—O, but you must *see* an eagle's eye to know its piercing power!

LXXXIV.—THE FOUND TREASURE.

ANONYMOUS.

1. O Harry, come hither, and lay down your book,
And see what a treasure I've found! only look!
'Tis as handsome a kitten as ever you saw,
Equipped like a cat, with tail, whisker, and claw.
See, here it is, ready for pastime and freak,
Though it looks at this moment so sober and meek:
Yes, Harry, examine it over and over,
'Tis really the kitten no one could discover!
2. O Kit, we have sought you above and below;
We have gone where a mouser never could go;
We have hunted in garrets with diligent care,
In chambers and closets—but you were not there;
We've been in dark corners with lanterns to see;
We've peeped in the hay-loft if there you might be;
And the parlor and kitchen we've searched through and
through,
And listened in vain for your musical mew!
3. And who would have thought that a sensible puss,
As your mother is deemed, would have harassed us thus?
Then to bury you here, in this odd, little den!
But you never, my kit, shall be buried again;
You shall go to the parlor and sit on the hearth,
And there we will laugh at your frolicsome mirth;

You shall caper about on the warm kitchen floor,
And in the sunshine shall bask at the door.

4. You shall have a round cork at the end of a string
Tied up to the table, you gray little thing!
You shall twirl round and round like a brisk wind-mill
sail,
You poor little simpleton, after your tail;
And jump in affright from a shade on the wall;
And spring like a tiger—on nothing at all—
While my father will lay his old book on his knee,
And my mother look up from her knitting to see.
5. I am glad we have found you before you were wise,
And had learned all a kitten's arch ways to despise;
Before you grew sober, demure, and all that,
And adhered to grave rules, like a well-behaved cat!
Come, Kitty, we'll take you this same afternoon,
And show you about like a man from the moon
There—down in your basket, we'll cover you so,
And ask but a pin for a peep at the show!
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LXXXV.—HOW BIG WAS ALEXANDER, PA?

E. JONES.

Son.—How big was Alexander, pa,
That people call him great?
Was he, like old Goliath, tall?
His spear a hundred weight?
Was he so large that he could stand
Like some tall steeple high,
And while his feet were on the ground,
His hands could touch the sky?

Father.—O no, my child: about as large
As I or Uncle James.
'Twas not his *stature* made him great
But greatness of his *name*.

Son.—His *name* so great? I know 'tis *long*,
But easy quite to spell;
And more than half a year ago
I knew it very well.

Father.—I mean, my child, his *actions* were
So great, he got a name,
That every body speaks with praise,
That tells about his fame.

Son.—Well, what great *actions* did he do?
I want to know it all.

Father.—Why, he it was that conquered Tyre,
And leveled down her wall,
And thousands of her people slew;
And then to Persia went,
And fire and sword on every side
Through many a region sent.
A hundred conquered cities shone
With midnight burnings red;
And, strewed o'er many a battle-ground,
A thousand soldiers bled.

Son.—Did *killing people* make him great?
Then why was Abdel Young,
Who killed his neighbor, training day,
Put into jail and hung?
I never heard them call *him* great.

Father.—Why, no, 'twas not in war;
And him that kills a single man,
His neighbors all abhor.

Son.—Well, then, if I should kill a man,
I'd kill a hundred more;
I should be GREAT, and not get hung,
Like Abdel Young, before.

Father.—Not so, my child, 'twill never do:
The Gospel bids be kind.

Son.—Then they that *kill* and they that *praise*,
The Gospel do not mind.

Father.—You know, my child, the Bible says
That you must always do
To other people, as you wish
To have them do to you.

Son.—But, pa, did Alexander wish
That some strong man would come
And burn his house, and kill him too,
And do as he had done?
Does every body call him GREAT,
For killing people so?
Well, now, what *right* he had to kill,
I should be glad to know.
If one should burn the buildings here,
And kill the folks within,
Would any body call him great
For such a wicked thing?

LXXXVI.—CHASED BY A RHINOCEROS.

BY MAYNE REID.

Arend was in pursuit of a truant horse when the adventure here described took place. It explains his absence from camp, and answers Groot Willem's question, (paragraph 15, page 117,) "What has become of Arend?"

1. Arend followed, increasing his own speed in like proportion. When nearly across the plain, the runaway suddenly stopped and then bolted off at right angles to the course it had been hitherto pursuing. Arend was astonished, but soon discovered the cause of this eccentric action, in the presence of a huge black rhinoceros,—the borelé,—which was making a straight course across the plain, as if on its way to the river.

2. The runaway horse had shied out of its way; and it would have been well for the horseman if he had shown himself equally discreet. But Arend Von Wyk was a hunter,

—and an officer of the Cape Militia,—and as the borelé passed by him, presenting a fine opportunity for a shot, he could not resist the temptation to give it one. Pulling up his horse, or rather trying to do so, for the animal was restive in the presence of such danger, he fired. The shot produced a result that was neither expected nor desired. With a roar like the bellowing of an angry bull, the monster turned and charged straight towards the horseman.

3. Arend was obliged to seek safety in flight, while the borelé pursued in a manner that told of its being wounded, but not incapacitated from seeking revenge. At the commencement of the chase, there was but a very short distance between pursuer and pursued ; and in place of suddenly turning out of the track, and allowing the monster to pass by him,—which he should have done, knowing the defect of vision natural to the rhinoceros,—the young hunter continued on in a straight line, all the while employed in reloading his rifle.

4. Suddenly he found his flight arrested by the thick scrub of thorny bushes, known in South Africa as the “wait a bits” ; and the horse he was riding did wait a bit,—and so long that the borelé was soon close upon his heels. There was now neither time nor room to turn either to the right or left. The rifle was at length loaded, but there would have been but little chance of killing the rhinoceros by a single shot, especially with such uncertain aim as could have been taken from the back of a frightened horse.

5. Arend, therefore, threw himself from the saddle. He had a twofold purpose in doing so. His aim would be more correct, and there was the chance of the borelé keeping on after the horse, and leaving him an undisturbed spectator of the chase. The field of view embraced by the eyes of a rhinoceros is not large ; but, unfortunately for the hunter, as the frightened horse fled from his side, it was he himself that came within the circumscribed circle of the borelé's vision. Hastily raising the rifle to his shoulder he fired at the advancing enemy, and then fled towards a clump of trees that chanced to be near by.

6. He could hear the heavy tread of the rhinoceros as it followed close upon his heels. It seemed to shake the earth.

Closer and closer he heard it, so near that he dared not stop to look around. He fancied he could feel the breath of the monster blowing upon his back. His only chance was to make a sudden deviation from his course, and leave the borelé to pass on in its impetuous charge. This he did, turning sharply to the right, when he saw that he had just escaped being elevated upon the creature's horn.

7. This maneuver enabled him to gain some distance as he started off in the new direction. But it was not long maintained, for the borelé was again in hot pursuit, without any show of fatigue, while the tremendous exertions he had himself been making rendered him incapable of continuing his flight much longer. He had just sufficient strength left to avoid an immediate encounter by taking one more turn, when, fortunately, he saw before him the trunk of a large baobab tree lying prostrate along the ground. It had been blown down by some mighty storm, and lay resting upon its roots at one end, and its shivered branches at the other, so as to leave a space of about two feet between its trunk and the ground.

8. Suddenly throwing himself down, Arend glided under the tree, just in time to escape the long horn, whose point had again come in close proximity with his back. The hunter had now time to recover his breath, and, to some extent, his confidence. He saw that the fallen tree would protect him. Even should the rhinoceros come round to the other side, he would only have to roll back again to place himself beyond the reach of its terrible horn. The space below was ample enough to enable him to pass through, but too small for the body of a borelé. By creeping back and forward he could always place himself in safety. And this was just what he had to do; for the enraged monster, on seeing him on the other side, immediately ran round the roots, and renewed the attack.

9. This course of action was several times repeated before the young hunter was allowed much time for reflection. He was in hopes that the brute would get tired of the useless charges it was making, and either go away itself, or give him the opportunity. In this hope he was doomed to disappointment. The animal, exasperated with the wounds it had re-

ceived, appeared implacable ; and for more than an hour it kept running around the tree in vain attempts to get at him. As he had very little trouble in avoiding it, there was plenty of opportunity for reflection ; and he passed the time in devising some plan to settle the misunderstanding between the borelé and himself.

10. The first he thought of was to make use of his rifle. The weapon was within his reach where he had dropped it when diving under the tree ; but when about to reload it, he discovered that the ramrod was missing ! So sudden had been the charge of the borelé, at the time the rifle was last loaded, that the ramrod had not been returned to its proper place, but left behind upon the plain. This was an unlucky circumstance ; and for a time the young hunter could not think of anything better than to keep turning from side to side, to avoid the presence of the besieger.

11. The borelé at last seemed to show signs of exhaustion, or, at all events, began to perceive the unprofitable nature of the tactics it had been pursuing. But the spirit of revenge was not the least weakened within it, for it made no move toward taking its departure from the spot. On the contrary, it lay down by the baobab in a position to command a view on both sides of the huge trunk, evidently determined to stay there and await the chance of getting within reach of its victim. Thus silently beleaguered, the young hunter set about considering in what manner he might accomplish the raising of the siege.

12. The sun went down, the moon ascended above the tops of the surrounding trees, yet the borelé seemed no less inspired by the spirit of revenge than on first receiving the injuries it was wishing to resent. For many hours the young hunter waited patiently for it to move away in search of food or any other object except that of revenge ; but in this hope he was disappointed. The pain inflicted by the shots would not allow either hunger or thirst to interfere with the desire for retaliation, and it continued to maintain a watch so vigilant that Arend dared not leave his retreat for an instant. Whenever he made a movement, the enemy did the same.

13. It was a long time before he could think of any plan that would give him a chance of getting away. One at

length occurred to him. Although unable to reload the rifle with a bullet, the thought came into his mind, that the borelé might be blinded by a heavy charge of powder, or so confused by it as to give him an opportunity of stealing away. This seemed an excellent plan, yet so simple that Arend was somewhat surprised he had not thought of it before.

14. Without difficulty he succeeded in pouring a double quantity of powder into the barrel ; and, in order to keep it there until he had an opportunity for a close shot, some dry grass was forced into the muzzle. The chance soon offered ; and, taking a deliberate aim at one of the borelé's eyes with the muzzle of the gun not more than two feet from its head, he pulled trigger. With a loud moan of mingled rage and agony, the rhinoceros rushed towards him, and frantically, but vainly exerted all its strength in an endeavor to overturn the baobab. "One more shot at the other eye," thought Arend, "and I shall be free."

15. He immediately proceeded to pour another dose of powder into the rifle, but while thus engaged a new danger suddenly presented itself. The dry grass projected from the gun had ignited and set fire to the dead leaves that were strewed plentifully over the ground. In an instant these were ablaze, the flame spreading rapidly on all sides, and moving towards him. The trunk of the baobab could no longer afford protection. In another minute it, too, would be enveloped in the red fire, and to stay by its side would be to perish in the flames. There was no alternative but to get to his feet and run for his life.

16. Not a moment was to be lost, and, slipping from under the tree, he started off at the top of his speed. The chances were in his favor for escaping unobserved by the rhinoceros. But fortune seemed decidedly against him. Before getting twenty paces from the tree, he saw that he was pursued. Guided either by one eye or its keen sense of hearing, the monster was following him at a pace so rapid that, if long enough continued, it must certainly overtake him.

17. Once more the young hunter began to feel something like despair. Death seemed hard upon his heels. A few seconds more, and he might be impaled on that terrible horn. But for that instinctive love of life which all feel, he

might have surrendered himself to fate ; but urged by this, he kept on. He was upon the eve of falling to the earth through sheer exhaustion, when his ears were saluted by the deep-toned bay of a hound, and close after it a voice exclaiming,—“Look out, Baas Willem! Somebody come yonder!”

18. Two seconds more and Arend was safe from further pursuit. The hound Spoor'em was dancing about the borelé's head, and by his loud, angry yelps diverting its attention from every thing but himself. Two seconds more and Groot Willem and Hendrik came riding up ; and, in less than half a minute after, the monster, having received a shot from a heavy rifle, slowly settled down in its tracks—a dead rhinoceros.

LXXXVII.—THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS STEED.

CAROLINE E. S. NORTON.

1. My beautiful ! my beautiful ! that standest meekly by,
 With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and dark and
 fiery eye—
 Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy winged
 speed ;
 I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold, my Arab
 steed !
 Fret not with that impatient hoof, snuff not the breezy
 wind,
 The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind.
 The stranger hath thy bridle-rein, thy master hath his
 gold,
 Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell ! thou'rt sold, my
 steed, thou'rt sold !
2. Farewell ! those free untired limbs full many a mile
 must roam,
 To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the
 stranger's home ;

Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and
bread prepare—

Thy silky mane I braided once, must be another's care.
The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more
with thee

Shall I gallop through the desert paths where we were
wont to be.

Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the sandy
plain

Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home
again.

3. Yes! thou must go! the wild free breeze, the brilliant
sun and sky,

Thy master's house, from all of these my exiled one
must fly.

Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step be-
come less fleet,

And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck thy master's hand
to meet.

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing
bright,

Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and
light ;

And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer
thy speed,

Then must I, starting, wake to feel thou'rt sold, my Arab
steed.

4. Ah, rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may
chide,

Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy pant-
ing side ;

And the rich blood that's in thee swells in thy indignant
pain,

Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count each
starting vein.

Will they ill-use thee? If I thought—but no, it can not
be—

Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed, so gentle, yet so free.

And yet if haply, when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart
should yearn,
Can the same hand which casts thee off command thee
to return?

5. Return? Alas, my Arab steed, what shall thy master
do,
When thou, who wert his all of joy, hast vanished from
his view?
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through
the gathering tears
Thy bright form for a moment like the false mirage ap-
pears?
Slow and unmounted will I roam with weary foot alone,
Where with fleet step and joyous bound thou oft hast
borne me on:
And, sitting down by that green well, will pause and
sadly think,
'Twas here he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw
him drink.

6. *When last I saw him drink!* Away! the fevered dream
is o'er;
I could not live a day, and know that we should meet
no more;
They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is
strong;
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too
long:
Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that thou
wert sold?
'Tis false, 'tis false! my Arab steed! I fling them back
their gold.
Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant
plains—
Away!—Who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his
pains!

LXXXVIII.—LITTLE BY LITTLE.

ANONYMOUS.

1. Little by little the bird builds her nest ;
Little by little the sun sinks to rest ;
Little by little the waves in their glee
Smooth the rough rocks by the shore of the sea.
2. Drop after drop falls the soft summer shower ;
Leaf upon leaf grows the cool forest bower ;
Grain heaped on grain forms the mountain so high
That its cloud-capped summit is lost to the eye.
3. Little by little the bee to her cell
Brings the sweet honey, and garners it well ;
Little by little the ant layeth by,
From the summer's abundance, the winter's supply.
4. Minute by minute, so passes the day ;
Hour after hour years are gliding away.
The moments improve until life shall be past,
And, little by little, grow wise to the last.

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